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THE
ODES, EPODES,
AND
CARMEN SECULARE
OF
HORACE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, Esq.

“operosa parvus
“carmina fingo.”

L O N D O N:
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1793.

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THE
ODDS. EPISODES
P. R. F. 17
GARNIER SECULAR

W. O. R. A. C. B.



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P R E F A C E.

IN Dr. Johnson's sublime criticism upon *Paradise Lost*, it is truly observed, that " we read Milton
" for instruction, and look elsewhere for recreation:
" we desert our master, and seek for companions."

Of the *companions* thus alluded to, there is not, perhaps, one so familiar to every classical mind, so dear to every classical taste, as the poet of whose lyric works a translation is here attempted. In the commencement of our juvenile studies, we drudge through other writers with reluctance; in him we immediately find amusement and delight: when led at an early age from classical literature by our various pursuits, we adhere to this our first favourite, and often cherish him alone, as our asso-

ciate in the pleasures, our solace in the toils, and
our refuge from the inquietudes of life.

That a writer not usually ranked in the first class for sublimity, should, through every age, have been the first in popularity, will not appear surprising, when we reflect on the nature and variety of his excellencies. There is scarcely a subject which he has not treated; there is none of those he has treated which he has not adorned. "That which
" will distinguish his style from all other poets," (says * Dryden) " is the elegance of his words and
" the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing
" so delicately turned in all the Roman language.
" There appears in every part of his diction, or,
" (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind
" of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen
" with as much exactness as Virgil's, but there
" seems to be a greater spirit in them." And the same great writer † elsewhere says, " Virgil

* Preface to his Translations. Eng. Poets, vol. xxi. p. 292.

† Dedication to his Translations from Juvenal. Eng. Poets, vol. xxiv. p. 177.

" him -

“ himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his
 “ turns, his choice of words, and, perhaps, in the
 “ purity of his Latin.”

Yet, possibly, not these merits, so often celebrated, not the variety of his subjects, the harmony of his numbers, nor even the *curiosa felicitas* of his expressions, will so fully account for the partiality he has experienced from every age of literature, as that character of his writings, which applies more peculiarly to our feelings than to our taste: we mean, the interesting frankness of his manners, the unaffected suavity of his temper, and the honest sensibility of his heart. These qualities, so far as we may judge of the *man* from the writer, he appears to have eminently possessed. He has, perhaps, above all poets, the engaging faculty of communicating his own temper to his readers. We enjoy his pleasures, we enter into his societies, we feel his attachments, we sympathize in his regrets. What reader of a social disposition does not sit with him under his vine, and partake of his generous but temperate festivity? What reader of an elegant

turn of mind does not * become a party in that assemblage of agreeable and amiable characters described as his friends? What reader of generous principles does not feel in himself a portion of that gratitude so affectionately expressed towards † the great patron of Roman genius; who, by fostering the first literary talents of his own age, has contributed so largely to the delight and instruction of posterity?

Another, and scarcely a less interesting quality in his writings, arises from his intimate knowledge of human life. There are, perhaps, even in his lyric poetry, more striking sentiments on the subject of morality, more aphorisms that are remembered and quoted, than any poet (excepting Shakespeare) can produce. Even the fashionable philosophy of his age, which, as usually applied, subverted every generous principle, seems not to have warped his mind from the true interests of society; on every serious

* See Dr. Warton's *Life of Virgil*, (prefixed to his and Pitt's translations of that poet) p. 33.

† Mæcenas.

occasion it gives place to its severer rival, stoicism, or unites with it in promoting the real welfare of mankind.

If therefore, amidst * the fluctuations of opinion so well described, he inclined most to the system of Epicurus, yet he seems to have adopted in their rational and true sense the doctrines of that engaging moralist, to have considered the inordinate pleasures of sense as destructive of their own object, and to have set a just value on the enjoyments arising from virtue, and the happiness of self-approbation. In his loftier odes, it has been remarked, he in general adopts the sentiments of the Stoicks; for he knew and felt, that, although pleasure might be a proper subject for a Bacchanalian or amorous song, industry and toil, temperance and fortitude, were the only sources of Roman greatness, the only pledges of its stability. But his rules also for private conduct, his remarks on private life, are, except where the subject is professedly festive, as just in the sentiment, as they are elegant in the expression: so that

* See Epistles, lib. i. epist. i.

he is properly said by Dacier to be "a poet in his philosophy, and a philosopher in his poetry."

Another, and a very interesting point of view in which the Odes of Horace may be considered, is, as forming a complete assemblage of ancient lyric poetry, and as having preserved the principal beauties of those writers who adorned the best ages of Greece.

Of the * nine lyric poets so highly praised by antiquity we have few remains, except of Anacreon and Pindar; but the literary world must derive some consolation from reflecting, that probably such parts of their writings as were most valuable in themselves, being equally applicable to all ages and countries, have been preserved by Horace. This appears, not only from a comparison of several passages in his works with such fragments of their writings as remain, not only from his frequent mention of them as his originals, but from this

* Alcman, Stesichorus, Sappho, Alcæus, Simonides, Ibycus, Bacchilides, Pindar, and Anacreon.

singular circumstance, that, having scarcely any models of lyrick poetry in his own language, he raised it at once to the highest point of perfection which that language admits. Lyrick poetry, amongst the Romans, may be said to have begun and ended with him; for he had no predecessors, (unless Catullus may be ranked as such) and his successors have long since been forgotten. He, therefore, alone supports the lyrick fame of his country, but he supports it with Herculean strength. If he is less sublime (or rather less sonorous) in his loftier compositions than Pindar, less airy in his festive odes than Anacreon, yet it is no mean praise to have contended with each of these poets on his own peculiar ground of excellence, and, perhaps, to have combined with these qualities the merits of those lyrick writers whom we no longer possess. Possibly he excelled them all (as he excels all ancient poets extant) in some of the particulars before alluded to, in the happy turn of his expressions, in the terse brevity of his moral sentences, and in his extensive and intimate knowledge of human nature.

Yet,

Yet, various as the attractions are which have rendered this poet the most popular of all antiquity with classical readers, that popularity has hitherto been confined, in our country, to such readers alone. Those who have not the advantage of a classical education, and especially the softer sex, (whose accomplishments in the present age qualify them to taste English poetry equally with ourselves) are, in general, compelled to take the beauties of Horace upon trust, or to judge of them from a few translations, paraphrases, or imitations, that may be found scattered through the works of the English poets. Even the classical reader would, perhaps, be gratified by an entire translation, that aspired to any portion of the spirit and elegance of the original, though all the vivacity of its sentences, all its happiness of allusion, all its boldness of expression, cannot be attained. We may readily acquiesce in the * assertion ascribed to Dr. Johnson, that "the lyric works of Horace cannot be *perfectly* translated;" but there are, surely, many degrees between a *perfect* translation, and that which he is

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. ii. p. 267.

said to have deemed the best. That translation, and other modern ones that might be mentioned, are in some respects useful, as giving with sufficient closeness the sense of the original, and being accompanied with English notes: but few, indeed, are the traces we perceive in them of that spirit and elegance that have rendered their original the delight of every polished age.

That the most pleasing of ancient poets should never yet have received an English dress in any degree worthy of him, has long been matter of surprise to the author of the present attempt. The difficulties, perhaps, would not prove wholly insurmountable to a person well qualified and thoroughly determined to encounter them. They are, however, such as should bespeak indulgence for many defects, and prevent the learned world from requiring, even from a translator eminently qualified for the task, a perfect likeness of the inimitable original.

These difficulties, it may be observed, arise from various and even opposite causes, from the circumstances that *create* and from those that *diminish* the
pleasure

pleasure we receive from our author. His happiness of expression, both on philosophical and festive subjects, is, no doubt, in * many places untranslatable: and this, not from any poverty in the English language, but from the different genius and structure of that in which Horace wrote: for the Latin, though far less sonorous or generally beautiful than the Greek, is (as † a judicious critick has observed) peculiarly adapted to convey neat allusions, and to strike by sententious brevity. Our own, though copious and energetick, yet, from the general fault of modern European languages, (want of inflexions, which creates the necessity of many auxiliaries and particles) fails most where the Latin most excels. It is no less, perhaps, on this account, than from its being an immutable language, that the Latin is generally preferred for epitaphs and inscriptions; the chief object of which is to convey, in as few words as possible, the fullest

* Such as "*Lene tormentum ingenio admove,*"—" *digito male pertinaci,*"—" *grata protervitas,*"—" *facili sævitia,*"—" *laborat trepidare,*"—and many other passages.

† Essay on the Principles of Translation, p. 11.

sense with the most powerful effect. Had our author written in English, it is not improbable, that he would have sought a different species of excellence; that his lyrick stile, if not more ornamented, would have been more diffuse; that, like many of our own writers, he would rather have displayed the subject in a variety of lights, than placed it in one striking point of view; and that he would have endeavoured to supply by beauties of a different kind, by artifice of arrangement and energy of expression, the ease and vivacity, the neatness and compression of sentiment, which he must, in part at least, have been contented to lose. To the translator of such a writer into a language so different from that of the original, paraphrase, and even slight additions, though diligently to be avoided, must sometimes be indulged. Where a peculiar beauty of expression appears unattainable, he must keep the general sense of the passage in view, and endeavour (as * has been judiciously

* Essay on Princ. of Transl. p. 123.

recommended) to express it as the author himself would have done had the language of the translator been his own.

Another beauty of the original may, unless great industry (directed by accurate taste) is employed, become a deformity in the translation: we mean that figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole; as the *Ægean* or *Caspian* sea for the sea in general, the *Parthian* foes for all the foes of Rome, the *Acroceraunian* rocks for all dangerously rocky coasts. This mode of expression adds much to the spirit of the original author, and sometimes preserves a passage from that triteness, which in the frequency of general epithets it is difficult to avoid; yet it should not, perhaps, be invariably followed in a translation; since the multiplicity of proper names, which are often graceful and sonorous in the Latin language, obstruct and encumber the verse in our own; nor should it be wholly laid aside, lest, in one material circumstance, the style and manner of our author should be lost.

A disadvantage, perhaps, more injurious to the translator (with his English readers) arises from the change that seems to have taken place in the mode and form of lyric poetry.—However closely we may in particular passages have endeavoured to copy the ancients, yet in the conduct and arrangement of an ode, our principal poets differ essentially from their Greek and Latin predecessors, or, more properly speaking, they differ in the circumstance of having any arrangement at all.

So far as the examples of ancient lyric poetry still remaining enable us to judge, the proper subject of an ode was often but a secondary consideration with the poet. It was the vehicle for introducing those thoughts that inspired his fancy, or delighted his taste. The digression, therefore, in many instances, forms the principal part of an ode; and Horace in particular often concludes without returning to his original subject. The principal odes in modern poetry are, in general, of a different kind. They pursue the original subject through all its varieties and divisions, return to it after every digression, and conclude

conclude with some emphatical deduction, or pointed application. Even on airy and festive topicks, we are accustomed to more closeness in the application, and more point in the conclusion, than will usually be found in Horace; as may be observed by referring to the lighter pieces of Prior, the English writer who seems most to resemble him in this species of lyrick poetry. This remark must indeed be understood with some exceptions; but if it be *generally* true, there is reason to believe the English reader, unacquainted with the mode adopted by the ancients, may expect more of labour and intricacy in the pursuit of the subject, and more of artifice in the conclusion, than he will usually find, and, not imagining that what appears to him a deficiency, can be imputed to the original author, will conclude these qualities, or at least the latter, have evaporated in the translation.

But of the circumstances which tend to weaken the attractions of our author, the most injurious to the translator arises, as has been * justly observed,

* See the Preface to Duncombe's Horace.

from

from the material change that has taken place in the manners, customs, and religion of mankind. There can be no doubt but that many historical allusions, many biographical anecdotes, many rites in ancient superstition, and many usages in civil and domestick life, that formed interesting beauties in our author, are now wholly lost. Others, though known to the learned, require to ordinary readers an explanation that chills every sensation of pleasure; for wit, as Voltaire has remarked, ceases to be wit when it demands an expositor. But as classical readers alone can enjoy the beauties of the original, so they alone are qualified to “*repair by
“*their candour the injuries of time.*” Numerous, we fear, are the readers of a translation who know not how to make this necessary allowance. Those who read with little reflection, and judge on slight consideration, will seldom inquire by what means the pleasure they expected from so celebrated a poet is diminished. Should they meet with a passage unsuitable to their notions of excellence, they will

* Dr. Johnson's words in *the Adventurer*, No. 58.

conclude it's true spirit has been lost by the translator: should the meaning of any sentence seem obscure, the cloud must have been gathered in the progress from its native language to our own.

Such are a few of the disadvantages that must be experienced by every one attempting to translate this admirable writer in a style congenial to his spirit and elegance. Yet, formidable as they appear, they ought rather to stimulate the ambition, than depress the hopes, of one sufficiently qualified for the task. Should he succeed, these difficulties ought to increase his reputation; should he be condemned, they may, perhaps, in some degree, alleviate his sentence.

But what, it may be said, are the hopes that animate the present translator? On what pretence does one unknown in the world of letters adventure, where so many respectable characters have failed?—His only apology shall be the plain truth:

In the intervals of leisure from more material occupations, it occurred to him, as an interesting
classical

classical amusement, to compile, from the works of the English poets, all the lyrick translations of Horace that seemed to preserve in any degree the spirit or elegance of the original. These he supposed to be so numerous, as to require only the addition of a few odes to render them a complete collection. On a nearer examination, however, this scheme presented several difficulties. There are, it is true, in the works of the British poets a variety of paraphrases and imitations of the odes of Horace, but few indeed of any distinguished merit that can properly be deemed *translations*. The collection by Mr. Duncombe (to which a very few could now be added) has shewn, that, after a diligent and judicious compilation, by far the largest proportion must still consist of new versions; which, if unsuccessful, will greatly overbalance the merit of the old. During this examination, he had made several essays of his own strength; the fancied success of which induced him to go through the whole, and, by avoiding in general the steps of other translators, as studiously as he pursued those of the original author, give his performance, if it had no other recom-

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dation,

dation, at least the merits of novelty and fidelity. This occupation was at first taken up as a mere amusement; but, as that which has amused ourselves in the composition seldom appears likely to disgust others on the perusal, he has persuaded himself that even his feeble attempt may not be without it's use. A very slight degree of success may excite others far better qualified to accomplish the task: but the failure of one unknown in literature will go but little way to confirm the opinion that every beauty of Horace must in our language evaporate and perish.

To combat, if possible, this prejudice, with some degree of success, he has endeavoured to compensate for his deficiencies, both of poetical genius and classical experience, by all the diligence that his situation would permit; he has endeavoured to preserve, as nearly as possible, a middle course between literal translation and loose paraphrase. The former, it is true, is often incompatible with the spirit and ease of poetry: but he cannot dissemble his opinion, that the latter mode has been carried

by modern poets, and is indulged by * modern criticks, to a greater latitude than can be defended by the just rules of translation; for, though a deviation from the exact words of our author, a slight expansion of his sentences, and possibly (in a few instances) an imitation, rather than a mere transcript of the sense, may be allowed, it is on the plea of necessity alone. In such passages we may hope for pardon, but ought not to require praise. A translator of Horace has indeed the *best* claim to this indulgence. Yet even he, if he is ingenuous, must

* The author of the Principles of Translation, for instance, cites the Duc de Nivernois's *Horace and Lydia* (which see in the notes to Ode ix. lib. iii.) as a model for translators, blaming only the close: whereas there is hardly a line of it (excepting the two middle stanzas) which can be justly deemed a translation of Horace. The judicious critick seems to have been seduced by the elegance and beauty of the composition, to approbation of a different kind (though not, perhaps, greater in *degree*) than what it deserves. The same writer seems to intimate, in more than one passage, that a translation may be too close, though there be no other objection to it, or, at least, that an exact adherence to the original unavoidably gives a stiffness to the translation. This is, no doubt, *sometimes* the case. But surely even a literal translation is often consistent with spirit and elegance; and in such cases how much superior is the pleasure of the classical reader to any that he can receive from the most ornamented paraphrase.

confess, that, in more places than is generally apprehended, the closest translation is in *all* respects the best.

After attending as nearly to the *words* as seemed consistent with the *spirit* of the author, the translator has endeavoured to infuse some portion of his elegance. This surely is essential to any version of Horace that aspires to be a just representation of the original. Yet of this quality, it will hardly be invidious to assert, there could be found amongst his predecessors scarcely any example to excite his emulation, scarcely any model to direct his taste.

The imitation of style, generally deemed requisite to a good translation, is, as has been already hinted, an object of far greater difficulty. This merit, perhaps, can be justly ascribed to few of our most admired versions of the English poets. But this difficulty is farther increased by the peculiar style and manner of Horace; since to that style and manner he owes, perhaps, a greater portion of his fame than to fancy and invention. He is, as he describes himself, "*a poetical bee*," collecting from the extensive

tensive gardens of Grecian poetry the sweets most delicious to our taste, and storing them for our perpetual enjoyment: he abstracts neatly, or abridges elegantly, where others would dilate and expatiate. The difference, already stated, between the Latin and English language is, on this account, the more striking when applied to him: for here the stile of the author is adapted solely to the genius of his own language.—Let the critick, who in such a case requires an exact imitation of manner, point out to us distinctly wherein it shall consist; or let him be satisfied if no licentious paraphrase, no quaint conceit be admitted; if fidelity, accompanied with some degree of spirit and elegance, be preserved.

One observation, however, may be useful to those who, with better qualifications, may hereafter engage in this arduous task: it is, that the various subjects, and manner of treating them, adopted by our author, require, perhaps, a separate consideration from the person who shall attempt to pursue him “with equal steps.” He may divide the odes of Horace into the *gay* or *festive*, the *amorous* or *tender*, the *philosophical* or *moral*, and the *political* or *sub-*

lime. To each of these species he should assign a distinct manner and appropriate stile, taking for his models in each, those English writers who excel in that stile of poetry. By such means we may hope the agreeable instructor, the favourite companion of every classical mind, may become as intimately known, and almost as generally tasted by English readers as those of our native poets whom we most admire and revere.

But as no one can foretel how soon this desirable object will be attained, the present work is, in the mean time, submitted to the publick with an humility of expectation, that may in some degree expiate the boldness of the attempt. All that the writer pretends to hope is, that one step may be gained towards the summit of this hitherto insurmountable ascent. The task may then appear less formidable to real genius and learning; difficulties will gradually yield to perseverance, and the confidence that anticipates, will ensure success.

Something, perhaps, should here be added respecting the notes that accompany the present work.

As

As there is no writer of antiquity whose subjects admits of more entertaining and useful explanations than those of Horace, so is there none on whom fanciful and absurd remarks have so profusely been lavished. To display their own ingenuity, rather than ascertain the text, or illustrate the meaning of their author, has too often been the object of critics whose learning should have placed them far above so puerile an affectation. Hence the rage of unnecessary, and often unwarranted, emendation; hence the attempt, by strained and incoherent allegories, or far-fetched conjectures, to find a mysterious meaning in passages already consistent and clear.

There are, however, in the principal commentators, many ingenious and useful explications that highly deserve a place in every edition of our author.* These the translator has endeavoured to fe-

* When the notes from the Delphin edition are cited, it is abbreviated *Delph. ed.*---Dacier, *Dac.*---Sanadon, *San.*---Gefner, *Gefn.*---Bentley, *Bentl.*---Kennet's Roman Antiquities, *Kenn. Rom. Ant.*---Blackwell's Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, *Black. Mem. of Aug.*---The other writers cited are abbreviated in a similar manner.

left, taking for his chief guides the Delphin edition and that of Dacier, as, besides the valuable observations contained in them, they generally discountenance conjectural readings and fanciful hypotheses. It is undoubtedly true that, in many passages, the sense of our poet lies far below the surface, and that, especially on political subjects, more is meant than meets the ear. But of such passages the meaning must be sought in the history and anecdotes of the times, and not in capricious fancies, and arbitrary deductions. There is, for instance, scarcely any ancient poet who deals less in allegories than Horace. That of *the ship* (if indeed it be rightly deemed so) is perhaps the only one in his works. Yet, were we to believe some learned critics, he is not only an allegorical writer, but one of the most absurd and incoherent that ever wrote. The translator hopes to be forgiven, if zeal against conceits of this kind has, in a few places, led him into arguments that may by many readers be deemed tedious and superfluous.

For the historical part of his notes, though Dacier seems in general to contain sufficient information,

tion, he has called in aid the learned Dr. Blackwell's *Memoirs of the Court of Augustus*, perhaps the most ample and satisfactory work extant on that part of the Roman history. For Roman customs and manners, he has, wherever the commentators appeared insufficient, consulted the books on such subjects that seem to be held in the highest estimation.

To the information derived from these sources he was enabled, by the kindness of a friend and school-fellow, (who had been more industrious and accurate than himself) to add some * remarks of their master, the late Dr. Foster of Eton, one of the greatest and most judicious classical scholars of the age.

Verbal criticism, as this translation is published without the original, it was thought best to avoid,

* They are cited under the title of *Foster, MS.* The translator wishes it had been in his power to avail himself more fully of this communication; but the remarks being chiefly critical, apply in most instances to the original only.

unless

unless where a different reading from the Delphin edition (the translator's ground-work for the text) has been adopted, and that reading has influenced the translation. In a few instances, however, the attempts to garble the author's text by unnecessary, and even prejudicial alterations, have extorted a justification of what appeared to the translator the only authorised reading, or the most rational sense.

After all, should *the translation* be thought to possess any degree of merit, indulgence may perhaps be reasonably claimed for some defects, or even errors, in the notes; since that part of the work (though a necessary appendage) is perhaps the most difficult to one precluded by different avocations from completing his classical acquirements, or maturing his experience.

L I F E

L I F E
OF
H O R A C E.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was born on the eighth day of December, in the year of Rome * 688, or, (according to the chronology of Varro) 689, at Venusium, a town on the confines of Appulia and Lucania. His family, as he † tells us himself, (with the just pride of a man self-ennobled) was of the lowest rank : the father of our poet being the son of a freed-man, and, consequently the grandfather having been a slave. Yet to the liberal

* Dacier follows the chronology of Verrius Flaccus, Sanadon and others that of Varro. The only difference between them is, that the latter makes the building of Rome to have been one year earlier than the former, and consequently adds one year to the date of each event.

† Sat. vi. lib. i.

sentiments,

sentiments, the penetrating judgement, the tender affection of this father may, in a great measure, be ascribed those talents of the son which so long have delighted mankind. Though his income, arising from a very small farm, and the employment of tax-gatherer, might have justified the confined education of an inferior school; yet, perhaps observing in the youth a capacity for the highest attainments,* he carried him early to Rome, where he could best imbibe the rudiments of liberal and extensive knowledge. He himself diligently implanted the principles of morality, not by dry precepts or refined speculations, but by the more familiar and striking illustration of † living examples. The tendency of every immoral action was manifested by the consequences it had produced.—Such was the effect of this mode of instruction, that, in a luxurious capital, amidst companions whose rank and fortune far exceeded his own, our poet records with gratitude his preservation not only from actual vice, but from the habits and dispositions that precede and produce it.

At the age of twenty, or twenty-one, the young Horace was ‡ removed from Rome to the schools of philo-

* Sat. vi. lib. i. line 76.

† Sat. iv. lib. i.

‡ Epist. ii. lib. ii.

sophy at Athens, the great university for the Roman youth, which was the usual and almost necessary step in completing a liberal education. Here, it is probable, he formed intimacies with many of the young nobility, his fellow-students, who were afterwards his associates in the republican army, or his friends and protectors in the emperor's court. The example of these spirited youths, who, on the arrival of Brutus at Athens, eagerly joined his standard,* united him to the cause of that mild and amiable patriot, with whom he had so strong an interest, either by the influence of powerful connexions, or the charm of engaging manners, as to obtain a command far above the pretensions which his rank or experience could give. He was, in quality of military tribune,† the commander (or rather one of the commanders) of a legion, consisting of between five and six thousand men. If the republican army had many such officers, the cause of their defeat at Philippi is sufficiently explained.

On that disastrous day, fatal to the interests of freedom, of humanity, and at least to the *immediate* welfare of the Roman world, our poet has ‡ made no secret of his own panick and flight. To fly when all were flying, to aban-

* Epist. ii. lib. ii.

† Sat. vi. lib. i.

‡ Ode vii. lib. ii. Epist. ii. lib. ii.

don a resistance that was become hopeless, could scarcely be considered as a proof of cowardice, or deserve the ridicule he seems to apprehend and anticipate. We may presume, therefore, that he fled early in the action, and with singular marks of terror and dismay. What route he took to escape pursuit is uncertain. Probably he remained in some place of concealment, till the intervention of friends had enabled him to return in safety to his country. Safety, however, was all he could at first procure. *His former means of subsistence the confiscations attendant on civil war had wholly swept away.

Thus, necessity, as he himself tells us, produced, or rather brought into action, his talents for poetry: for though one or two of his satires may be of an earlier date, they seem to have been only the amusement of his leisure, not the occupation of his serious thoughts. Whichever of his pieces were written at this early period, the reputation gained by them, and still more the friendship of Virgil and Varius, †introduced him to that accomplished minister, who was to be the patron of his fortunes, and the friend of his future life. The first interview with Mæcenas was short, and seems to have produced no immediate effect. ‡Nine months elapsed before he was

* Epist. ii. lib. ii.

† Sat. vi. lib. i.

‡ Sat. vi. lib. i.

summoned

summoned to a second; but on that occasion was established an intercourse of mutual kindness, that proved the source of comfort and happiness to both.

The generosity of Mæcenas did not long suffer the man whom he had honoured with his friendship to remain under the pressure of poverty, or the anxiety of suspense. If he did not procure the restoration of his forfeited estate, he conferred more than an equivalent; and, as early as the Aëtian war, (as it is usually called) Horace * confesses, that he had been enriched far beyond his wants or expectations.

From this period his life seems to have proceeded in a regular and tranquil course, and is known chiefly by the private anecdotes his writings have recorded, and the publick events they celebrate. During that dispute between Anthony and Octavius, which ended in a peace negotiated by Mæcenas, the poet attended his patron to Brundisium, where that negotiation was carried on, and has left us † an agreeable picture of the characters and incidents that amused them on the way. During the war that afterwards arose between those ambitious rivals, ‡ he would, had he been permitted, have accompanied

* Epode i.

† Sat. v. lib. i.

‡ Epode i.

Mæcenas to the expected naval action ; the happy event of which was not merely propitious to his fortunes, but gratifying to the warmest feelings of his heart.

The final triumph of Octavius was not, indeed, more fortunate to any set of men than to the poets, whom that prince, through his favourite minister, had already begun to patronize. But even the amusements of Mæcenas were subservient to a deep and refined policy. The talents of his literary friends were employed to soothe the Roman pride under the loss of freedom, to direct their spirit to external wars rather than internal commotions, and, by setting in the fairest light the security and quiet they were beginning to enjoy, gradually to reconcile them to the dominion of their new master. Nor should such a project, however it may at first revolt us, be too hastily condemned. The increased extent of the Roman empire, the profligate state of morals, the decay of all publick virtues, and, more especially, the corruption of the soldiery, who, in their attachment to particular chiefs, had wholly lost sight of their country, had long convinced all reflecting minds, that Rome had no other alternative than to submit to a mild, or endure an oppressive usurpation ; and, as the character of Augustus appeared to soften in proportion as his power became more secure, as he respected, at least in appearance, the laws and institutions of his country,

which

which his profligate rival despised and insulted, he was deemed, even by the remnant of the republican party, far the most deserving of support. Their own illustrious chiefs had perished by the swords of enemies, or the daggers of assassins; and no successors arose, whose courage and whose genius could re-kindle the dying flame of patriotism.

But whether, all circumstances considered, it might be pardonable in men of genius to palliate, when they could no longer prevent, the establishment of absolute power, it was, at all events, a laudable attempt to humanize and improve the possessor of that power, on whom the happiness of millions must depend. This, * a learned writer has observed, was the benevolent policy of Mæcenas, and of the writers who promoted his views. By them was the young Cæsar instructed to reign by love rather than by fear, to consider the happiness of the people as his own, and to deserve the character they could so nobly describe: by them every spark of humanity that appeared was cherished till it displayed a benignant light; praise, skilfully conducted, produced the effects of admonition, and even flattery was pressed into the service of virtue.

* Black. Mem. of Augustus, vol. ii. p. 435.

Our poet and his illustrious Mantuan friend were the principal instruments in this scheme of their patron, and had the satisfaction to witness its happy consequence. The praises which their pens had, perhaps too freely, lavished, they lived to see truly deserved; the prophecies they had in some degree hazarded, were fully justified by the event.

Thus esteemed and thus employed by the favourite minister, it may be supposed our poet did not long remain unnoticed by the prince. We accordingly find in the * accounts of his life, and indeed in † his own works, several proofs that Augustus regarded him with kindness and esteem. It is said, that ‡ he offered him the place of his private secretary; which Horace declined, (probably because it would have interfered with his retirement) but declined it in a manner that gave no offence to the emperor.

The opinion Augustus entertained of our poet, was also strongly evinced by the desire he expressed of being mentioned familiarly in his works. Though celebrated for the splendor of his conquests, the wisdom of

* See the old Life of Horace ascribed to Suetonius.

† Epist. i. lib. ii.

‡ Sueton.

his laws, and the beneficence of his government, though compared to the immortal gods, he wished rather to be transmitted to posterity as the intimate friend of Horace. The very flattering remonstrance he sent to the poet on this occasion produced that excellent * *Epistle to Augustus*, which would alone have been sufficient to immortalize both.

Horace, we are told, † lived chiefly at the little estate near Tibur which Mæcenas had bestowed on him; but his ‡ complaints of the variety of business that detained, and sometimes fatigued him, at Rome, make it probable that much of his time was passed in the metropolis; and though he might on those occasions feel some longing for retirement, yet, as he was not insensible to the voice of fame, and still less to the charms of society, these, we may believe, made no contemptible amends.

In a situation so congenial to his turn of mind, protected by the greatest, admired by the most ingenious, and beloved by the best men in Rome, the chief alloy to his happiness seems to have arisen from the ill health of his patron and friend. It is recorded of Mæcenas,

* Epist. i. of lib. ii.

† Sueton.

‡ Sat. vi. lib. ii.

that he was constantly and (if one may use the expression) *constitutionally* * afflicted by a slow fever. This disorder, which seems often to have affected his spirits, at length put a period to his life towards the end of the year of Rome 745, or, according to Varro's chronology, 746. The general opinion, which seems the best founded, is, that the death of Mæcnas preceded that of Horace, which happened about the 7th of November in the same year. He had, in the warmth of affection, † declared he should not survive his illustrious friend; which has led some to suspect that his death was voluntary: but the shock he must have felt at such a loss, operating on a declining state of health, will fully account for the accomplishment of his prophecy. By a ‡ nuncupative will, as the violence of his last illness did not admit of his writing one, he constituted Augustus his heir; a circumstance that strengthens the opinion that Mæcnas was not then alive, as he would surely, had that been the case, have returned his fortune to the friend who gave it.

On this friendship, equally honourable to the minister and the poet, we cannot better conclude, than in the

* Quibusdam perpetua febris est, ut Cilnio Mæcenati. Plin. lib. vii. sect. 52.

† Ode xvii. lib. ii.

‡ Life of Horace by Suetonius.

words of the learned writer of the Memoirs of Augustus:

“ * A close connection, or rather intimacy, between
 “ Mæcenas and the men of genius, was not mere
 “ clientship, or the dependency of inferiors on a great
 “ patron. We know he made them presents worthy
 “ his generosity, and employed his all-powerful interest
 “ with the prince to do them services, which they had
 “ the modest dignity not to ask. But it was a just sense
 “ of their worth on his part, and a sincere personal attachment
 “ on their’s, that first created and then kept
 “ up the mutual friendship. It was not therefore *the*
 “ great Minister, it was *the amiable man* that Horace loved,
 “ and loved to his death: nor was it merely the elegant
 “ poet that Mæcenas admired in Horace, it was the firm
 “ friend, the accomplished gentleman, the agreeable
 “ companion, whom, as his last care, he recommended
 “ with his dying breath to his master:---*Treat Horatius*
 “ *Flaccus as you would myself.*”†

He

* Vol. iii. p. 462, &c.

† After the sentence last cited, in which Dr. Blackwell (rightly as it should seem) takes the word *extremis*, in Suetonius, to mean *the last moments*, and not the *last will* of Mæcenas, one is surpris’d to see, a few lines afterwards, an assertion

He was * buried, no doubt at his own desire, in the gardens, and near the tomb of his beloved friend and patron.

The person of Horace was † short and corpulent ; his temper is described by himself as irascible and placable ; his disposition appears to have been cheerful and social, yet (generally speaking) temperate and virtuous for the age he lived in, and the philosophy he professed. Above all, his contempt of riches and of splendor, when he might have easily commanded both, shews that he had a mind not to be corrupted by good fortune. His unaffected and liberal attachment to his patron, so different from the fawning servility of a sycophant, and his benevolence ‡ to friends who had less interest than himself, do as much honour to the feelings of his heart, as his admirable writings have done to the vigour and elegance of his mind.

On his poetical character it is not easy to add any thing to the praises which every admirer of classical composition

ferent that Horace died first. The writer of this Life inclines much to the general opinion against that of Sanadon, but it would be tiresome to most readers to go into the discussion.

* Sueton.

† Ibid.

‡ See his admirable Epistle to Claudius recommending Sestius.

has heaped on his memory. The term used by Petronius to characterise his singular happiness of expression, (*curiosa felicitas*) has the merit of being itself what it describes. Into how many volumes has this short panegyrick been dilated? how many criticks have sprung from the ashes of a single poet? Yet we cannot, perhaps, even now, trace every source of the pleasure we experience from his writings; and our inquiries will end in the confession, that the beauties of Horace are less seen than felt.

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ODES OF HORACE.

LIB. I.

ODES OF HORACE

VOLUME I

O D E S, &c.

L I B. I.

O D E I.

*Horace addresses his patron and friend, Mæcenas, requesting
his approbation of his Lyrick Poetry.*

SPRUNG from (a) great kings of ancient name,
(b) Mæcenas, guardian of my fame,
There are whom it delights to grace
With dusty car the (c) Olympick race ;
Whose wheels that kindle as they roll,
Just sweeping round the dangerous goal,
And laurel crowns, display their worth,
Fam'd as the Gods that rule the earth.
(d) The man, of growing titles proud,
Exalted by the changeful crowd, 19
Him, whose full stores inclose the grain
Wafted from (e) Lybia's rich domain,

B

Him

Him who the humble sickle wields,
 And crops his lov'd paternal fields,
 No wealth can tempt to spread the sail,
 Mount the tall ship, and brave the gale.
 The affrighted merchant, safe on shore,
 Whilst yet the winds impetuous roar,
 Whilst yet the struggling waters foam,
 Loves the dear quiet of his home ; 20
 But soon with bark refitted steers ;
 (f) Want is the only death he fears.
 Some to the jocund cups incline
 That flow with antient (g) Maslick wine,
 Steal from the day some vacant hours,
 Reclin'd within their verdant bowers,
 Or on the fountain's brink repose,
 From whence some sacred riv'let flows.
 Others in martial camps rejoice,
 The trump and clarion's mingled voice, 30
 And war, whose ever-dreaded dart
 Alarms the fond maternal heart.
 Th' unwearied hunter braves the skies,
 His gentle bride neglected lies,
 Whilst o'er the plain his hounds pursue
 The hind just started in their view,
 Or Maslick boar his labour foils,
 And bursts his slight-opposing toils.

(b) Thee

(b) Thee ivy's sacred wreaths, bestow'd
On learning, raise to heaven's abode.

Me the cool grove, the sylvan choir
Of nymphs and gentle Fawns, inspire

40

Above the crowd; unless in vain
Euterpe tune the (i) Lesbian strain.

But should thy choice insert my name

'Mongst Lyrick bards enroll'd by fame,

Thence shall sublimer hopes arise,

Thy praise shall waft me to the skies.

N O T E S.

THOUGH this ode is placed first, it was certainly written after many of the others. But it stands at the beginning of this book as a dedication to it. Dac.

(a) Mæcenas, it is said, traced his descent from the ancient kings of Etruria, and as Horace, who best knew what would please him, often compliments him on this circumstance, we may presume he was, like most of the noble Romans, proud of his genealogy, though he prudently declined personal distinctions. The word in the original, which is here translated kings, (reges) may mean only great men, as it is sometimes used in that sense by our poet.

(b) After what has been said respecting Mæcenas in the Life of Horace, prefixed to this translation, it cannot be necessary to add much respecting the character of that celebrated minister and favourite of Augustus. To us he is most known

as the great patron of literature in the Augustan age; and his name has become a general term to mark the protectors of genius and learning. But he was still more distinguished in his own time as the wise minister and faithful friend of Augustus. By his counsels chiefly did that prince attain the possession of empire; but, what is far more important, by his beneficent precepts and skilful management he was rendered worthy to enjoy it. In private character Mæcenas was ostentatiously luxurious and effeminate; but it is generally supposed this was a disguise artfully assumed to prevent any jealousy of his power and influence. For the same reason he chose to remain in the equestrian rank, and never became a senator, or accepted any of the great offices that were appropriated to that order of the state.

(c) The Olympick and other Grecian games are so well known to the English, as well as classical reader, that it is needless to describe them. Horace puts them here for all sports of a similar kind.

(d) There has been much dispute and puzzle amongst the critics respecting the construction of these sentences. To the present translator it seemed sufficiently clear, that each applies to a separate character, and the conclusion to all.

(e) Libya was a northern province of Africa, bordered on the east by Egypt, and on the west by Tripoli; it was deemed one of the granaries of Italy. The poets often gave the name of Libya to all the coast of Africa along the Mediterranean. Sanad.

(f) The difficulty of translating *indocilis pauperiem pati* with exactness and spirit, will, it is hoped, apologize for a slight deviation from the literal sense of the original.

(g) The

(g) The Massick wine was the produce of a mountain in Campania, now called Monte Marfo; it was in high esteem amongst the Romans. *Dac.* See also the Notes on Ode xxi. Lib. iii.

(h) The learned reader will observe the present translator agrees with those who read "*Te doctarum bederae*," &c.¹ It is one of the few conjectural readings adopted; because the ode seems to him, according to the usual reading, to contain an absurdity and a contradiction; an absurdity, since the poet, having first associated himself with the higher order of divinities, degrades himself afterwards to the company of nymphs and satyrs; a contradiction, because, if he was already raised to the skies, he could not want the assistance of Mæcenas to place him there. The difference of a single letter is so slight, that an error might easily have crept in. It is not necessary, according to this reading, to suppose Horace compliments Mæcenas as a *poet*, but as a *judge* and *patron* of poetry.

(i) It is called in the original, Lesbian harp, in allusion to Sappho and Alcæus, two of the most celebrated Greek Lyrick poets, who were natives of Lesbos.

O D E II.

He describes the prodigies that followed the death of Julius Cæsar; invokes the Gods to restore the tranquillity of Rome, and calls upon Mercury in particular, whom he supposes to be represented under the form of Augustus.

ENOUGH has heaven's almighty Sire
 Pour'd headlong his impetuous ire
 In the dread hail-storm hurl'd;
 His red right arm displayed to fight,
 Gleam'd on the capitol's proud height,
 And aw'd the guilty world.

Appalled, (a) left Pyrrha's age return,
 The affrighted Pyrrha, doomed to mourn
 That sad portentous fight,
 When (b) Proteus from the watery waste 10
 Drove all his herds with prudent haste
 To climb the mountain's height.

(c) Th'

(c) Th' entangled fish o'erspread the grove,
 Late mansion of the winged dove ;
 Whilst o'er the lessening plain
 The trembling deer, with sudden dread,
 Beheld the gathering waters spread,
 And floated on the main.

We saw (with wild tumultuous roar
 (d) Repelled from the Etruscan shore) 20
 Fierce Tiber burst his mound,
 Assault great Vesta's holy fane,
 The monuments of Numa's reign,
 And spread destruction round :

“ To me, (he cries) the power belongs
 “ To vindicate fair (e) Illia's wrongs,
 “ Who weeps her offspring slain.”
 Swift the uxorious river strays,
 Though Jove forbid, a thousand ways,
 And desolates the plain. 30

Thinn'd by our crimes, the rising age
 Shall hear the story of our rage
 With mournful awe impress,

Shall know we plung'd the sharpened steel,
 Whose edge the hostile (*f*) Mede should feel,
 Deep in our country's breast.

What God shall save the Roman name?
 What prayer can Vesta's virgins frame
 To her who scorns their lay?
 Oh come, thy fair limbs graceful shroud 40
 In the blue mantle of a cloud,
 Unerring (*g*) God of Day!

Or thou, the smiling Queen of Love!
 Round whom light jests, soft Cupids move
 In gaily-circling chace!
 Or thou, the mighty God of War,
 Shed thy kind influence from afar
 On thy neglected race!

Alas! fell discord, endless broils,
 Have almost fated thee with toils, 50
 Taught other sports to know;
 Thee, whom the burnished helms delight,
 The warrior's keen intrepid fight
 Fixt sternly on the foe.

Or thou, (*b*) kind Maia's offspring hear!
 In form a blooming youth appear,
 With winged speed descend!
 'Tis thine t'avenge great Cæsar slain,
 Long o'er a joyful people reign,
 Late—late to heaven ascend.

Ah, leave us not to mourn our crimes,
 Borne on the gale to happier climes!
 Our prince, our parent, stay!
 Here let proud triumphs crown thy deeds!
 To vengeance on the insulting Medes,
 Great Cæsar, point the way!

N O T E S.

THIS ode is supposed by Dacier to have been written in the year of Rome 725, though he intimates a doubt whether it may not be dated as early as the year 712, the year after the battle of Philippi. He and most of the commentators suppose the prodigies described to be those that happened immediately after the death of Julius Cæsar; for the manner in which the poet speaks of them does not imply that they had just happened, but that there was reason to apprehend they would be renewed unless the death of Cæsar were expiated. Sanadon dates it in the year of Rome 727, which (according to the chronology of Varro, which he adopts) is only one year later than that assigned to it by Dacier; but he considers it as written in order to dissuade Augustus from resigning the reins of government,

vernment, and supposes the inundation described to be one that happened in that year the night after Octavius Cæsar had received the name of Augustus. But what then, we may ask, will become of the lightning and other prodigies, which are applicable to the death of Cæsar, and not to this period? And why (as Sanadon himself objects to Maffon's date) is Illia still unhappy so many years after the death of Cæsar, and so anxious for revenge many years after it had been accomplished?

The earliest date that has been given to this ode, namely, the year after Julius Cæsar's death, is indeed highly improbable, as Horace was then a student at Athens, and soon afterwards engaged in the republican party. But the year after the battle of Philippi (which probably was the year when Horace obtained his pardon) seems, all things considered, the least objectionable date that can be assigned. The death of Cæsar was still fresh in every one's memory, and the poet might, with some propriety, threaten his countrymen with similar evils to those which succeeded it, unless they submitted to his heir and avenger. Nor does the composition seem much superior to what might be expected from Horace at the age of 24. It contains, no doubt, several spirited, and some sublime passages; but surely the praises of Augustus are more exaggerated, and *apparently* less judicious, than in any other panegyrick on that prince throughout Horace's works. The learned Dr. Blackwell, however, though a warm advocate for the popular cause, has defended this ode with great candour and ingenuity. "I will ingenuously own (says he) that, in the heat of youth I could not read this ode without some emotions of indignation. An officer of Marcus Brutus to fawn upon the young Cæsar! to compliment him upon prosecuting the deserved death of a tyrant, was a strain of complaisance I could not digest. But, upon a closer survey, and due consideration of circumstances, I admire the poet's art, and approve his intention. Let any one capable of judging take the original

" nal

“nal in his hands, he will perceive the greatest address and delicacy. *No doubt, says the artful poet, the killing of Cæsar was a crime, but Illia, his progenitress, carries her resentment too far—Jove does not approve of it; he means not to extinguish the Roman name, and has sent Mercury, in the figure of Cæsar, to preserve it.* Let us not injure Horace so far as to imagine, that he flattered for any mean interest of his own, that he wanted favours from Cæsar for himself, or his friends, and renounced his honour and patriot principles to obtain them. No, he refused favours; he flattered for the public good, to reform a prince who had the lives of thousands in his power: an end which, *in so far* justifies the means, and which alone can free flattery from the lowest imputation.” *Mem. of the Court of Aug. vol. ii. p. 357.* This learned writer gives the same date to this ode which is here assigned to it.

(a) Alluding to the fabulous deluge of the heathens, in which Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha were said to be the only persons saved.

(b) Proteus is known in history as a king of Egypt, and in fable as a sea god. The poets tell us, he was son of Neptune, or the Ocean, and the sea calves were confided to his care. The knowledge of futurity and of all secrets was also attributed to him. *Sanad. See the account of Menelaus’s consulting him in the Odyffey. Lib. iv.*

(c) This stanza has been deemed by some judicious critics puerile, and rather in the stile of Ovid than of Horace. May we not reasonably infer it was written at an early period of our poet’s life, and before his judgement was perfectly matured?

(d) The

(d) The mouth of the Tiber being in the Etrurian sea, that river, in a time of flood, seemed to be driven back from thence into the country around Rome. Delph. Ed.

(e) Illia, the mother of Romulus, having been thrown into the Tiber, was feigned to be wedded to the river God. The Julian family claimed to be descended from her. Hence her supposed wrath. Ib.

(f) The Parthians, whom Horace calls indifferently Persians and Medes, from their having possessed themselves of the Persian empire, were become an object of terror to the Romans since the defeat of Crassus. Horace, therefore, according to a mode of expression frequent with him, uses their name for the foes of Rome in general. This passage reminds us of those celebrated lines in Lucan:

"Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda trophæis
 "Aufoniis, umbræque erraret Crassus inultâ,
 "Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos."

"Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?
 "Wars where no triumphs on the victor wait!
 "While Babylon's proud spires yet rise so high,
 "And rich in Roman spoils invade the sky,
 "While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,
 "But unatoned repines the wandering shade."

ROWE:

(g) Apollo is addressed as one of the tutelar deities of the Romans, in consequence of their supposed descent from the Trojans—Venus, as the mother of Æneas, their ancestor—Mars, as father of Romulus, the founder of Rome.

(b) Why

(b) Why Mercury is chosen as the divinity to be represented by Augustus, seems not very clearly accounted for. Apollo is said to have been usually his favourite deity. Probably there was some more striking motive for this comparison than we are at present aware of. Our ignorance of these circumstances makes the fiction appear less artificial, and consequently the flattery more gross than might be really the case.

ODE

ODE III.

He addresses the ship destined to convey Virgil to Athens, and thence breaks out into reflections on the daring spirit that invented navigation.

So may (a) the Cyprian Queen benign,
 So (b) Leda's offspring guide thy fails ;
 So may the winds' great Sire (c) confine
 Each adverse blast, but speed the western gales ;

Thou ship, who wafteſt Virgil o'er,
 To whom, I truſt my dearer part,
 Oh, bear him to th' Athenian ſhore !
 Oh ſave the much-lov'd partner of my heart !

(d) His breaſt firm adamant inclos'd,
 Who firſt, in unknown perils brave, 10
 To the rude blaſt his life expos'd,
 Launch'd the frail bark, and dar'd the ruthleſs wave ;

Nor ſhrunk appall'd when ſouthern gales
 With the fierce north a conflict wage,
 Who o'er the ſubject ſea prevails
 To wake the tempeſt, or to calm its rage.

What

What forms of death could shake his soul
 Who saw the fierce sea-monsters rise,
 Saw the tumultuous billows roll,
 And view'd the (e) fatal rocks (f) with stedfast eyes? 20

In vain tremendous ocean's tide
 Bounds earthly realms by heaven's decrees,
 Since the swift bark with impious pride
 O'erleaps disdainful the forbidden seas.

Man, daring man, untir'd, unaw'd,
 Scorns Jove's decrees, provokes his ire.
 Thus, rashly seiz'd by impious fraud,
 (g) Prometheus bore to earth æthereal fire :

Ill-fated deed ! hence deadly woes,
 The slow consumption's tainted breath, 30
 The fever's raging tribe, arose,
 Quicken'd the sluggish pace and wing'd the shafts of death.

Through air the Cretan artist rode
 On wings that nature never gave :
 Alcides storm'd hell's dread abode ;
 Nought is too hard for dauntless man to brave.

To heaven itself we dare aspire :
 At our vain pride is vengeance hurl'd.
 Provok'd by guilt the almighty fire
 Ne'er rests his angry bolt, or spares th' afflicted world. 40

NOTES.

THIS ode must have been written in the year of Rome 734 or 735, for in one of those years (according to the chronology we adopt) Virgil departed for Athens, where he meant to put the finishing hand to his *Æneid*. He died, soon afterwards, on his return to Rome with Augustus.

The affectionate manner in which Horace, in this and other places, speaks of Virgil, has occasioned some of the commentators to remark with surprise, that Virgil has no where made mention of Horace. But the nature of Virgil's writings did not so easily admit of his introducing the names of his friends; and he had done greater services to Horace than merely paying him a poetical compliment.

(a) Venus was invoked by navigators, it is said, because her star was particularly useful to them. It might also be on account of her having sprung from the sea, according to the well-known line—

Venus, orta mari, mare præstat eunti.

(b) The constellation of Castor and Pollux, or the Gemini, when it appeared, was supposed to portend a clear sky and a smooth sea. See the 12th ode of this book.

(c) This seems to allude to the passage in Homer, where *Æolus*, the god of winds, is represented as giving to Ulysses a bag in which all the winds were pent up. See *Odyss.* lib. x.

(d) The

(d) The digression, which continues from this passage to the conclusion of the ode, is naturally enough produced by the occasion, and seems to be in the true spirit of lyric poetry.

(e) These were high rocks on the coast of Epirus, called Acroceraunia, from the tops of them having been struck by lightning. Delph. Ed.

(f) The passage was at first translated thus :

“ Who saw the monsters of the deep,

“ Saw, &c.

“ Beheld the fatal rocks, nor *paused to weep*.

This was according to the common reading “*siccis oculis*,” which the translator thinks may be defended, for though *sudden* terrors do not excite tears, the prospect of unknown dangers often does. Besides, the Romans seem to have wept upon almost every occasion. Tacitus, speaking of a request made by Germanicus when employed as general to the Emperor Tiberius, says, “*Quod multis tandem lacrymis impetravit*.”—In the *Æneid*, Euryalus cries for the prize in the foot-race, and obtains it accordingly. The translator, however, gave way to the opinion of some very judicious friends, and at length adopted the best of the conjectural readings, *fixis oculis*.

(g) The fable of Prometheus’ having made a man of clay, and animated him with fire from heaven, is well known ; as are those of Dædalus flying through the skies, and Hercules descending to hell.

O D E IV.

*He describes the spring, and recommends that, as life is
short, we should enjoy its pleasures,*

STERN winter yields; with grateful sway
Soft Spring and blest (*a*) Favonius reign;
Refitted vessels take their way
Once more to cleave the liquid plain.

No more the lowing herd retires
In shelter'd stalls to seek repose;
Nor plowmen trim their humble fires;
Nor plains are silver'd o'er with snows.

By the mild moon's propitious light
Blithe (*b*) Venus leads her sportive choir: 10
Her graces and gay nymphs unite,
Weave the light dance, or wake the lyre;

Whilst as their lord commands, (*c*) the crew
Who toil in Ætna's caves confin'd,
Resume their task, their fires renew,
To forge the bolts that awe mankind.

Now be the myrtle crown display'd,
Or wreath of earth's spontaneous flowers,
Now in the cool sequester'd shade,
Propitiate the blest fylvan powers.

20

Impartial to each mortal state,
Pale death invades our peaceful home ;
Knocks at the lowly cottage gate,
And the proud monarch's lofty dome.

Blest Sextius! know, in life's short bound
Fond hopes and anxious cares are vain :
Night speeds ; the fabled ghosts furround,
And the drear tyrant's shadowy reign.

In that sad scene the (d) table's lord
No more shall sportive lots declare ;
No Lycidas shall grace the board,
Who wakes to rapture every fair.

30

N O T E S.

“LUCIUS SEXTIUS, or Sestius, to whom this ode is addressed, was man of distinguished birth and great merit, who had been in the strictest friendship with Brutus until his death, and had attended him in all his wars. Upon the death of that magnanimous assertor of liberty, he returned home, and was reconciled to the young Cæsar. Cæsar went one day to pay him a visit. Sextius entertained him for some time with the company, and, after awhile, took him into an inner apartment, where the first thing he saw was a picture of Brutus. Cæsar, now a very different man from what he was when he fought against him, commended Sextius’s attachment and sincerity, and not long after advanced him to the office of Consul, though he knew that he was then writing a panegyrick upon Brutus.” Black. Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 297.

It is observed by Dacier, that the *feralia*, or sacrifices to the manes, being celebrated in the spring, immediately after the feast of the rural god Faunus, seems to have suggested the turn given in this ode from the pleasures of spring to the shortness of human life. This remark, though ingenious, is perhaps rather too refined. The change of seasons seems to have suggested reflections of this kind to poets of every age; and the same chain of reasoning is understood here that is expressed in Ode vii. of Lib. iv. In both places the same conclusion is drawn, and the enjoyments of festivity recommended in strains that are surely pardonable in a heathen, an Epicurean, and a poet. “The ancient poets,” says Dr. Johnson, “are by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the sallies of a genius intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation.”

"tion, and provided the passions can be engaged on its side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

"Yet," he adds, "as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some radiations of understanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleasure are, in those authors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purpose for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience." Rambler, No. 29.

Besides the circumstance of not being confined to such strict rules of morality, the ancients had another great advantage over modern poets, in having all the regions of mythology open to them. When a poet of our times attempts to describe spring, he would only disgust his readers by introducing Venus, the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Cyclops. The last, indeed, do not, even in Horace, contribute much to the beauty of the picture. Sanadon also, with some reason, finds fault with the image of "Ships drawn by machines from the dock," as unpleasing in a description of spring.

Nothing appears in this ode to determine in what year it was written. Nor are the commentators quite agreed as to the time of the year. Dacier refers it to February, Sanadon (with more probability, on account of the flowers mentioned) to the latter end of March, or beginning of April.

(a) Favonius is the zephyr, or western wind.

(b) Venus is introduced not only on account of spring being the season of love, but because her feasts were celebrated at this period.

(c) The Cyclops, Vulcan's workmen, were supposed in the spring to be employed in forging lightning for the storms of summer.

(d) This convivial president, analogous to our toast-master, was chosen by casting dice, at which the lucky throw was called Venus. See Ode vii. Lib. ii.

O D E V.

He laments the condition of Pyrrha's lovers, and congratulates himself on his escape.

WHAT youth bedew'd with moist perfume,
 Courts thee, Oh! Pyrrha, graceful maid!
 With neat simplicity array'd,
 In the sweet bower where roses bloom?

For whom dost thou in ringlets form
 Thy golden locks?—Oft shall he wail
 Thy truth, swift changing as the gale,
 View the wild waves, and shudder at the storm,

Who now, all credulous, all gay,
 Enjoys thy smile, on whose vain pride 10
 Thy fickle favour shines untry'd,
 And soft deceitful breezes play.

My fate the pictur'd wreck displays;
 The dripping garments that remain
 In mighty Neptune's sacred fane,
 Record my glad escape, my grateful praise,

N O T E S.

THIS ode, in the original, seems to deserve as high praise as either of the two favourites of Scaliger, and more, perhaps, than the celebrated dialogue. Yet much of its beauties must be lost in a translation, not only from the difficulty of transfusing into a modern language such elegant closeness of expression, but on account of the allusion in the last stanza to a religious custom amongst the ancients that requires explanation to an English reader.—Persons who had escaped from shipwreck used to dedicate their wet garments to Neptune, and hung up in his temple a picture representing the shipwreck. We can, when explained, see the propriety of applying this to a lover who was freed from the uneasiness and agitations of an ill-requited passion; but we cannot, like those to whom the custom was familiar, feel its whole beauty.

The singular translation of this ode by Milton is well known. It seems an attempt of our great Poet to introduce a species of blank verse into lyric compositions, but this even his genius could not accomplish; the concluding stanza, in particular, is harsh and disgusting. Cowley's imitation of this ode, though less known, is surely far more pleasing, though somewhat tinged with his affectation.

O D E VI.

*He apologizes to Agrippa for not writing professedly in his
praise, as cultivating an humbler species of poetry.*

HIGH soaring on (a) Mæonian wing
 (b) Varius in epick verse shall sing,
 Led by thy care the soldiers' hardy deeds,
 Who triumph'd on the wave, or reined the martial steeds,
 The themes, Agrippa, that inspire
 Such strains, accord not with my lyre.
 Nor stern Pelides' deadly wrath to trace,
 Ulysses' course, or Pelops' cruel race.
 Check'd by just awe, my powers refuse
 The glorious task, nor dares the muse, 19
 By the vain effort of unwarlike lays,
 Disgrace great Cæsar's fame, or thy immortal praise:
 What verse can paint war's dire alarms?
 Fierce Mars in adamantinè arms?
 Great (c) Merion, black with dust? by Pallas' might,
 Tydides equal to the Gods in fight?
 Tun'd to Love's gentler notes, my lay
 Sings joyous revels, amorous play,

Sings

Sings combats where the nymph affails

The youth, but first (*d*) disarms her nails. 20

Such airy themes my careless muse inspire.

Light is her strain, and soft her amorous fire.

N O T E S.

AGRIPPA, to whom this ode is addressed, (and who seems to have complained that Horace had never mentioned him) was, perhaps, the greatest character of the Augustan age. It was to his military talents that Augustus owed almost all the victories that established him in the empire. "He died" (says Dr. Blackwell) "with the well-deserved character of the worthiest man of his days, who had used his interest with Augustus both for his own and the publick good. He set Augustus as far above himself as he was above others by his virtue and alliances: and, while he exerted all his wisdom and bravery to exalt his prince, he employed the power and honour he had received in return, in doing good to others. His conduct made his greatness neither irksome to Augustus, nor invidious to the Romans. Though he steadily asserted the rights of his sovereign, he gained the people by good offices, and every kind of popularity. Great in peace, and in war equally illustrious in battle by sea and by land. It was he that conquered Pompey; and the gain of the battle of Actium was chiefly owing to his skill and valour. Gaul, Spain, the East, and the countries bordering on the Rhine and Danube, always saw him prosperous and triumphant. He wanted only able historians to give a proper account of his actions. In peace, ever studying the publick good, he made his name immortal by works far beyond what was ever done by a private man. Qualified to hold the first rank under a

"republick,

“republick, he held the second under Augustus, whose son-in-law, colleague, and intended successor, he became merely “by dint of his own merit.” Black. Mem. of Aug. vol. iv. p. 409.

It is hardly necessary to notice the forced and incoherent allegory formed out of this ode by Father Sanadon, which even Dr. Francis, his implicit follower on most occasions, cannot digest. Francis observes, very justly, that such a construction of the term *duplicis Ulyssii* (viz. two persons of the name of Ulysses) seems unwarrantable, and that it is inconsistent to suppose Agrippa to be one of these allegorical persons, who is mentioned by his own name in the same stanza. We may add, that this ode, being addressed to him under his own name, would make the introduction of him into the allegory still more absurd; that, as to almost all the other persons supposed to be meant, there is no resemblance of character or actions to the Homerick heroes described; and that the objections Sanadon brings against a similar conceit of Dacier in a subsequent ode, (the 12th of lib. ii.) apply still more forcibly to this.

The truth seems to be, that, such was the prevalence of fashion, and respect for the memory of Homer, amongst the Roman poets, that they were more fond of allusions to his fabulous heroes than the true ones of their own country. The chain of reasoning seems clear enough without any allegory: “I,” says Horace, “am no epick poet, like Varius, I am “unable to celebrate lofty and heroick actions, such as those “of Achilles, Ulysses, Tydides, &c. This consciousness, “therefore, prevents my attempting to sing the acts of Augustus, or your’s.”

There can be no certainty as to the date of this ode, except that it was written after the termination of the civil wars in 724, and before the death of Agrippa in 741.

(a) In the original it is "*the bird of the Mæonian song*," an expression several of the critics have quarrelled with, in order to shew their ingenuity in devising alterations. But the following remark of Dr. Johnson will be a sufficient answer to them: "That Varius should be called *a bird of Homerick song*, appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed. But surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, if every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the name of *Musarum ales*, the swan of the Muses, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himself." *Adventurer*, No. 58.

(b) Till the *Æneid* made its publick appearance, Varius was deemed the first epick poet of the Augustan age. Yet we know not upon what poems this reputation was founded, since all his works are lost; and Quintilian, who lived but a century after, only mentions his tragedy of *Thyestes*. It is said, however, that he wrote a panegyrick on Augustus.

(c) These Heroes of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are sufficiently familiar even to the English reader, who need not be directed to the celebrated translation of Homer by Pope,

(d) The epithet in the original, "*well paired nails*," describes the mock violence of such combats, and would have afforded a good example of Horace's playful stile, could it have been well translated.

O D E VII.

He celebrates the feat of a friend near Tibur, and recommends social pleasure by the example of Teucer, who could indulge mirth even in his banishment.

ILLUSTRIOUS (a) Ephesus, let other lays,
 Or far-famed Rhodes, or Mitylene praise,
 Corinth, whom seas on either side assail,
 Thessalian Tempe, beauty's flowery vale,
 Great Thebes, distinguished by the God of wine,
 Or Delphos sing, that boasts Apollo's shrine;
 Others in never-ending verse declare
 Fam'd Athens' praise that owns Minerva's care,
 Extol the chaplet from her olive wove
 O'er every bough that blossoms in the grove. 10
 In Juno's honour many tune their reeds
 To rich Mycenæ, Argos famed for steeds.
 Me nor the patient Spartan's fair domains
 Delight, nor e'en Larissa's wealthy plains,
 Like blest Albunea's far-resounding feat,
 Tibur's cool grottos, the belov'd retreat,

Where

Where rapid (*b*) Anio rushes down the hills,
 The gardens watered by a thousand rills.
 As the pure south, when watery vapours fly,
 Drives the black tempest from the troubled sky, 20
 So thou, my Plancus, life's dark cares controul
 By the mild influence of the social bowl,
 Whether thou seek'st the camp, in arms array'd,
 Or thy loved Tibur's cool sequestered shade.
 Teucer, (*c*) an exile from his native home,
 Chas'd by his angry Sire's relentless doom,
 Yet his moist brows with festive poplar crown'd,
 And thus address'd his friends, who droop'd around:
 " Brave friends! beloved associates! let us stray
 " Where fortune, our best parent, points the way. 30
 " Hence weak despair! let brighter hopes succeed
 " Since Teucer's conduct guides, his fortunes lead.
 " For know, by me invok'd, the unerring God
 " Gives by his sacred pledge a new abode,
 " A second Salamis, whose ancient name
 " Shall with its parent vie in future fame.
 " Ye generous souls, who oft with me indured
 " Severer ills! be every sorrow cured
 " With genial wine.—The dawn shall view our fails,
 " Stretch o'er the immeasur'd deep, and court the fa-
 " vouring gales." 40

NOTES.

N O T E S.

MUNATIUS PLANCUS, to whom this ode is addressed, had been, during the civil wars, one of the most considerable men of the time; but seems to have lost all dignity of character, and almost all personal consequence, by the fickle, and even treacherous conduct he had pursued at that period. He was at first united with Decimus Brutus in his war against Anthony; but afterwards betrayed his associate, and joined the triumvirs. In the subsequent quarrels between Anthony and Octavius Cæsar, he first attached himself to the former, but, before the battle of Actium, deserted him, and seems to have been, during the rest of his life, a most forward sycophant of *Augustus*, who received that name on the proposition of Plancus, but never respected or trusted him.

It should seem that Plancus, when this ode was written, was afflicted by some disgrace or misfortune; perhaps, as the example of Teucer is alledged, he was apprehensive of exile.

The supposition that this ode is composed of the fragments of two distinct odes, is very sensibly combated by Mr. Duncombe; who strongly opposes the notion that Horace, in the first part, is praising *his own* house and gardens near Tibur, on which the hypothesis is founded. "It is allowed," he says, "that Plancus himself had a house at Tibur; and, indeed, it is evident from a subsequent line. How much more natural, therefore, is it, to refer the beautiful description in the former part to the meadows and gardens of Plancus, than to those of Horace? and thus the sense of the whole will be clear and connected. It was no improper motive of consolation for Plancus to remind him of the delightful retreat he had at Tibur."

We

Mr. Duncombe's answer to the objections against this being considered as one ode, arising from some of the sentiments and expressions being repeated, seems also perfectly just.

(a) The places here mentioned are so well known to all who have read the Grecian history, or the translations of any of the Greek poets, that it is not necessary to describe them.

(b) Mr. Addison, in describing this country, says, "the most enlivening part of all is the river Severone, (formerly called the Anio) which you see, at about a quarter of a mile distance, throwing itself down a precipice, and falling, by several cascades, from one rock to another, until it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did it not sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape; and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these feats." Add. Travels.

(c) On Teucer's return from Troy without Ajax, who had killed himself, their father, Telamon, suspecting him as the author of his brother's death, banished him,

O D E VIII.

*He expostulates with Lydia for having rendered a Youth,
called Sybaris, effeminate.*

TELL me, Lydia, why pursuing
Soft indulgence, fatal joy,
Lov'st thou fondly to his ruin
Sybaris, ill-fated boy ?

Patient once of dust and heats,
Scorns he now the (a) sunny plain ?
Nor with martial ardour beats,
Prompts the steed, and guides the rein ?

Whence his fear of manly toil ?
Whence (b) his dread of Tiber's flood ? 10
Lo ! he shuns the (c) suppling oil,
Hateful as the viper's blood !

Once his feats, for vigour fam'd,
Ting'd his arms with livid hue,
Arms that oft the (d) discus aim'd,
Oft the distant javelin threw.

D

Where-

Wherefore striv'st thou thus to hide him ?

Thetis thus (e) her son concealed,

Man's attire in vain denied him,

Borne to Troy's enfanguined field.

20

N O T E S.

THE comparison of Sybaris to Achilles concealed in the palace of Lycomedes, does not seem to be so conclusive a proof as Dacier considers it, that Lydia kept that youth with her in a female garb. This passage alone will hardly warrant the supposition of a fact, for which we know not how to imagine a motive; since the comparison to Achilles may only mean, that Sybaris is become as much a stranger to manly exercises, and as far removed from the manly character, as Achilles was when he lay concealed to avoid the Trojan war. Sanadon, indeed, follows Dacier in his explanation. But surely these reproaches on Lydia, arising probably from a fit of jealousy, may only mean to charge her with having corrupted a robust and active youth, and changed him into a delicate minion of pleasure.

(a) The Campus Martius, where the exercises of the Roman youth were performed. Of these exercises, the chief was the *Lusus Trojæ*, or Trojan Games, which were mock fights on horseback, supposed to have been introduced into Italy by Ascanius, son of Æneas, and revived in Horace's time by Augustus. See the description of them in the Æneid, lib. v.

(b) Bathing in the Tiber was the constant recreation of the Roman youth after the fatigues of the Campus Martius. To be unable to swim was deemed amongst the Romans as great a disgrace as to be unable to read.

(c) The

(c) The exercise of wrestling is here alluded to ; previously to which diversion, the Romans anointed their bodies with oil, that their adversaries might have the less hold, or, perhaps, in order to supple their limbs.

(d) The discus was a kind of quoit, very large and heavy, made sometimes of wood or stone, but more commonly of iron or brass. It was almost round, and somewhat thicker at the middle than the edges. It was thrown by the sole force of the arm. San. Francis. The javelin was another exercise of the Roman youth.

(e) The story of Achilles having been concealed by his mother in the palace of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, to prevent his engaging in the Trojan war, is well known, as also the means which Ulysses took to discover him. Mr. Duncombe, in a note on this passage, describes a set of antique statues dug up at Rome by the Cardinal Polignac, and carried by him to Paris, representing this story.

O D E IX.

He describes a severe winter, and takes occasion to recommend social pleasure from the uncertainty of human life.

LO, on (a) Soraacte's dreary height
 The snow with silver mantle gleams ;
 The forests bend beneath its weight,
 And frost binds up the rapid streams.

With high pil'd wood profusely stow
 Your hearth, and melt stern winter's rage ;
 Let Sabine casks benignly flow
 With juice that owns the power of age.

Trust to the Gods the rest, (b) whose care
 Can bid fierce nature's conflict cease ; 10
 When the rude winds the forest tear,
 Can hush the elements to peace.

Seek not to know the blifs or pain
 That from to-morrow takes its birth ;
 But count each day a present gain ;
 Enjoy sweet love and festal mirth.

Ere

Ere hoary age your temper four,
 Now let the martial plain delight ;
 Let love's appointments claim their hour,
 And with soft whispers charm the night. 20

Then, whilst in darkness lurks the fair,
 Soon by her tittering laugh betray'd,
 Do thou the shining bracelet bear,
 Won from the struggling, willing maid.

N O T E S.

THIS, like one of the preceding odes, (and, indeed, all those on festive subjects) is founded on the Epicurean doctrine in its sensual interpretation. Every season, it has been observed, in the hands of a man of genius like Horace, can equally be made to furnish incitements to pleasure. There is a very spirited translation, or rather paraphrase, of this ode by Dryden. To read the concluding passage in the original, one should not think it necessary either for Dryden to translate it, (as he has done) into indecent, or at least equivocal, expressions, or for Father Sanadon wholly to leave it out. This coincidence in sentiments between a licentious poet and a rigid ecclesiastick, shews that extremes may sometimes meet.

(a) A mountain, not far from Rome, in the country of the Falisci. It is now called *Monte san Sylvestro*, or, by corruption, *Monte Erefo*. Dac. In the Delphin edition it is called *Monte san Orefte*.

(*b*) Dacier, and others, consider this passage as ludicrous, and intended to ridicule the stoicks, who considered every thing as the work of Providence. Readers must judge as they feel. To the present translator the passage has not the least appearance of burlesque. He has accordingly translated it seriously, and, he hopes, without that absurdity which Dacier unjustly charges on any serious interpretation of the original.

O D E X.

In praise of Mercury.

THOU, whom great Atlas' offspring bore,
 Fam'd Mercury! skill'd in wisdom's lore,
 Or fluent speech to shine;
 Who to the first uncultur'd race
 Taught the Palæstra's manly grace,
 Taught harmony divine:

Thee, Jove's swift herald, will I sing,
 Thee, parent of the (a) lyric string;
 Whose arch deceptions please,
 When thy illusive genius tries
 To hide from all inquiring eyes,
 Whate'er thou deign'st to seize.

10

E'en (b) Phœbus (when with angry words
 And threat'ning looks he claim'd his herds)
 Thy youthful art beguil'd,
 Incens'd at the provoking theft,
 Till, of his quiver too bereft,
 He own'd thy hand, and smil'd.

D 4

Thou

Thou ledst, (c) when Hector's mournful fire
 Through camps that gleam'd with hostile fire,
 Intrepid urg'd his way,
 Laden with splendid gifts, the sage
 Deceiv'd the (d) fell Atrides' rage,
 Safe by thy guardian fway.

'Tis (e) thine the pious dead to place
 In sweet Elysium's hallow'd space,
 Where endless blessings flow:
 Thy wand directs the shadowy crowds,
 Dear to each God in heaven's abodes,
 Dear to each power below.

N O T E S.

THIS ode, Dacier observes, was probably composed for some feast in honour of Mercury. Sanadon thinks it has nothing remarkable in it, though he allows it elegance of expression and harmony of numbers. But, perhaps, there are few passages in Horace where his skill and power of language appears more admirable than in one stanza of this ode; nor could any writer but himself have condensed so many striking circumstances into one point of view, or so dexterously praised a God for the talent of thievery.

(a) In the original it is, "Parent of the curved or hollow
 "lyre." The invention of this musical instrument is invariably ascribed by Horace to Mercury. It is sometimes called

Tesudo, or the Shell, from its hollow shape, or from the story of Mercury having discovered its properties by applying strings to the shell of a tortoise. The Cythara, which has been often confounded with the Lyre, was different in its shape, and in the number of its strings, and is ascribed to Apollo. But, as they have been long known under one name in modern poetry, it would have been useless to attempt a distinction in the translation.

(b) This alludes to the well-known story of the theft practised by Mercury on Apollo, when that God was herdsman of Admetus.

(c) The interesting story of Priam's expedition to the Grecian camp, to recover the body of Hector, must be familiar to every reader of poetry. See the Iliad, lib. xxiv.

(d) The Latin word (*superbus*) in this passage seems to mean, not *proud*, which would have been an inapplicable and absurd epithet here, but *cruel, inveterate*; a sense in which Horace uses it in other passages. See Ode xxviii. of this Book. The hatred and ferocity of the Atridae, not their pride, was to be dreaded by Priam.

(e) The mournful office assigned to Mercury, of conducting the dead to the infernal regions, is here artfully turned to his praise. Dacier supposes the attributes of Mercury to have been borrowed by the heathens from the history of Moses, and this office of conducting pious souls to Elysium to allude to Moses having led the Israelites to the land of promise. He even supposes the story of Mercury's *theft* to have arisen from a circumstance recorded of Moses in the sacred history. So fond is he of these parallels between sacred
and

and fabulous characters, that, in his notes on a subsequent ode, he discovers Moses again under the name of Bacchus. Father Sanadon has shewn the improbability and the danger of such opinions with great propriety and truth.

ODE

O D E XI.

*He dissuades having recourse to magic, and recommends social
mirth as the best wisdom.*

SEEK not, Leuconoe, vainly to descry
What term the gods to fleeting life have given ;
Nor impious spells, (a) Chaldæan magick, try ;
But wait th' unalterable doom of heaven.

Whate'er betide, let patience arm thy mind ;
Whether great Jove have countless years in store,
Or this the last, (b) whose bleak tempestuous wind
Breaks its wild waves against the Tuscan shore.

Pour the rich wine, in gay enjoyment wife ;
Contract the hopes of life's contracted date.
(c) Even whilst we speak the winged moment flies ;
Snatch present blifs, and leave the rest to fate.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THE elder Scaliger, it seems, supposed this ode not to have been written by Horace. But, as Dacier justly observes, it is in his stile, and perfectly consonant to the philosophy he usually adhered to. The practice of magick and fortune-telling, which Horace very sensibly discourages, seems to have grown much into vogue in his time, if we may judge by the laws of Augustus against it. The poet, always ready to second the wise measures of the prince, ridicules this practice, and proposes festive pleasure as a resource against it.

(a) The Chaldeans, or (as they are called in the original) Babylonians, were famous for being addicted to magick, and particularly to judicial astrology.

(b) The translator has followed the interpretation given of this passage by Dacier and the Delphin editor, as seeming to him the most consonant to the words of the original. Other critics, however, suppose Horace to mean that Leuconoe breaks into the Tuscan sea by buildings, according to a growing extravagance noticed by him in other places.

(c) Dr. Young, who is always pointed and striking, has thus imitated this passage:

“Even whilst a moment’s spoke, a moment’s past;
“I’m nearer death in this line than the last.”

Foster MS.

ODE

O D E XII.

*He celebrates many of the gods and heroes of ancient times,
and concludes with a prayer for the safety of Augustus.*

WHAT man, what hero, wilt thou chuse,
Theme of thy lyre, immortal muse?

What god shall Clio praise?

Whose name shall (a) Helicon repeat?

Or (b) Pindus through its blest retreat

Resound with echoing lays?

Or (c) Hæmus, through whose sacred shade

The muse's child, sweet (d) Orpheus, stray'd

And led her oaks along:

His power could stay the rapid floods,

10

Hush the rude winds, and charm the woods,

Obedient to his song.

To whom shall first our incense rise?

Whom, but the (e) parent of the skies,

By men and gods ador'd?

O'er

O'er the wide earth and sea extend
His sway ; to him all nature bends,
Time's universal Lord !

From him no mightier god can spring,
None like to heaven's eternal King,
None dares with him compare.
Yet, 'midst his bright immortal race,
Great (*f*) Pallas claims the nearest place,
The (*g*) undaunted maid of war.

Nor, generous Bacchus, shall my lays
Suppress thy just, thy well-earn'd praise,
Nor thee, fair huntress, scorn,
Of savage tribes the unwearied foe ;
Nor Phœbus, from whose dreaded bow
Unerring shafts are borne.

Alcides, Leda's twins, succeed,
This skill'd to rein the impetuous steed,
That as a champion brave :
When their bright orbs benignant rise,
Hush'd are the tempests of the skies,
And tranquil sleeps the wave.

Shall

Shall (*b*) Romulus next claim the lay ?
Mild Numa's reign, (*i*) fierce Tarquin's sway,
Or (*k*) Cato's glorious death ?
Or Paulus, prodigal of life,
Who, foiled in Cannæ's fatal strife,
Nobly resign'd his breath ?

Fabricius, Curius, virtuous pair !
Stern poverty inured to war,
With patriot virtue warm ;
Camillus too, in warfare great,
Train'd to restore the sinking state,
In his paternal farm.

(*l*) As the young plant, with growth unseen,
Spreads gradual o'er the enamelled green,
Marcellus' fame aspires.
The Julian star's unrivalled light
Shines like the radiant queen of night,
Amidst heaven's lesser fires.

Oh, parent, guardian of mankind !
To thy unerring care consign'd
Great Cæsar's life we owe :
Thy greatness fills the ætherial space ;
Whilst he maintains the second place,
Lord of the earth below.

His

His arms shall chase from Rome's domain
 The conquered Mede; his equal reign
 The subject world approves.
 'Tis thine to bid the tempest rise,
 Dart the blue lightning from the skies,
 And blast unhallow'd groves.

N O T E S.

THE time when this ode was written cannot be exactly ascertained, but we may conclude it was after the establishment of Augustus in his authority, and probably before the treaty with the Parthians; as the poet, in the conclusion, speaks of the conquest of that people as a measure to be expected from Cæsar, but not yet accomplished. Dacier, in his chronological life of Horace, places this ode in the year of Rome 724, the year after the death of Anthony and Cleopatra; which is a year earlier than the date he gives to the second ode of this book. Sanadon places it in the year 731. Dr. Blackwell, without assigning an express date, considers this as a later composition than the second ode. He considers this ode likewise as an indirect lesson to Augustus, encouraging him to employ his power for the welfare of his country.

The imitation of the second olympick of Pindar, in the beginning of this ode, has been generally remarked. Dacier's observation, that "the order in Horace is more beautiful and "natural," seems perfectly just. In Pindar it is an Anticlimax:—

Ye choral hymns, harmonious lays,
 Sweet rulers of the lyric string,
 What god? What hero's godlike praise?
 What mortal shall we sing?

WEST'S PINDAR.

But

But in Horace it is a climax. There is a good translation of this ode by Pitt, the translator of Virgil.

(a) The hill called Helicon (for there was a hill of that name as well as a fountain) is of course meant here.

(b) Pindus was a celebrated mountain in Thessaly. Dac.

(c) Hæmus was a mountain in Thrace.

(d) The story of Orpheus is familiar to every reader. The poet, as has been observed, naturally and gracefully introduces it here, though not, in strictness, forming a part of his subject.

(e) The poets usually begin their praises of the gods with Jupiter, as the fire of gods. "*Ab Jove principium.*"

(f) Pallas, by being mentioned next to Jupiter, is not meant to be preferred to Juno or Neptune, (who were certainly deemed her superiors) but to the rest of the children of Jupiter, who are the only gods mentioned in this ode. Francis.

(g) No doubt, by a change in the pointing, we may apply the expression of "bold in war," as it stands in the original, either to Pallas or Bacchus. The present translator follows Dr. Bentley in preferring the former, 1st, because Bacchus had only been a warrior and conqueror occasionally, but Pallas was the *Goddess of War*; 2dly, because it seems to him, that the sentence begins more naturally and elegantly with the conjunction (neque) than with the epithet followed by the conjunction. But in this he submits to those of greater classi-

cal taste and experience. Dr. Foster thought, that *præliis audax* should be referred to Pallas. MS.

(b) The rest of the characters celebrated in this ode are heroes who had contributed to raise their country to the unrivalled power it then enjoyed. Yet it is observable, they are not so often mentioned in Horace as the fabulous heroes of Greece; a proof, amongst others, how far even the national pride of the Romans could give way to their love of Greek fables and habits of imitation. See notes on Ode vi.

(i) Though so much has been said by some criticks, to prove that the elder Tarquin is meant here, the translator has ventured to apply this passage to the younger. The epithet *superbus* in the original, (which is sometimes used to signify *arrogant* rather than *proud*) seems to have been the addition constantly used when speaking of him. The term *Fasces*, which, it is said, points the application to the elder Tarquin, on account of his having introduced them, may be used here only to signify *power and authority*, as the word *secures* is used in two passages of our poet: and, as to the objection that he was too bad a man to be celebrated by Horace; he was (according to a very bald line in Ovid) "*vir injustus, fortis ad arma tamen*;" which, as *military fame*, not moral character, is the subject of this ode, seems quite sufficient. Cunningham and Sanadon will have it that Junius Brutus is meant, and, to introduce this fancy, alter the text on mere conjecture. But one of the first classical scholars of his time, Dr. Foster of Eton, said that *Juni*, not *Junii*, would be the genitive of *Junius*. MS.

(k) Dr. Bentley (by an unauthorized alteration) would read Curtius, instead of Cato, thinking, as Cato was an enemy to the Cæsarean family, Horace would not commend him for
fear

fear of displeasing Augustus. But Augustus himself always spoke with respect of Cato's memory, and affected to consider his own success against Anthony (who was supported by many of Julius Cæsar's friends) as the triumph of a republican party. On this principle he rebuked the servility of one who apologised for entertaining him in a house that had belonged to Cato. He could not, therefore, be displeased with Horace's praising the death of that patriot, for whose virtuous life another poet in the emperor's court had placed him in the Elysium fields, as lawgiver to the souls of the just. See *Æneid*, lib. vi.

(l) The story of Regulus is well known, and may be seen more at large in Ode v. lib. iii. The Scauri were long an illustrious family in the days of the republick. Paulus Æmilius, jointly with Terentius Varro, the other consul, commanded the Roman army at the battle of Cannæ, which the rashness of his colleague had brought on against his will, and, disdaining to fly, was slain in that fatal action. Fabricius and Curius were also distinguished characters amongst the old Romans, and gloried in their poverty and contempt of wealth.

(m) From the simile with which Marcellus is introduced, there seems little doubt but that the nephew of Augustus is meant, *that* Marcellus, whose death is so beautifully lamented by Virgil in the 6th *Æneid*. The fame of the great Marcellus, the antagonist of Hannibal and conqueror of Syracuse, had been established for centuries, and therefore could hardly be said to "grow imperceptibly like a tree."

O D E XIII.

*He expostulates with his mistress Lydia on her preference of
a rival, whom he describes as riotous and profligate.*

WHENE'ER thy voice extols my rival's charms,
When every grace thy lavish praise bestows,
(a) The roseate neck, soft taper arms,
With what fierce flame my bosom glows !

From their fixt seat my tranquil spirits fly ;
The wonted colour from my cheek retires ;
Whilst tears, just stealing from the eye,
Witness the slow-consuming fires.

I rage, whene'er the beauties of thy breast
Rude broils and drunken revelry disgrace, 10
When the fierce spoiler has imprest
Rude kisses on thy tender face.

Ah ! could'st thou hear my fondly warning strain !
Ne'er could'st thou hope a constant bliss to prove
With him who dar'd those lips profane,
That breathe the nectar'd sweets of love.

Happy,

Happy, thrice happy they, whose blameless joys
 Spring from the unbroken union of the heart;
 No murmurings vex, no strife annoys;
 But their last day alone shall part.

20

N O T E S.

THIS is another jealous ode addressed by Horace to his mistress Lydia, as the viiith was. But here his jealousy, which in the former ode was couched under terms of admonition, is openly avowed. Perhaps the passion of jealousy was never more beautifully described. But our poet's taste could not be very delicate if he sighed long after a mistress whose intemperance he describes in such strong terms.

The date of this ode is uncertain; but we may presume it was written in Horace's younger days. Telephus, his rival, seems to have been a handsome and accomplished youth. See Ode xix. lib. iii. and Ode xi. lib. iv.

Addison has translated the beginning of this ode. See his Travels, p. 202. and the Spectator, No. 171.

(a) The turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man. This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe, in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view as much as our hands and face are at present. Addison's Travels, p. 202.

O D E XIV.

He addresses a Ship, (supposed to mean the Roman Republic) and exhorts her not to expose herself again to tempests and dangers.

AH, hapless vessel ! must thou brave
Again the rude remorseless wave ?
Ah, shun the tempest's wanton sport !
Grasp firmly the long wish'd-for port.

Behold, without an oar, thy side
Left naked to the foaming tide ;
Thy shatter'd yards, thy wounded mast,
Groan loudly to the furious blast.

Where the strong cable, the new sail,
To tempt a yet more boist'rous gale ?
Where now the guardian Gods, to bless,
To save thee in thy deep distress ?

From

From the (a) fam'd woods of Pontus rent,
 Thine is the boast of high descent ;
 Vain boast ! what seaman dare confide
 In the gay vessel's painted pride ?

Oh, late my theme of deep despair,
 Now of regret, of fondest care !
 Where 'midst the (b) Cyclads ocean roars,
 Beware the threatening deep, the tempting shores.

N O T E S.

THE date of this ode will depend on the consideration whether it is to be taken in an allegorical or literal sense. If the latter, we must conclude, with Dacier, that it was written about the year of Rome 711, and when our poet had just returned from the unfortunate battle of Philippi. On his arrival in Italy, (say those who support this opinion) the ship that had conveyed him there set sail again with some of his friends, who had not been able to obtain pardon of the victorious party; and Horace, feeling a kind of affection for the ship that had brought him home in safety, and being interested in her fate, on account of the persons she had on board, addresses her in these terms of expostulation, anxiety, and regret. This opinion, first adopted by Muret, and after him by Le Fevre, is strongly supported by Dacier, and assented to by Bentley. To these great names we may add that of Dr. Foster, who held, that some parts of the ode, particularly the concluding stanza, will not apply in the allegorical sense. The chief argument

of Le Fevre and Dacier is, that no allegory ought to occupy the whole of a poem, and that to run an allegory into so many minute circumstances, the application of which, if not impossible, is at least difficult and obscure, would be puerile and unworthy of Horace. The last of these arguments would have considerable weight, but that the authority of Quinctilian, (who, besides his other qualifications, lived at a period when Horace's writings must have been well understood) decides it in favour of the usual interpretation. The very name of an allegorical poem implies that it may be an allegory throughout; of which we have many instances in modern times: and we may, perhaps, consider the general scheme of the ode to be allegorical, without requiring the allegory to apply in every minute part, as the fables of Homer seldom "run (as it is termed) upon all fours."

But though we may admit the Roman republick to be meant by the poet in his address to a ship, yet we cannot pursue the allegory so far as Sanadon, who tells us it was imagined in order to dissuade Augustus from resigning the reins of government. For, first, had this been the case, the poet need not have involved the subject in so much mystery, but might, in giving an advice so agreeable to Augustus, have either discarded the allegory, or given it a more direct application. But, what seems to be a stronger proof, he expressly remonstrates with the ship for venturing again to sea, and warns her of the perils she is about to encounter. As we must apply this to the republick, it seems clear that some new civil war had begun, or was on the point of breaking out, and that they could not have been all ended and the government beginning to take a settled form, as was the case when Sanadon supposes this ode to have been written.

It seems probable, therefore, that this poem was written either in the year of Rome 715, (according to Dacier's chronology) when the war broke out between Octavius Cæsar and the
young

young Pompey, or, about six years afterwards, when the *Actian* war, as it is called, between Anthony and Octavius, commenced.

The English reader, who wishes to see this allegory in detail, may turn to the notes in Francis's Horace, which are mostly copied from Sanadon, who strains almost every passage beyond its natural sense, not only to make it consistent as an allegory, but to apply it to his own peculiar exposition.

(a) The woods of Pontus produced timber highly valued for ship-building. This, as the commentators explain it, means that the Romans should not trust too much to the antiquity and high reputation of their state; for that these advantages will not preserve it from ruin if they continue their dissensions.

(b) The Cyclads were islands in the *Ægean* sea deemed very dangerous to navigators. How this applies in the allegorical sense, the translator feels himself unable to explain.

O D E XV.

*Nereus, the sea god, is represented as prophesying to Paris
the fall of Troy.*

THE treacherous shepherd, late her guest,
Bore beauteous Helen o'er the main,
When Nereus to unwelcome rest
Lull'd the swift gales, and sung fate's awful strain :

“ In luckless hour thou bear’st thy prize,
“ Doom’d to deplore thy guilty joy :
“ For, lo ! confederate Greeks arise
“ To burst thy nuptial bands, and crush ill-fated Troy !

“ Mark how the steeds, the chiefs, engage !
“ For thee what Dardans press the field !
“ See, Pallas calls forth all her rage !
“ And mounts her martial car, and shakes her thund’ring
“ shield !

“ Elate with Venus’ aid, in vain
“ Oft shalt thou deck thy flowing hair,
“ Wake the soft lyre’s unwarlike strain,
“ And soothe with melting songs the love-sick fair,

- “ In vain shalt fly the jav’lin’s force,
“ Avenger of thy lawless lust,
“ The battle’s din ; swift Ajax’ course ;
“ For, ah ! thy wanton locks shall trail in dust.
- “ Mark, of thy race the deadly bane,
“ Ulysses ! mark the Pylian sage !
“ See Teucer chase thee o’er the plain,
“ And Sthenelus direct the chariot’s rage !
- “ Fam’d in the glorious martial strife,
“ Hast thou ne’er heard great Merion’s name ?
“ See, raging for thy forfeit life,
“ Tydides, mightier than his fire in fame !
- “ Whom, as the stag, if chance he spy
“ The prowling wolf, scours o’er the plain ;
“ Breathless and panting shalt thou fly,
“ The boasts that cheer’d thy bride, alas, how vain !
- “ Though stern Pelides’ wrath delay
“ The hour so fear’d by Phrygian dames,
“ At length, on fate’s appointed day,
“ Shall Troy’s proud mansions blaze in Argive flames.”

NOTES.

N O T E S.

HERE, it seems, because we cannot at present discern the particular drift of Horace in this ode, we must have another allegory. Paris must mean Marc Anthony ; Helen, Cleopatra, and all the Homerick heroes in the rest of the ode must signify persons in the army of Octavius Cæsar. " Tydides, greater than his fire," must mean Octavius greater than his adoptive father Julius Cæsar ; Pollio, (whose whole conduct during the civil wars seems to have been artful and interested, and who submitted to Octavius when he found his arms prevail) is supposed to represent the open-hearted and generous, but implacable Achilles, and, (to crown the whole) the gentle and affectionate wife, the constant mediatrix, Octavia, is supposed to be meant by the poet when he describes the fierce Goddess of War arming against the Trojans, the objects of her immortal hatred. This is Father Sanadon's explanation of this ode ; and this has been endured, if not approved, by subsequent editors !

Dacier, and other eminent critics, seem very properly to have rejected the allegorical scheme. Probably the ode is an imitation, or even a translation, from one of the Greek poets, and perhaps from Bacchilides, who is said to have written an ode, in which Cassandra is introduced prophesying the fall of Troy. It might have been written in the early part of Horace's life, as an exercise in poetry, without a view to any characters or circumstances of the times.

The prophecy of Nereus will, however, have one merit at least with the English reader, as it is supposed to have suggested to Gray the design of his celebrated ode, " The Bard ;" which, though some unaccountable prejudice has induced Dr. Johnson to undervalue it, will long hold its rank as next in sublimity to the immortal ode of Dryden.

The

The Grecian heroes described in this ode are so well known to every reader of the Iliad, either in the original, or Pope's translation, that it would be quite superfluous here to give any explanation of their characters, or relation of their actions. But it may not be improper to observe, that both Dacier and Sanadon seem to suppose the poet to mean by "Ajax swift in pursuit," Ajax, the son of Telamon; whereas it must be Ajax, the son of Oileus, who is as much celebrated by Homer for his swiftness as the great Ajax is for his bravery.

O D E XVI.

He apologizes to a woman whose mother he had libelled.

THOU, whose bright mother, form'd to please,
Must yield to thy unrival'd power,
The offending verse let angry seas,
Or swift consuming flames, devour !

Less shock the Pythian (a) priests sustain,
When the God reigns without controul,
Less (b) Bacchants feel, or (c) Rhea's train,
When sounding cymbals rouse the soul,

Than frantick rage inflicts, whose force
No danger shakes, no fear alarms ; 10
Nor foaming waves, nor Jove's swift course,
When rushing in vindictive arms:

(d) Compell'd with some more active part
His clay-form'd mortal to inspire,
Prometheus breath'd into our heart
The raging lion's savage ire.

By

By rage (e) Thyestes' offspring died ;
 By rage the far-fam'd city falls,
 When the (f) foe drives in conquest's pride
 His ploughshare o'er her levell'd walls.

Ah, then, let just resentment cease !
 Me too, by youthful passions fired,
 Fell wrath estrang'd from gentle peace,
 And keen iambick verse inspired.

But hence reproach ! a softer strain
 From my repentant lyre shall part ;
 So may I yet thy smiles regain,
 So thou restore thy alien'd heart.

N O T E S.

A TITLE prefixed to this ode in some old MS. has induced several editors to conclude it was addressed to Tyndaris, a mistress of Horace, who is the subject of the subsequent ode. Dacier and Sanadon introduce her name into their translation, a measure hardly justifiable without more authority. Whether the person now addressed, or her mother, had been libelled by Horace, does not appear from the ode itself. But the inscription above alluded to implies it was her mother, whose name is said to have been Gratidia. Some have supposed her to be the person attacked by Horace in the epodes, and in one of his satires, by the name of Canidia.

(a) Virgil

(a) Virgil, in the 6th *Æneid*, has finely represented a priest of Apollo when inspired by the deity :

——subito non vultus, non color unus,
Nec comptæ manfere comæ ; fed pectus anhelum
Et rabie fera corda tument ; majorque videri,
Nec mortale fonans.

Whilst yet ſhe ſpoke, enlarg'd her features grew,
Her colour chang'd, her locks diſhevel'd flew,
The heavenly tumult reigns in every part,
Pants her breaſt, and ſwells her riſing heart. PITT.

(b) See Ode xix. of book ii. and Ode xxv. of book iii. in both of which Horace ſuppoſes himſelf to be transported with a wild fury ſimilar to that of the Bacchants.

(c) The prieſts of Cybele, who celebrated her rites with great noiſe and enthufiaſm.

(d) Perhaps Horace here means by "*original clay*," (*principi limo*) the mere body of Prometheus's man, and by "*particles taken from every quarter*," the ſpirit and qualities of the mind which he ſuperadded to it. The fable itſelf is too well known to need an explanation.

(e) It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that the ſtory of Thyeſtes, who was deceived by his brother Atreus ſo as to eat his own child, is here alluded to.

(f) It was a cuſtom of the Romans, when they had deſtroyed a city, and meant it ſhould never be rebuilt, to paſs a ploughſhare over the walls, in order to ſignify that from that period the ground whereon it had ſtood might be cultivated.

ODE

O D E XVII.

He invites Tyndaris (one of his mistresses) to his villa, and describes the advantages of it.

OFT nimble-footed (a) Faunus strays
 To blest (b) Lucretile's retreat,
 Protects my favoured herds, allays
 The stormy winds, the baneful heat.

Safe in his tutelary power
 The offensive he goat's wandering spouse
 Crops wild thyme in the fragrant bower,
 Or on the Arbutus loves to browse.

My unprotected kids affail
 No prowling wolves, or speckled snakes,
 Whene'er (c) Ustica's sloping vale
 To dulcet sounds my lyre awakes.

Pleased with the praise my songs bestow
 The gods my pious cares return :
 Hence rural gifts spontaneous flow
 From smiling plenty's copious urn.

F

Here,

Here, Tyndaris, at ease reposed,
 Avoid the dog-star's sultry air ;
 Sing chaste Penelope, (*d*) opposed
 To beauteous Circe, frail as fair.

Here (*e*) Lesbian wine beneath the shade
 Shall please thee, innocently gay ;
 Nor Bacchus, with stern Mars, invade
 Our peace, and wake the angry fray,

Here no rude Cyrus shall affright
 With teasing jealousy thy breast,
 Seize thee unequal to the fight,
 Thy garland tear, or rend thy vest,

N O T E S,

"HORACE," says Dacier, "being reconciled to Tyndaris, and learning that she had been ill-treated by Cyrus, offers her, in this ode, a retreat at his villa from the violence of her brutal lover." This, indeed, *may* have been his object in this ode; but, from the general scope of it, one should suppose he means to entice her by the beauties of the place, and the convivial society she will find there. Protection from a boisterous lover (of whom, perhaps, Horace was nevertheless jealous) seems to be added incidentally, and as a farther inducement.

(*a*) The rural god Faunus is by some deemed the same as Pan; his character and amusements were, at all events, similar. See the ode addressed to him, viz. xviii. lib. iii.

(*b*) Lu-

(b) Lucretile was a mountain in the Sabine territory, at the foot of which Horace's villa stood. Delph. ed. Dac.

(c) Ustica was also a hill in or near Horace's farm.

(d) Perhaps there was some popular Anacreontick ode on this subject that was set to music, for the original says, "*on the Teian harp*;" and Anacreon was a native of Teos.

(e) The Lesbian wine was a light sort, and therefore not likely to excite broils. Delph. ed.

O D E XVIII.

He recommends the enjoyment of wine with moderation.

VARUS, the vine prefer, whene'er you sow
 The genial soil (*a*) of Tibur's far-fam'd fields.
 Dull sober mortals heaven o'erwhelms with woe :
 To wine alone corroding forrow yields.

What generous soul, when cheering wine inspires,
 Dread fears of war or poverty annoy ?
 Thee, jocund god, the grateful heart admires,
 Thee, Venus, queen of pure, unfullied joy !

Yet, warned, your social mirth let temperance guide ;
 Beware the (*b*) Lapithæ and Centaur's ire !
 Lo ! the mad (*c*) Thracians right and wrong divide
 By the thin boundaries of their wild desire.

No, gentle godhead, friend to peace and love !
 Ne'er shall my voice thy genial soul affright,
 Ne'er pierce the deep inviolable grove,
 And drag thy mysteries to unhallowed light.

Let, then, no (*d*) Phrygian cymbals wake the breast !
 For then self-love prevails, with impulse blind,
 And empty pride displays her airy crest,
 And lavish confidence unveils the mind.

N O T E S.

THE beginning of this ode is imitated, or rather (as Dr. Gillies observes) translated, from Alcæus. If the works of that Greek writer were extant, we should, perhaps, often trace our poet in his steps, as he seems to have been the model on whose style Horace formed his own.

It may be observed, this ode contains the principles of a moderate and rational Epicurean, such as Horace seems to have been, and not those of a debauched and inordinate votary of pleasure. There is no certainty as to the person to whom the ode is addressed; some think it is the Varus who, many years after, was defeated in Germany and slew himself; others, that Quinctilius, the friend of Virgil, on whose death the 24th ode was written, is the person meant: but it seems not to be quite certain that the surname of that Quinctilius was Varus.

(a) The country about Tibur seems to have been highly agreeable to Horace. See the description of it in Ode vii. of this book. See also Ode vi. of book ii.

(b) The quarrel between the Lapithæ and Centaurs, at the marriage of Pirithous, is here alluded to. The story is told at large in the xiith book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

(c) The Thracians were remarkable for being brutal and quarrelsome in their cups.

(d) Cymbals were used in the feasts of Bacchus; and because they were also used in those of Cybele, Horace calls them Berecynthian, from the name of a town in Phrygia where Cybele was adored. Dac.

O D E XIX.

He complains that he has fallen in love again when past his youth.

LO, the relentless queen of joy,
 And (a) Theban Semele's imperious boy,
 With wanton throbs of soft desire,
 Wake in my breast the long-extinguish'd fire!
 Fair Glycera, with charms more bright
 Than Parian marble, kindles to delight;
 Her pleasing petulance, her air
 Too ravishing for mortal eye to bear.
 Bright Venus (b) quits her Cyprian fanes,
 Fills all my soul, and rushes through my veins.
 (c) No more the Scythian's warlike deeds,
 Or Parthians wheeling their impetuous steeds,
 I sing, nor can the votive verse
 Aught but her triumphs, her delights rehearse.
 Here, pile the (d) living turf around;
 Let (e) sacred herbs, let frankincense abound!
 Pour mellow wine! the victim slay!
 So shall (f) the goddesses reign with gentler sway.

NOTES.

NOTES.

HORACE is supposed to have been somewhat above forty when this ode was written. Dacier thinks it preceded the first ode of the fourth book (in which he calls himself fifty) by about three or four years. It is certainly a beautiful description of the contest between reason and passion in the mind of a middle-aged man; the former suggesting the propriety of more serious pursuits, the latter still drawing him back to the pleasures of his youth.

(a) Bacchus was joined with Venus by the ancients as well as the moderns. Dacier says, sacrifices were sometimes performed to them jointly.

(b) Anacreon has expanded this idea in a very delicate and agreeable manner, when he says, that *love has made a nest in his heart, that it produces its young ones there, &c.* But Horace's expression is nobler, and answers better to the majesty of his verse. Dac.

(c) This passage is also imitated from the ode of Anacreon that begins with

Θεῶν λεγεῖν Ἀφροδίτης, &c.

(d) Green turf was used as the altar in many sacrifices of the ancients.

(e) Various herbs were used in sacrifices.

(f) Horace does not speak of Glycera here, as some interpreters have supposed, but of Venus, whom he would appease by this sacrifice. Dac.

O D E XX.

*He invites Mæcenas to his table, alluding to a flattering
compliment paid to Mæcenas at the publick games.*

BENEATH my roof plain (*a*) Sabine wine,
In temp'rate goblets, shall be thine,
 From casks myself had stow'd
On that blest day, when fond acclaims
Hail'd thy lov'd presence at the games,
 And Rome with transport glow'd.

'Twas then, illustrious Roman knight,
Swift o'er the Vatican's proud height
 Responsive echoes rung ;
'Twas then thy fond (*b*) paternal stream
From all his shores returned the theme,
 The theme of every tongue.

Thine the choice treasures, mellowed stores,
Which the (*c*) Calenian vintage pours
 In rich resplendent rills.

My

My humble flask disclaims the juice
That famed (*d*) Falernian vines produce,
Or generous (*e*) Formian hills.

N O T E S.

THE chief object of Horace in this ode is to remind Mæcenas of the applauses and acclamations with which he was received by the people when he first entered the theatre after an illness, which had endangered his life. *Dac.*

"We here easily remark," says Dr. Johnson, "the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation, but certainly are less delighted than those to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it." *Adventurer*, No. 58.

(*a*) The wine that grew in the territory of the Sabines was despised as of a very inferior kind. Horace says, in one of his epistles, that his little farm would sooner produce pepper and frankincense than the grape. *Dac.*

(*b*) The Tiber is called Mæcenas's *paternal* stream, because its source was in Tuscany, from whence the family of Mæcenas was said to have sprung. *Dac.*

(*c*) Cales was a town near Capua in Campania. Athenæus says the Calenian wine was preferable to the Falernian. *Dac.*

(*d*) The Falernian wine, which grew on a hill in Campania, was deemed excellent. *Dac.*

(*e*) The Formian hills were also in Campania, on the sea shore, and near Cales. *Dac.*

O D E

O D E XXI.

*A hymn to Apollo and Diana, supposed to have been sung
by a chorus of youths and virgins at a feast in honour of
these deities, or, (as some imagine) at the secular games.*

YOUTHS.

YE gentle virgins, let your lays
Diana's virgin fame declare.

VIRGINS.

Ye youths, resound Apollo's praise,
The god with graceful tresses fair!

BOTH.

To great Latona strike the lyre!
Latona, dear to heaven's almighty fire.

YOUTHS.

Sing ye the goddess, who delights
In murmuring streams, or waving groves,
Cool (a) Algidus, or (b) Cragus' heights,
Or (c) Erimanthus' deep alcoves.

VIR-

VIRGINS.

Sing (*d*) Tempe, great Apollo's care,
 Delos, that saw his natal day,
 Whose limbs the shining quiver bear,
 Who wakes the soft (*e*) fraternal lay.

BOTH.

Oh hear! (*f*) avert each angry doom
 From mighty Cæsar and imperial Rome!
 Drive wasteful war, fell famine's deadly woe,
 On Britain's hostile tribes, and the dread Persian foe.

N O T E S.

WHETHER this ode was written for some annual feast of Apollo and Diana, or in order to be performed at the secular games, or (as Dacier supposes) as a direction to the chorus preparatory to the secular games, cannot now be ascertained. The first of these suppositions is rendered the most probable by the conclusion, which requests that war, famine, and pestilence, the three greatest plagues that can befall a nation, may be averted from Rome to the Parthians and Britons. It is a fair inference, that when this prayer was written those nations were among the most hostile to the Romans, and particularly that the dread which the Romans had of the former had not subsided. Yet several years before the secular games, the Britons had submitted to Augustus, and engaged to pay tribute, and the Parthians had made every concession required of them: so that Horace himself considers both these nations as subdued, and even as "*added to the Roman empire.*" The
 ode

ode that begins with a recital of these successes, (Ode v. lib. iii.) is acknowledged, even by Sanadon, to have been written two years before the secular games. It seems, therefore, highly improbable that Horace, who never writes without meaning, should single out these nations as the foes of Rome, after they were considered, and he had himself represented them, as conquered.

But Sanadon's scheme respecting the *Carmen Seculare*, which Dr. Francis admires so much, (but which he alone seems to have followed) is very fully confuted by Mr. Duncombe. See the notes on the *Carmen Seculare*.

(a) *Algidus* was a hill covered with wood, about twelve miles from Rome on the Appian way. *Dac.*

(b) *Cragus* was a mountain in Lycia.

(c) There were in Arcadia a city, a mountain, and a river called *Erimanthus*. The mountain must be meant here.

(d) The celebrated vale of *Tempe* in Thessaly was deemed a favourite residence of *Apollo*. *Dacier* says, it is joined with *Delos*, (his place of birth) because *Apollo* was crowned there with laurels after he had slain the *Python*.

(e) *Apollo* is supposed to have received the lyre from his brother *Mercury*, who invented it. *Dac.*

(f) It was a notion amongst the heathens, that when public calamities, such as war, pestilence, &c. were abroad, they must fall somewhere. They, therefore, prayed the gods to avert them from themselves to their enemies. Thus in Ode xxvii. of lib. iii. Horace wishes the wives and children of the foes of Rome may be afflicted by tempests and shipwreck.

O D E

O D E XXII.

He takes occasion from his escape from a wolf to congratulate himself on the purity of his life and morals.

THE guiltless life, the unfullied heart,
 Need not the dire envenomed dart
 That speeds from (a) Moorish bows,
 Whether o'er (b) Caucasus we stray,
 O'er torrid (c) Syrtes take our way,
 Or where (d) Hydaspes flows.

For late, when through my Sabine shade
 In careless mood too far I strayed,
 By gentlest passions charmed,
 And sung of Lalage and love,
 A wolf rushed swiftly from the grove,
 But fled me though unarmed.

Such his dread form, portentous size,
 None like in martial (e) Daunia lies,
 Where ample forests spread ;

None

None fiercer springs from (*f*) Juba's land,
 Where, nurtured in the parching sand,
 The prowling lion's bred.

Then place me where no summer breeze
 Cheers the dull soil, revives the trees,
 Or in the pathless wilds
 Where Phoebus darts his fiercest fire ;
 (*g*) Still shall my heart the nymph admire,
 Who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.

N O T E S.

THE circumstance that gave rise to this ode is related in it, but whether Horace had any other design than to boast of his own purity of morals, and celebrate his mistress Lalage, cannot now be known. It is addressed to his friend Fuscus Aristius, probably the same who is mentioned in the Satyres, and to whom an Epistle is addressed. Dacier supposes that Lalage was the mistress of Aristius, and that Horace wrote this ode to obviate any jealousy which his friend might entertain of him, by declaring the innocence of his intentions. But this seems to be a fanciful and unsupported conjecture. If Lalage was the mistress of Aristius, there are surely more expressions in this ode tending to excite his jealousy, than to remove it; and the expression of *my* Lalage, in the original, seems inconsistent with the notion that Horace considered her as the mistress of another person.

(*a*) The

(a) The Moors were at that time famous for their skill in archery.

(b) The mountain of Caucasus extends from the northern shores of the Black Sea to Derbend on the western coast of the Caspian, and separates Circassia, the country of Suchater and Daguestan, from Mingrelia, Georgia, and Chirvan. San.

(c) We are not to understand in this place merely the Syrtes of Africk, but all sandy and burning deserts. Dac.

(d) Hydaspes was a river in India; it is now called the Ravi, or the Via. San. Quær. Dacier says, it is called Lobchan.

(e) Daunia was, properly speaking, a part of Appulia, but the term is often used for the whole of that country. Horace calls it *martial*, because it produced some of the best soldiers for the Roman army. Dac.

(f) By the land of Juba is meant Mauritania, which was a part of Numidia, when Juba had reigned. Africa was then, as now, the part of the world most productive of beasts of prey.

(g) This passage is thus translated by Roscommon:

The burning sun, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles;
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

“ The

"The witty ideas in the two last lines," (says a judicious critic) "are foreign to the original, and the addition of them is quite unjustifiable, as they belong to a quaint species of wit, of which the writings of Horace afford no example." *Principles of Translation*, p. 73.

O D E

O D E XXIII.

He remonstrates with Cloe on her bashfulness and timidity.

YOU fly me, Cloe, (a) as the fawn
 Scuds nimbly o'er the mountain's height,
 Seeks its lost parent o'er the lawn,
 And hears the passing gale with wild affright,

For, lo! whene'er the leafy grove
 With vernal breezes gently shakes,
 Or lizards in the bramble move,
 How her knees falter! how her bosom quakes!

But thee no lion's angry roar,
 No tyger seeks with hostile mind;
 Come then, mature in charms, no more I ●
 Attend thy mother's steps; but bless mankind.

N O T E S.

THIS little ode is translated very prettily by Creech; though
 his putting the comparison with which it opens in the plural
 G number

number (fawns) has a bad effect. The opinion which the present translator has always entertained of Creech he is happy to find confirmed by so great an authority as that of Dr. War-
ton, who (in the 2d. vol. of his Essay on Pope, p. 331.) says,
“ he is a nervous and vigorous writer; and many parts, not
“ only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace,
“ (though now decried) have not been excelled by other trans-
“ lators.” There are, it is true, many quaint expressions
(such as calling Mæcenas *My Lord*) and some vulgarities in
Creech, but, in *spirit*, which is so essential to a translator of
Horace, he is surely far above his successors.

(a) Dacier observes, this simile is imitated from Apacreon,
but that Horace has greatly surpassed his original.

Dr. Francis cites from Spencer the following imitation of
these lines:

Like as a hind,
Yet flies away of her own feet affeared;
And every bush that shaketh with the least
Murmur of wind, her terror hath increast,

O D E XXIV.

On the death of Quinctilius Varus.

TO fond regret, to grief yet unallay'd,
Soft melting strains and tenderest verse belong.
Begin, Melpomene, celestial maid!
The sacred melody of mournful song.

Does then Quinctilius sleep in endless rest,
Dear to each Muse, to every virtue dear?
Where shall we match the faith that warm'd his breast?
Where his ingenuous worth, his truth sincere?

What good man weeps not o'er his early grave?
But thee, my Virgil, bitterest sorrows wait.
Ah, vainly pious! can thy sufferings save,
Thy prayers redeem him from relentless fate?

Though thy sad lyre resound with softer woe
Than Thracian Orpheus, when the woods he charm'd,
Can life again at thy fond bidding flow?
Or the pale ghost with vital fire be warm'd?

No ; with the fable troop even now it speeds

Through the dark horrors of night's cheerless gloom,
Where (a) with terrifick wand stern Mercury leads,
Mov'd by no prayers to change fate's awful doom.

Mourn thy sad lot ; but mourn not unappeas'd :

'Gainst sovereign power 'twere impious to contend ;
Even deep regret shall yield by patience eas'd:
We learn to bear what we despair to mend.

N O T E S.

FEW of the odes of Horace are more interesting than this, on account of the person to whom it is addressed, the affectionate feelings which seem to have suggested it, and the knowledge of human nature it evinces. Our poet begins by soothing his friend Virgil with the strongest expressions of sympathy, and thence gradually leads him to such topicks of consolation as were in his power. This conduct of the ode Dr. Francis has justly praised ; since, as he observes, we must seem to feel the sorrow of our friends, and make it our own, before we pretend to find a remedy for it.

Some of the commentators have fallen into a strange mistake, in supposing the Quinctilius Varus who was defeated by the Germans, and slew himself on that occasion, to be the person whose death is here lamented ; whereas that event happened many years after the death of Virgil and Horace. The Quinctilius spoken of in this ode is probably the same person whom Horace commends in his Art of Poetry as a judicious and friendly critick. Servius says, he was a relation, as well as an intimate

intimate friend, of Virgil, and that he died in the tenth consulship of Augustus. If so, this ode is properly placed by Dacier in the year of Rome 729, and by Sanadon (according to Varro's chronology, which he adopts) in 730.

(a) See the xth ode of this book, in which this employment of Mercury is placed on the agreeable side.

O D E XXV.

He insults Lydia on her beginning to grow old.

LESS oft, methinks, thy windows prove
 The (a) gay assaults of youthful love
 That wak'd thee from repose ;
 Now, scarcely used, thy creaking door,
 That turn'd on lightest hinge before,
 To its lov'd threshold grows.

Less and less oft, in flattering notes,
 The voice of tender rapture floats,
 And sounds like these delight :
 “ (b) Sleep’st thou, my Lydia, whilst thy youth,
 “ With beating heart, with watchful truth,
 “ Pines through the long-long night ?”

Old and despised, ’tis now thy fate,
 Oft mourning at thy lonely gate,
 To brave the ruffian wind ;

Whilst

Whilst disappointed passion fires,
 Fierce as the maddening steed's desires,
 Thy ulcerated mind ;

Whilst the gay youth with (c) myrtle boughs,
 With blooming ivy bind their brows,
 And, insolently vain,
 Resign thee, borne, like wither'd leaves
 By the cold (d) Hebrus wintery waves,
 To drear oblivion's reign.

N O T E S.

THIS ode must, as Dacier observes, have been subsequent to the viiith and xiiith of this book, and to the ixth of book iii. since Lydia was at those several periods the subject of our poet's love and jealousy, but was now, in her declining age, become the object of derision. Airy and elegant as this poem certainly is, it forms one of the few exceptions to that character of good nature which is generally prevalent in Horace's works. The best apology, perhaps, for this and a few other odes of the same kind, arises from the characters of those whom he treats so severely. Even Lydia, the subject of this ode, and the most celebrated of his mistresses, appears to have been openly profligate and debauched. The only wonder seems to be, that Horace could ever address them in terms of delicate tenderness, even in their youth.

(a) It was a custom of the Roman youth (which they are said to have derived from the Greeks) to besiege the houses of
 G 4 their

their mistresses at night with torches, levers, and axes, and, if they were refused entrance, to force the door or windows open. See Ode xxvi. lib. iii.

(b) This is supposed to be the beginning of a song sung by one of Lydia's lovers, on finding the gates shut against him. Dac.

(c) This passage is translated according to Dacier's interpretation; which (taking *atque* conjunctively) joins the myrtle with the blooming ivy. Bentley, the Delphin editor, Gefner, and others, adopt this construction. But some (giving a disjunctive sense to *atque*) construe it, that "the youth delight more in blooming ivy *than* in black myrtle." If, however, Gefner is well founded in the opinion that *pulla myrtus* means "the *growing tender* myrtle," the construction followed by the present translator is right.

(d) Hebrus, being a river in Thrace, (a country which, on account of its coldness, the ancients deemed the perpetual abode of winter) is therefore called, in the original, "the associate of winter;" an expression that seemed rather too bold to admit of being translated.

In the notes to the Delphin edition, Scaliger is justly reprehended for treating this ode with contempt. There is, perhaps, nothing superior in spirit and vivacity throughout the works of Horace.

O D E XXVI.

He invites the Muse to praise his friend Lamia.

LOV'D by the Muse, my cares, my grief,
 To winds and boist'rous seas I give,
 Secure, while Parthia's exiled chief,
 Whilst (a) northern kings in terror live.

Oh thou, whom limpid fountains own,
 Queen of pure rills and peaceful bowers,
 (b) Sweet nymph, (c) my Lamia's temples crown
 With choicest sweets and fairest flowers !

Didst thou not breathe celestial fire,
 All honours of my verse were vain :
 Wake to his praise thy Lesbian lyre ;
 Call to his praise thy sister train.

N O T E S.

THE mention of Tiridates in this little ode goes very near to fix the date of it ; though there seem to be no means of guessing on what occasion it was written.

In

In the year of Rome 723, according to Dacier's chronology, Phraates, King of Parthia, was expelled by his subjects for his cruelties, and Tiridates (who seems to have been one of his chief nobles) placed on the throne. But the tyrant, having obtained the assistance of a powerful Scythian tribe, was by their means soon restored. Tiridates fled to Augustus for protection, taking with him one of the sons of Phraates, whom he had contrived to get into his possession. The negotiations between the two empires, to which this event gave rise, (and which terminated in the restoration of the standards taken at the defeat of Crassus) were probably depending when this ode was written; and Tiridates, whom Phraates had required to be given up as a rebel, was under the most painful anxiety respecting the emperor's determination. Dacier therefore dates this ode in the ninth consulship of Augustus, and the year of Rome 728. Sanadon places it in the year of Rome 731; which (according to the chronology adopted by him from Varro) is two years later.

(a) This, as Dacier has observed, seems to allude to some transaction amongst or respecting the northern nations that is now unknown.

(b) The name, in the original, Pimplea or Pimplei, is taken from a fountain in Bœotia, or, as some say, in Macedon, sacred to the Muses; whence they were called Pimpleides. Dac. Delph. ed.

(c) This seems to have a figurative rather than a literal sense; for, it has been justly remarked by Muret, poetical praise is often called a crown. Dacier has blamed the sentence in the original, (which is, "Muse who delightest in fountains, weave a crown of flowers," &c.) for, he says, it ought to be, "Muse, who delightest in meadows or gardens, weave a crown,"

"crown," &c. This, perhaps, is too refined an objection; as it is well known to all readers of poetry, that the Muses have as much to do with flowers as with fountains. The translator (by the insertion of "*peaceful bowers*,") has, perhaps, steered clear of the censure.

O D E XXVII.

*He remonstrates with some friends, who were quarrelling
over their wine, and proposes to change the subject.*

FORBEAR ! let savage (*a*) Thracians fight
O'er cups that should to mirth engage ;
Shall we the blushing god affright
With savage broils, with impious rage ?

Say, if the Persian steel accords
With festal torches, genial wine !
No, check, my friends, these angry words :
Each on his peaceful couch recline.

Me do ye prefs to share the joy
That strong Falernian wine inspires ?
Then, let (*b*) yon gentle amorous boy
Tell by what dart his soul expires !

Shrink'st thou ? no other meed shall lure,
No less important gift I claim ;
Whate'er thy love-torn heart endure,
It glows with some ingenuous flame.

Come !

Come! to a friendly ear confes
 Thy care.—Alas! what ills await
 Thee, hapless youth, whom love should bless?
 Toss'd in the gulph of angry fate!

What magick art, (c) Theffalian juice,
 Can save thee from those fatal chains?
 Scarce Pegasus himself can loose
 Whom dread Chimera's power detains.

N O T E S.

THERE is, perhaps, no one of Horace's works more expressive of his good-humoured and social disposition than this ode. It has greatly the appearance of being written extempore, on a quarrel arising amongst his friends at an entertainment, but, with this appearance of carelessness, nothing can be more artfully or judiciously conducted. He diverts the conversation, from the unpleasant turn it had taken, to a subject most congenial to the occasion, and renders the conclusion perfectly dramatick, by the interesting question put to one of the company, and lively expostulation occasioned by his supposed answer.

If this ode can appear in such a light to us, who read it tamely at so distant a period, without any knowledge of the persons or circumstances that gave rise to it, in what light must it have appeared to the parties themselves, and to all to whom the occasion was known? It is one of those odes that must lose the most by a translation into English. The French language would, perhaps, be more suitable to its lively transitions and agreeable trifling.

(a) See Ode xviii. of this book for the convivial character of the Thracians.

(b) In the original the person called upon is more particularly pointed to. Dacier supposes this to be an instance of the custom the ancients had in their entertainments, of giving the name of each man's mistress, and drinking her health in as many bumpers as there were letters in her name.

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibator,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.

But, we may observe, Horace requests here a *confidential* communication, and does not proclaim the name aloud, but is supposed to have received it in a whisper.

(c) Sanadon has justly observed, that the word in the original (*venenum*) does not always mean poison, but sometimes, as here, the antidote.

(d) The story of Bellerophon riding on Pegasus, and destroying the Chimæra, is here alluded to,

ODE

O D E XXVIII.

He reflects on the death of Archytas, the mathematician, who had been shipwrecked, and introduces his ghost, requesting of a seaman (supposed to pass that way) the rites of burial.

THEE, whose great mind could scan earth's wide domains,

Trace the vast deep, the countless sands explore,
Archytas, thee one narrow bed contains,
One lonely spot on the Matinian shore.

Ah! what awaits it that thy piercing soul
Could heaven's majestick firmament ascend,
Grasp the bright wonders of the starry pole,
Since here at last thy cares, thy labours, end?

Thus (a) Tantalus, the guest of gods, lay low;
Thus did Tithonus, raised to heaven, expire;
Thus mighty Minos, though ordain'd to know
The sacred mysteries of his awful fire.

Even

Even (*b*) the fam'd sage who claim'd Euphorbus' shield,
 Skill'd, as thou deem'st, in truth, in nature's lore,
 Who naught but mortal clay to death would yield,
 Even he again has sunk, to rise no more.

Man's wretched race a long-long night awaits,
 Doom'd all to tread th' irremeable road.
 Some 'midst war's tempest meet th' ensanguin'd fates;
 Some the fierce ocean sweeps to hell's abode.

The young, the old, alike in mournful state,
 Crowd to the grave: so Proserpine decrees.
 "Me too," (thus spoke the shade) "the winds that wait
 " (*c*) Orion's fall, o'erwhelm'd in ruthless seas.

"But thou, whoe'er shall visit this lone strand,
 "Let pity teach thy sympathetick breast!
 " (*d*) Strew but one kindly heap of sheltering sand,
 "And let my naked head on earth's soft pillow rest.

"So, when the east wind threatens Hesperia's shore,
 "May woods alone feel its averted force:
 "So may just heaven a tide of blessings pour,
 "Jove crown thy commerce, Neptune guide thy course.

"This

" This boon deny'st thou to misfortune due ?

" What woes attend thee, deaf to pity's call ?

" Think'st thou thy blameless race the crime shall rue ?

" Know, on thyself heaven's just revenge shall fall.

" Though haste impel thy course, yet hear my prayer !

" The mournful office asks but short delay,

" Veil but my lifeless limbs with pious care ;

" Thrice strew the sacred dust, then speed thee on thy

" way."

N O T E S.

THE various editors and commentators have had more than one dispute respecting this ode, but they seem generally to agree in considering it as a dialogue between a mariner and the ghost of Archytas, a mathematician and Pythagorean philosopher. The present translator could not, however, bring himself to consider it in that point of view. It struck him as an address of the poet to the manes of Archytas, moralizing on his death, and afterwards introducing the ghost as requesting the rites of sepulture from some mariner supposed to pass that way. In short, it appears to be a kind of elegy (though the original is not in elegiac metre) on the death of Archytas, at the end of which his shade is made to speak. In the course of this poem Horace certainly alludes sarcastically to the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration, but surely the critics go a great way in pronouncing, that ridicule is the principal object and prevalent character of the ode. On the contrary, it seems, upon the whole, to have a character of

H

serious.

seriousness and solemnity ; and this seems to have been Prior's opinion, when he wrote his beautiful imitation inscribed to the memory of Colonel Villiers.

Those who make this ode a dialogue, generally assign the six first lines of the original (eight in this translation) to the mariner, and all the rest of the ode to the ghost. Dr. Francis gives two speeches to each. If we are judge of the propriety of his division by the effect of his translation, it will not have many followers. The present translator has avoided introducing the ghost till the words of the original expressly shew it is Archytas that speaks.

The next question will be, who is the Archytas meant? The philosopher of Tarentum, who lived in the time of Plato, and is said to have been a Pythagorean, *may* certainly have been the person ; for Horace, as Dacier observes, may, by poetick licence, represent a story that happened centuries before as if it had just passed. He also alledges, that the ode's relating to a known person, will make it more interesting. It may be so to *us* at this very distant period. But, on the other hand, if it relates to some person of that name, who had then been lately shipwrecked, and (who might be very well known in Horace's time) it would surely be more interesting to the age *in which it was written* ; and this seems to be the most material point. Had Prior's imitation, for instance, related to a Colonel Villiers who was drowned 300 years before, though better known in history than the person to whom it applies, would it have appeared half so interesting and pathetick as it does at present? This, however, is but a suggestion. A line in the ghost's speech makes it probable the Archytas meant was a philosopher of Tarentum ; for Neptune is spoken of as the guardian god of that place.

(a) The stories of Tantalus, Tithonus, and Minos, are well known. But Horace, in representing Tithonus as dead, deviates

deviates a little from the fable as generally received, which represents him as having been waisted by age without dying. This too is the account given by Horace himself in another place, vid. Ode xvi. lib. ii. We cannot, however, assent to Dacier's interpretation of the passage, who says *remotus in auras* means "waisted into air." Dr. Bentley seems decidedly to have overthrown that construction.

(b) Pythagoras (whom the original calls only by his Trojan name) in confirmation of his doctrine of the metempsychosis, pretended to recognise an old shield in one of the temples: this, he said, was his during the Trojan war, for that *he* was Euphorbus, the son of Panthus, who is represented in the Iliad as wounding Patroclus, and as slain afterwards himself by Menelaus. Yet, says Horace, Euphorbus (or Pythagoras) has again descended to the shades below, and *remains* there. Prior's imitation is in this place very animated and striking:

"The ancient sage who did so long maintain
 "That bodies die, but souls return again,
 "With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 "Went out Pythagoras—and came no more."

(c) Orion is a constellation of seven stars near the bull; it received its name (which is Greek) from its bringing rain; and both its rising and setting are accompanied with tempestuous weather. Dac. San. See Ode xxvii. of lib. iii.

(d) All persons passing a dead body were required to throw dust upon it thrice. The Romans received this custom from the Greeks, and it is still imitated by many of the Christians. Dac. This seems to account for the practice at our burials, of throwing a little earth on the coffin when the words "*ashes* "to *ashes, dust to dust,*" are repeated.

O D E XXIX.

He rallies a literary friend on his intended military expedition.

SEE'ST thou, my friend, with envious eye
The wealth blest Araby contains ?
Dar'ft thou (a) Sabæan chiefs defy,
And threat the unconquered (b) Mede with chains ?

Robb'd of her dear betrothed lord,
What captive maid thy bonds shall wear ?
What (c) royal youth attend thy board,
With graceful limbs and perfum'd hair,

Skilled the paternal shaft to guide ?
Then let each stream with wonderous course,
Roll backward up the mountain's side,
And ancient Tiber seek its source ;

Since thou, once lur'd by wisdom's charms,
Can'ft scorn her philosophick page,
Exchange grave books for burnish'd arms ;
Quit learned ease for martial rage.

N O T E S.

ICCIUS, or Itius, to whom this lively banter is addressed, was probably the same person to whom Horace wrote the xliith Epistle of his first book.

Our poet alludes here to the expedition under Ælius Læmus, who led an army against the Arabs in the tenth consulship of Augustus, and year of Rome 729, when Horace was nearly forty-two years old. The expedition proved unsuccessful, having been abandoned almost as soon as begun, on account of a sickness in the army. *Dac.*

(a) Sabæa was a part of Arabia Felix, and had never been conquered by the Romans.

(b) It was supposed the army then going against the Arabians would afterwards proceed to attack the Parthians. *Dac.*

(c) The great and luxurious amongst the Romans in Horace's time were waited upon at table by the most beautiful youths, whose hair flowed in ringlets, and was anointed with the richest perfumes.

This ode is imitated with great vivacity in the Connoisseur, and applied to an Oxonian in town,

O D E XXX.

*To Venus, on the dedication of a temple or altar to her by
one of his mistresses.*

GODDESS, whom (*a*) Cyprus' isle adores,
Oh quit thy much-loved (*b*) Cnidus' shores!
Quit thy soft (*c*) Paphian reign!
Lo, Glycera thy presence greets
With votive incense, perfum'd sweets!
Oh, consecrate her fane!

Thy (*d*) glowing boy, thy nymphs be there,
With loosened zones and flowing hair!
Sweet youth thy steps attend,
Whose lifeless form, without thy charms,
No graces deck, no spirit warms!
Let Mercury too descend!

N O T E S.

IT seems not very material, whether this address to Venus
is to request her presence at a temple which Horace's mistress,
Glycera,

Glycera, had dedicated to her, or merely at the *house* of Glycera, who was then about to perform sacrifices to her. The translator has taken it in the former sense, without having any very decisive motive of preference.

(a) The isle of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, was supposed to have been the birth-place of Venus, who was worshipped there with great pomp and no less sincerity by a people wholly addicted to pleasure.

(b) Cnidus was a city in Caria remarkable for its double harbour, and as the birth-place of many illustrious men, but chiefly for its statue of Venus by Praxiteles, a work so highly admired, that many persons took a voyage to Cnidus on purpose to see it. Delph. ed. Dacier rather supposes another Cnidus, a town in the isle of Cyprus, to be meant.

(c) Paphos was a town in the isle of Cyprus, and was celebrated for its beautiful temple of Venus.

(d) The attendants here given to Venus are always in her train, excepting Mercury, who, it is said, is united with her, as being the god of eloquence, because love makes men eloquent, or because eloquence is necessary in love.

There is a very spirited and humorous imitation of this ode in Duncombe's Horace, written by Dr. Broxholm, and applied to General Churchill.

O D E XXXI.

On the dedication of a temple to Apollo.

WHEN at Apollo's sacred shrine
The bard with fond devotion bows,
Whilst yet he pours the virgin wine,
What hope inspires his ardent vows!

No gold, nor ivory gifts he craves,
(a) Calabrian herds, (b) Sardinian gain,
Nor fields that gentle (c) Lyrus laves
In silence stealing o'er the plain.

Let those the spreading vine controul,
Who own the fam'd (d) Calenian juice;
The merchant drain from golden bowl
The wine his (e) Syrian wares produce,

Safe o'er the Atlantick main decreed
To sail by heaven's peculiar care.
Me Chicories, sweet olives, feed,
And mallows, light salubrious fare.

These

These blessings let thy bard enjoy
 With health, with faculties intire,
 Oh, Phœbus! nor let age destroy
 My fame, nor rob me of thy lyre.

N O T E S.

AUGUSTUS, we are told, had completed and dedicated a temple to Apollo in his palace on Mount Palatin about the year of Rome 725, and this ode was written on that occasion; on which, it is said, all the poets presented their offerings. At this period Horace was about thirty-eight years old.

(a) Calabria was highly esteemed for its rich pastures; to which, as it was one of the warmest situations in Italy, the cattle were sent in the winter, as they were to Lucania, on account of its coolness, in the summer. *Dac. Duncombe.*

(b) Sardinia was one of the granaries of Italy; the side of it that lies towards Africa is flat and fertile, the side towards Corsica barren and mountainous. *Dac. San.*

(c) The Liris, now called the Garigliano, has been justly celebrated for the gentleness of its course. *Add. Trav.* It separated Campania from Latium, and consequently watered some of the finest countries in Italy.

(d) For an account of the Calenian wine see Ode xxth of this book.

(e) The merchandizes of Arabia, Persia, and the Indies, came usually to Rome through Syria.

O D E

O D E XXXII.

An address of the poet to his lyre.

IF e'er in the sequester'd shade,
With thee in playful mood I stray'd,
Oh come, my much-lov'd shell!
To distant years my verse prolong;
Tune to soft notes the Latin song;
Celestial musick swell.

Thee first the far-fam'd (a) Lesbian bore,
Who, 'midst the war's tumultuous roar,
The stormy waves among,
The sacred Nine, the God of Joy,
Love's queen, and her attendant boy,
And graceful Lycus, sung.

Oh, gift of gods! by gods carest!
Bright Phœbus' ornament, the guest
Of heaven's immortal king,

Sweet

Sweet solace of each anxious care,
Pure source of bliss, oh hear my prayer!
Oh, blest the lays I sing!

N O T E S.

THIS short address of the poet to his lyre is supposed to relate to some great occasion when he was called upon to write. Sanadon applies it to the *Carmen Seculare*.

(a) Alcæus, the Greek lyric poet, is here meant. Only a few fragments of his works are left us; but Quintilian agrees with Horace in describing him as a bold and spirited writer, adding, that "he sometimes descends to a sportive style, but his genius was better suited to lofty subjects." His style seems to have been the model on which our poet formed his own. He and the celebrated Sappho were both of Lesbos. See a farther account of him in the notes to Ode xiii. of lib. ii.

O D E XXXIII.

He comforts Albius Tibullus on the loss of his mistress.

ALBIUS, ah weep not Glycera's lost charms!

Let thy sad elegies no more

The fickle, faithless maid deplore,

Who takes a younger rival to her arms.

With Cyrus' love see bright Lycoris burn!

Cyrus seeks haughty Pholoe's bed;

But goats to savage wolves shall wed

Ere Pholoe his perjur'd vows return.

Thus Venus will'd; who oft with cruel mirth

In love's imperious fetters binds

Ill-suited forms, discordant minds,

Capricious tyrant of this wretched earth!

Me, too, the gentler nymphs delight no more;

But Myrtale alone can please,

Of servile race, more wild than seas

Whose boisterous waves indent Calabria's shore.

Another

Another translation in a lighter metre.

I.

CEASE, my Albion, to bewail ;
 Check, ah check love's plaintive tale !
 Let thy elegies no more
 Cruel (*a*) Glycera deplore ;
 Glycera, who, lost to truth,
 Seeks a (*b*) new, a brighter youth.

II.

(*c*) Cyrus with soft amorous fires
 Fair Lycoris' heart inspires,
 Yet (by haughty (*d*) Pholoe led)
 Scorns her love ; but goats shall wed
 Savage wolves, ere Pholoe's charms
 Bless a perjur'd lover's arms.

III.

Thus proud Venus wills, whose mirth
 Oft torments the sons of earth :
 Oft in galling chains she binds
 Ill-pair'd forms, unsuited minds ;

Sporting,

Sporting, whilst inflicting pain,
Thus she spreads her iron reign.

IV.

Me, even me, by gentler maids
Sought in vain, fierce love invades,
Myrtale my heart enslaves,
Basely born and wild as waves,
Waves that, with terriffick roar,
Dash (e) Calabria's winding shore.

NOTES.

THE person addressed in this ode is the celebrated Albius Tibullus, whose elegies are generally deemed the most beautiful in the Latin language. Dacier has justly observed, that a part of his works must have been lost, since there is no mention of Glycera in any of his four books of Elegies now extant.

The English reader who is acquainted with Mr. Hammond's Elegies, has probably also heard that they are, for the most part, imitations of Tibullus. Some of them, indeed, may be properly called translations; but they are translations that would have done no discredit to any English poet, and for harmony of numbers, elegance of language, and tenderness of expression, are well worthy to be ranked with their original.

The object of Horace is to comfort Tibullus, and warn him against the indulgence of a hopeless passion: this he does
by

by shewing it is the frequent lot of lovers, and that he himself has experienced it.

(a) If this be the same Glycera whom Horace describes in the 19th ode, the two poets, it may be presumed, courted her at different periods, and since Horace, in the 19th ode, represents himself as having previously given up such pursuits, he must have been of an advanced age when that ode was written, and consequently it is probable this was the earlier composition of the two.

(b) Dacier says, the word in the original (*junior*) must mean a *new* not a *younger* lover; for that Tibullus was but twenty-four years old when he died. Sanadon, on the contrary, makes Tibullus forty-four years of age at his death; which he places in the same year as that of Virgil.

(c) Cyrus has been mentioned in Ode xvii. as a jealous and boisterous lover to Tyndaris.

(d) Pholoe is mentioned in another ode, (5th of book ii.) Tibullus himself also, in one of his Elegies, represents her as haughty and cruel to her lovers.

(e) The peninsula between the Adriatick Sea and the Gulph of Tarentum was called Calabria; the number of it's bays and harbours gave occasion for Horace to say, in this ode, that the sea *indents* it.

O D E XXXIV.

*He declares himself convinced that the Epicurean philosophy
is false, and renounces it.*

TOO long from sacred rites missed
By the (a) vain sceptick's impious lore,
Repentant now the sail I spread,
And seek the track I held before :

For Jove, whose steeds, with fiery course,
Througħ black'ning clouds were wont to fly,
Has driv'n his chariot's thundering force
Athwart a pure ethereal sky.

At that dread sound the dull earth shakes,
The wandering rivers burst their mound ;
Even Styx through hell's dark region quakes,
And (b) Atlas, the world's utmost bound.

(c) Jove ruling each eventful hour,
Exalts the humble, sinks the great :
Whilst fortune, with capricious power,
Still varies man's uncertain state.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THOUGH so much has been said by Dacier, Sanadon, and other commentators, to prove this ode to be ironical, the natural and obvious construction will surely prevail with all readers of plain understanding. One objection to the supposition that Horace is in earnest, is removed by only changing a stop, as Dr. Bentley has justly observed. Another, that Horace was at all times an Epicurean, and never adopted the maxims of the Stoicks, is refuted by Horace himself in the first of his epistles, where he declares his philosophical opinions to be fluctuating, "and that sometimes he follows the rigid principles of the Stoicks, at other times returns imperceptibly to the precepts of Aristippus." That it never thunders unless there are clouds in the sky, is no proof that Horace might not have heard thunder when the part of the sky that lay within his sight was clear, as some neighbouring mountain might have intercepted his view of the storm. As to his jocularly calling himself "a hog of the herd of Epicurus" in one of the epistles, *that* only proves he had been living luxuriously, and according to the maxims of the Epicureans, *at that particular time*, not that he was *at all times* an Epicurean. With regard to the objection that there is no other proof in his works of his ever having been a stoick: the epistle already cited, and the several sublime odes which adorn and enforce the stoical doctrines, prove the contrary.

The truth probably is, that this ode was written during some of the occasional fits of stoicism (if we may so call them) mentioned in the first epistle. But, although his conversion might be short-lived, the serious cast of the ode throughout, prevents our considering it as a banter. It would, indeed, have been a weak and clumsy one, wholly unworthy such a writer as Horace. The learned Gesner agrees with Dr. Bentley in

supposing this ode to be serious, as does also Mr. Duncombe. Dr. Foster was of the same opinion.

(a) The original is "*insanientis sapientia*," "frantick philosophy." This, alas, is the worst species of frenzy! as the crimes and miseries of France will, it is hoped, teach us.

(b) It would be endless to detail all the ancient fables respecting Atlas, the great mountain that runs across the deserts of Africa from east to west. They may be found neatly and succinctly stated (with all the authorities) in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, title Atlas.

(c) We perfectly agree with Mr. Duncombe's judicious remark on the conclusion of this ode. Dacier and Sanadon refine on it unwarrantably in supposing Horace to mean, that, "although the divinity *can* dispose of human events, yet he "leaves them to fortune, who, in fact, directs the whole course of them." This, they tell us, proves the ode to have been written in support of, not against, the Epicurean system. On the contrary, fortune, in Mr. Duncombe's words, "is to be "considered as the handmaid of *Jupiter* or *Providence*," and the passage seems clearly to imply that she acts under his direction. There are many notes in Duncombe's Horace which shew him to have been a sensible and ingenious man, though he is not generally deemed a very successful translator.

O D E XXXV.

*To Fortune, requesting her protection for Cæsar, about to
embark on an expedition against Britain.*

GODDESS! whose power fair (*a*) Antium sways,
By thy auspicious presence blest,
Whose hand the abject wretch can raise,
Pour rapture in the sorrowing breast,
Or, 'midst the triumphs of victorious Rome,
Change the resplendent scene for death's funereal gloom ;

Thy smile the humble peasant craves
To crown his toil, relieve his care :
To thee, great sovereign of the waves,
Pale mariners direct their prayer :
Thee, wandering tribes, thee, warlike realms revere,
Thee, royal dames, and purple tyrants fear,

Left, when thy steps destructive spurn
The column of imperial power,
Their swift relentless rage o'erturn
The work of ages in an hour,

Excite the furious crowd to wild alarms,
And wake the madd'ning cry, "To arms, to arms!"

(b) Marching with stern terrific look,
Necessity precedes thy train
With brazen wedge, with iron hook,
And the sharp instruments of pain:
Thee (c) soothing hope, and white rob'd faith await,
Nor, by thy frown alarm'd, desert the ruin'd great.

'Tis then the faithless herd retires;
'Tis then the perjur'd harlots fly;
Cold are e'en friendship's vaunted fires,
Nor kind her heart, nor moist her eye:
Drain'd is the genial cask that sorrow cheers,
And dry the source that fed her sympathick tears.

Oh, Goddess! let thy fondest cares
On mighty Cæsar's fate attend;
Who now his conquering arms prepares
'Gainst Britain, earth's remotest end!
And, oh preserve the intrepid youthful train,
Whom eastern seas shall dread, and Persia's distant plain!

Alas! what dire disgraceful stains
Of kindred blood, of impious rage,

Offended

Offended gods, polluted fanes,
 Have mark'd this desolating age?
 Ah, then, thy power let hostile nations fear!
 On them direct the sword, and point th' avenging spear.

N O T E S.

IN the year of Rome 726, and the 7th consulship of Augustus, that prince had prepared an expedition against the Britons, who had remained independent notwithstanding the transient invasion and success of Julius Cæsar. This expedition, however, did not take place, an embassy from the Britons, who promised in future to pay tribute, having satisfied the emperor. But the preparations for it occasioned the foregoing ode, which also alludes to an invasion of some of the eastern nations meditated about the same time.

This ode, independently of its own merit, has probably that of having suggested to Gray the hint of his celebrated *Hymn to Adversity*. Dr. Johnson, though strongly prejudiced in general against Gray's merit, allows, in this instance, that he has "excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application." *Life of Gray in the British Poets*, p. 123.

(a) "Antium," says Addison, "was formerly famous for the temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and Martial the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemesis, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punishes the wicked. I do not know whether any one has taken notice that this double function gives a considerable

“ light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to
 “ her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she
 “ would prosper Cæsar’s arms, and confound his enemies ; so
 “ that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet’s
 “ prayer ; and, we may observe, the invocation is divided be-
 “ tween the two deities, the first line (in the translation the
 “ two first) relating indifferently to either, that which I have
 “ marked (viz. 3d and 4th lines in the translation) speaking to
 “ the Goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, the Nemesis of
 “ the good, and the other (viz. lines 5th or 6th in the transla-
 “ tion) to the Goddess of Adversity, or Nemesis of the wicked.

“ If we take the first interpretation, of the two Fortunes for
 “ the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater,
 “ and the 5th stanza (4th in the translation) clearer than the
 “ commentators usually make it ; for the *clavi*, &c. (the hook,
 “ the wedge, &c.) were actually used in the punishment of
 “ criminals.” Add. Travels.

The above remark is certainly ingenious ; but we incline
 to think, with Mr. Duncombe, that “ Horace addresses him-
 “ self to Fortune, not as two distinct persons, but as one and
 “ the same power, sometimes distributing blessings, sometimes
 “ curses.”

(b) Dacier supposes this passage to be a description of the
 picture of Fortune at Antium, “ or perhaps,” he adds, “ it
 “ was a picture drawn from Horace’s own imagination. Ne-
 “ cessity,” he observes, “ precedes Fortune, as the lictors and
 “ publick officers precede the consuls, and has in her hands
 “ hooks, wedges, &c. &c. which are her instruments as the
 “ bundles of fasces were the implements by which the consuls
 “ compelled the execution of their orders. Fortune also
 “ makes use of necessity, because all her decrees are irrevoca-
 “ ble. Faith and hope accompany her every where, even
 “ when she changes her splendid dress for mourning.”

(c) Not-

(c) Notwithstanding the pains taken to expound the passage in the original, it seems to continue liable to the difficulty stated by Dr. Bentley, viz. "that if faith (or fidelity) accompany fortune whenever she becomes an enemy, and *leaves* "the houses of the great," then faith is as treacherous as the vulgar and the harlot. Yet Dr. Bentley's emendation (*vertis* for *linquis*) will hardly be admitted. The translator has endeavoured to elude a difficulty he could not solve.

O D E XXXVI.

He congratulates a friend on his return from Spain.

HASTE, the tender victim bring !
 Strew the incense, sweep the string !
 Praise the gods, his guardian powers !
 (a) Numida again is ours.
 Safe from Spain's remotest bound,
 Lo, he greets his friends around !
 Thee, my (b) Lamia, o'er the rest,
 Clasp'ing to his faithful breast,
 Mindful that, in childhood's play,
 Each obey'd one (c) master's sway,
 Mindful that, when manhood bloom'd,
 Each at once the (d) robe assum'd.
 Let this day, for ever bright,
 Still be mark'd by (e) Cretan white !
 Let the cask's rich juice abound :
 Beat with (f) Salian dance the ground.
 Nor shall Damalis (g) surpass
 Bessus in the cheerful glass.

Let

Let gay (*b*) flowers the board perfume,
 Lilies breathe, and roses bloom!
 Damalis all eyes admire,
 Eyes that gloat with fond desire;
 Yet, as wanton ivy springs,
 Faithful to her love she clings.

N O T E S.

NOTHING shews the character of Horace in a more amiable light than his attachment to his friends. His joy on this occasion is so lively, that Baxter, in the title to this ode, supposes Numida to have been of the Pompeian party, and a companion of Horace in the civil wars. The occasion of this ode will, on that supposition, be similar to that of Ode vii. lib. ii. But the circumstance of Numida's having been in the *farther parts of Spain*, has induced most of the commentators to consider this congratulation as applying to the return of Horace's friend from a military expedition against the Cantabrians. That free and warlike people, occupying the part of Spain now called Biscay, were with great difficulty, and after one expedition by himself, and several by his lieutenants, subdued by Augustus. Dacier and Sanadon, therefore, suppose that Numida had returned from Spain with Augustus, and consequently date this ode in the year of Rome 729 or 730, according to the chronologies respectively adopted by each. It might, however, have been composed some years later, as the Cantabrians were not finally subdued till about the year 734. At all events, it is probable, from the excessive joy manifested by Horace, that his friend had been employed on some dangerous branch of the service.

(*a*) Numida

(a) Numida is supposed to have been a name given to Plotius, or, as some say, Pomponius, on account of some military service performed by him or his ancestors in Numidia. Delph. ed.

(b) Ælius Lamia seems to have been a man of considerable birth, and an intimate friend of Horace. See Ode xvii. of lib. iii.

(c) The best interpretation of this passage seems to be that which applies it to the Roman tutor, who was appointed to a certain number of boys till they attained the age of manhood. Some, however, suppose it to allude to a custom in the sports of the Roman boys, of one being *rex* (or ruler) over a number of others.

(d) At the age of seventeen the Roman youth put on the *toga virilis*, or manly gown, and were no longer under the power of the tutor. The *toga* was a large mantle worn over the *tunica*, or vest, and different in length, colour, and ornaments, according to the fortune or profession of the wearer. San. Francis.

(e) The ancients marked their lucky days with chalk, which, as the soil of Crete was remarkably chalky, occasioned the marks themselves to be called Cretan. Dac. Delph. ed.

(f) The Salians were priests of Mars, who sung and danced in their processions. Dac. Their dances were probably a very solemn ceremony, as Virgil has deemed them of sufficient importance to be represented by Vulcan on the shield of Æneas. (See lib. vii. of the Æneid.) It seems to have been the custom to sing and dance in the same manner on all public rejoicings.

(g) " *Le*

(g) "*Le bel eloge pour une femme que de bien boire ?*" says Sannadon. The good Father adds, "that the ancient Romans had so great a horror for the vice of drinking in a woman, that the law of the twelve tables permitted husbands to punish their wives with death for any excess of that kind." Yet it is plain from this and other passages of Horace, that what was a crime in their wives was rather deemed an accomplishment in their mistresses. See Ode xiii. of this book.

(b) Roses, lilies, and some herbs (such as parsley) were so much used to adorn the tables of the Romans, and the hair of their guests, that they were considered as almost necessary. See notes on Ode xi. lib. iv.

O D E XXXVII.

On the victory of Augustus over Cleopatra.

NOW, friends, (*a*) bring forth the generous wine!

Beat with glad dance the sacred ground ;

With (*b*) votive banquets deck each shrine :

Let joy, let gratitude resound !

'Twas impious to produce our stores,

Whilst (*c*) Ægypt's queen with fatal doom

Menaced the capitol's high towers,

And hover'd o'er imperial Rome,

Leagued with a base, (*d*) a desperate crew,

By like contagious passions fir'd ;

Whilst (*e*) senseless hope more furious grew,

By Maræotick draughts inspir'd.

But lo, awak'd to real fright,

Her flaming fleet the queen deplores !

Great Cæsar drives her rapid flight

From Italy's indignant shores :

As

As falcons when the dove they view,
 As hunters o'er Cemonian plains
 Speed their swift course, his arms pursue
 The fatal fury, doom'd to chains.

But rais'd above her sex's fears,
 She braves the storm ; no more she flies,
 No more to distant regions steers ;
 A queen she liv'd—a queen she dies.

She view'd with calm majestic pride
 Her slaughter'd house, her ruin'd reign,
 Serene (*f*) the poisonous asps apply'd,
 Imbib'd her death through every vein,

And, fearless by reflection grown,
 Dar'd greatly thus to end her woes,
 Disdaining, born to grace a throne,
 To swell the triumph of her foes.

N O T E S.

All the learned had supposed this ode to have been written on the victory gained by Augustus over Anthony and Cleopatra at Actium ; but, as Horace speaks of the death of Cleopatra, which did not happen till ten or eleven months afterwards, and as he had celebrated the victory at Actium in the 9th Epode, M. Le Fevre seems right in asserting, that the death

death of Cleopatra alone is the subject of this ode; which, consequently, was written towards the end of the year 723, during the sixth consulship of Augustus, and when Horace was 36 years of age. Dac.

(a) This beginning is imitated from Alcæus, a fragment of whose works begins thus: "Now let us revel and drink our fill, since Myrtilus is dead." Myrtilus was one of the tyrants whom Alcæus had opposed.

(b) On any great and fortunate event the Romans appointed public prayers in all the temples, and invited the gods to magnificent feasts; for which purpose they placed their statues upon small couches, on two squares called *pulvinaria*. These feasts were called *dapes*. Horace adds the expression of *Salerian*, because the feasts of the Salii, or priests of Mars, were peculiarly magnificent. Dac.

(c) It is observable that Horace, in speaking of the war between Octavius Cæsar and Anthony, always throws the odium attached to the cause of the latter on Cleopatra, and the Ægyptians. Virgil, though he mentions Anthony, reproaches him for nothing but his connection with Cleopatra, ("sequitur- que, nefas! Ægyptia conjux,") which, indeed, was the chief cause of his ruin. The generous delicacy of Horace, in not mentioning the unfortunate chief, could scarcely, at this early period, have arisen from an intimacy with Julius Antonius, his son, which probably began some time afterwards. But besides other connections which he might have made with persons of Anthony's party, and his own natural disposition, the senate itself, though wholly in Cæsar's interest, had acted in a similar manner, having declared war against Cleopatra alone, without mentioning her infatuated lover.

(d) The

(d) The band of infamous men here described seems to mean Cleopatra's eunuchs and ministers, and the disease, their infatuation. But a great writer and classical scholar has suggested to the translator, that the term "contagious disease" means literally, that the Ægyptian disorder (a soreness in the legs) was prevalent in Cleopatra's army.

(e) This representation is truly characteristick of the debauched and luxurious queen. She must (implies the poet) have inflamed her passions, and destroyed her reason with Ægyptian wine, before she attempted to overthrow the Roman empire. The Maræotick wine, which grew near the lake Maræotis, in lower Ægypt, is mentioned by Virgil in his second Georgick, as excellent; and also by Columella and Athænæus.

(f) Plutarch and Dion relate, that nothing certain was known respecting the death of Cleopatra. Two small livid marks were perceived on her arms, like two bites, which created a belief that she had applied asps to them. Dac. This, however, being the only way in which her death was ever accounted for, has in later times been considered as fully proved. She is supposed to have received the asps concealed in a basket of fruit.

O D E XXXVIII.

*To his servant, enjoining to avoid splendid preparations
for an entertainment.*

AWAY, my boy, with (a) eastern state!
The soft luxurious crown I hate,
 With (b) linden fibres move.
Seek not the spot, where blushing grows
With (c) lingering sweets the autumnal rose,
 Nor rob the fragrant grove!

No : let the myrtle's simple wreath,
Whose leaves unmingled fragrance breathe,
 In artless beauty twine !
Thy care the myrtle best may shew,
Me best adorn, whose goblets flow
 Beneath the embow'ring vine.

N O T E S.

THIS little ode was probably written, or rather spoken, by the poet to one of his slaves, extempore, and perhaps published

lished to prove his readiness at versification on the most trifling occasions. It also affords a proof of his moderate and unaffected style of living, and aversion to inordinate luxury.

(a) Persian entertainments were celebrated for their magnificence.

(b) The thin skin between the bark and wood of the linden tree was used to tie chaplets or garlands, as we do ribbons. Horace professes to hate such garlands, which either were formed of materials the most difficult to be procured, or required great toil and preparation to weave them.

(c) The Romans were at a great expence in procuring roses and all kinds of flowers in the winter.

END OF LIB. I.

ODES OF HORACE.

LIB. II.

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To 1

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O D E S, &c.

L I B. II.

O D E I.

To Pollio, advising him to pursue his history of the Civil Wars, and, for that purpose, to rest a while from his tragick compositions.

TO mark when discord (*a*) first arose,
Each source of crimes, each change of fate,
When fortune sported with our woes,
When (*b*) fatal friendships leagu'd the great,

Thou dar'st : the arms with slaughter dyed,
Polluted yet, thou giv'st to fame,
Prepared thy dangerous course to guide
Where embers veil the treacherous flame.

Quit then the (*c*) tragick muse awhile ;
In these more publick cares engage :
Soon shall thy chaste Athenian style
Again adorn the Roman stage,

Great Pollio ! thou whose talents shield
Wrong'd innocence, (*d*) the senate guide ;
Whom fierce (*e*) Dalmatia taught to yield,
Raised to bright glory's laurel'd pride.

Hark ! the shrill trumpet rends mine ear ;
The clarion's piercing note alarms !
The steeds, the horsemen, (*f*) start with fear,
When gleams the flash of hostile arms !

Behold illustrious chiefs embrued
In glorious dust ! Till thy controul,
Great Cæsar, every power subdued,
Save Cato's (*g*) high undaunted soul.

Then (*h*) Juno, and each god who fled
From Africk, impotent to aid,
The victor's race to slaughter led,
Fit offering to Jugurtha's shade.

What

What fields, enriched by Latian gore,
 Attest not our remorseless deeds?
 And mark the fall of Roman power,
 (i) Heard by the fierce exulting Medes?

In what deep gulph or secret flood
 Was discord's fatal rage unknown?
 What sea, what shore, unstain'd with blood,
 Resounds not with our country's moan?

Yet ah, (k) my sportive muse, beware
 To change thy jests for mournful strains!
 With me (l) Dione's grotto share;
 With me record love's lighter pains.

N O T E S.

CAIUS ASINIUS POLLIO, to whom this ode is addressed, is well known as one of the greatest and most accomplished men of the Augustan age. He was eminent as a general, an orator, an historian, and a poet; in all which characters he is mentioned in this ode. In the protection of men of genius he was distinguished almost equally with Mæcenas himself.

The date and real object of this ode are not so plain to us, at this distant period, as they must have been to the Romans when it was first published. Dacier supposes it to have been written during the consulship of Pollio, and consequently in the year of Rome 713. But this hypothesis seems, on several accounts, improbable, and, indeed, is overthrown by the ar-

guments of Sanadon, who remarks, amongst other things, that Pollio was in arms during almost the whole of his consulship, and the busy scenes in which he was then engaged must have rendered it almost impossible for him to write such a work as a history of the civil wars. He was, besides, engaged in Anthony's party, and therefore, if Horace was by that time in favour with Mæcenas and Augustus, he would scarcely have paid such high compliments to Pollio, their enemy; nor is it likely that the poet could have been on those terms of friendship with Pollio, that could admit of his offering him the advice suggested in this ode. Not to mention the improbability, that Pollio, a man of great prudence and judgement, and a considerable actor in all the civil wars, (except the last) should think of publishing such a history before the government was completely settled.

Sanadon's opinion, therefore, that this ode was not written till after the termination of the civil wars, and, perhaps, as late as the year of Rome 725, appears far the most probable. At that period, though Pollio held a high rank in the state, yet as he was not one of the confidential advisers of Augustus, his influence seems to have more nominal than real. He must, therefore, have had more leisure for literary works than during the heat of the civil wars. But the multiplicity of his pursuits still appears to have embarrassed him. Whilst conducting the business of numerous clients, and assisting at the debates of the senate, he was also engaged in writing tragedies for the stage, and in the very important and difficult task of his history. This ode, therefore, seems intended as a hint to Pollio, that he is following too many objects at the same time, and that so nice and delicate a work as his History (the dangers of which are laid before him to excite his caution) requires his whole attention. This interpretation accords with that of almost all the critics, excepting Dacier, who thinks Horace's advice to Pollio is not, "to cease from
" writing

" writing tragedies till he shall have completed his history,"
 but " to cease from writing his history till he shall have settled the state."

(a) In the original it is, " the civil discord that arose from the consulship of Metellus." It seems to be the better opinion, that this refers to the consulship of Quintus Metellus Celer, in the year of Rome 693 or 694, when the league between Pompey, Julius Cæsar, and Crassus, called the first triumvirate, was formed; for that triumvirate was, by the principles it established, the source of all the civil wars which afflicted the republic, and ended in the extinction of its liberties.

(b) This expression seems to allude to that remarkable one of Cato's, who, speaking of Cæsar and Pompey, said, " It is not their *enmity* but their *friendship* that has destroyed the republick."

(c) All that is said, in this passage, respecting *tragedy*, Dacier, in order to support his hypothesis, applies to Pollio's *History*, considering the whole passage as a metaphor. To this it may be objected, 1st, That as Pollio was a celebrated writer of tragedies, it is not probable that Horace would apply metaphorically that which was true in a literal sense, a mode of expression always liable to doubt and confusion:—2dly, The terms Horace has chosen preclude the metaphorical sense supposed; for, although civil wars, as described in a history, may be justly called a tragedy, yet to say *the muse of tragedy*, when we mean *the muse of history*, would be an abuse of terms; and though we call a country where wars are carried on, the *theatre* of those wars, we cannot apply the expression in the same manner to that where the history of them is published, still less can we tell a writer to *resume the Athenian bus-*
kin,

lin., when we mean that he shall resume a *history*. What is said respecting tragedy must, therefore, we apprehend, receive a literal construction.

The learned Dr. Blackwell, indeed, blends the two senses, supposing that Pollio had designed to write a tragedy on the subject of the civil wars; but there seems not to be any authority for this construction. Besides, the opening lines of the ode seem applicable only to a history, as we conceive the third stanza applies to tragedy alone.

(d) It is not necessary to infer from this passage, that Pollio was actually consul when this ode was written. His high rank and distinguished abilities of course made him a leading man in the senate, which Augustus suffered to retain (in appearance at least) a considerable portion of the sovereign power.

(e) "Pollio," (either in his consulship, or a year or two after) "led an army against the Parthiniæ, a tribe of the Dalmatians, who had revolted, laid siege to and took their capital, Salona, and having stript the inhabitants of their only possessions, their arms, lands, and flocks, returned triumphant to Rome." *Black. Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 85.*

(f) This passage (from the expressions in the original) is supposed to allude to Cæsar's well-known order to his troops at the battle of Pharsalia, to aim at the faces of their enemies: "*Miles, faciem feri.*" *Delph. edit.*

(g) This passage is translated in a favourable sense, though possibly the word (*atrox*) might bear an unfavourable one. But Augustus invariably spoke with respect of Cato's memory; and Virgil, as well as Horace, has done honour to him. See *Æneid*, lib. vi. Also Ode xii. of lib. i.

(b) The supposed partiality of Juno to Africa, and her aversion to the Romans, are traced in the *Aeneid* to the first foundation of Carthage, and accounted for by her foreknowledge, that this her favourite city would be destroyed by a people descended from the Trojan race. Horace, with equal art, imputes to the resentment of Juno at the destruction of her beloved Carthage, (to which he joins the death of the Numidian chief, Jugurtha) all the carnage and misery of the civil wars; one great scene of which was Africa; for, it has been justly observed, he could not, perhaps, with safety have dwelt upon the true reason, the ambition of the great.

(i) The original here is simply and nobly expressive; it says, "heard by the Medes," implying that it reached the most distant, and gratified them as the most inveterate foes of Rome. But this seemed to require something more to make it clear in a translation.

(k) The abrupt manner in which Horace quits his subject here, with an apology for having presumed to treat it, is similar to the close of Ode iii. of lib. iii. where also he had ventured on a political topick of some danger and difficulty.

(l) Dione was another name for Venus; she seems to be mentioned here because the lighter species of lyric poetry, of which Horace was most fond, was best adapted to amorous subjects.

O D E II.

On generosity and the contempt of riches.

SALLUST, whose truly generous mind
Scorns the dull uselefs ore confin'd
 Deep in the niggard earth ;
Gold has no lustre when abus'd ;
But nobly, temperately us'd,
 It shines with real worth.

For kindness to his brothers known
Shall (a) Proculeius' name be shewn
 In hist'ry's brightest page,
And fame's immortal pinions bear
The deed that mark'd paternal care
 Through every distant age.

Who nobly quell the lust of gain,
Enjoy a more extended reign,
 Erect a firmer throne,

Than

Than should they join all Lybia's strand
 To distant Gades' wealthy land,
 And make (b) each shore their own.

The dire insatiate thirst of wealth,
 Foe to the mind's enliv'ning health,
 Like the fell dropfy reigns,
 That still by fond indulgence fed,
 Ne'er ceases till the cause be fled,
 Chas'd from the languid veins,

Of Persia's empire repossess,
 The vulgar deem (c) Pharates blest;
 Whilst virtue uncontroul'd,
 Gives him alone her crown, her prize,
 Who views unmov'd with stedfast eyes
 The pageantry of gold.

N O T E S.

THE Sallust to whom this ode is addressed was **great nephew** to the celebrated historian of that name. Tacitus speaks of him in the first and third books of his Annals. From him it appears, that he was of an equestrian family, and adopted by his great uncle, whose name he took; that, during the life of Mæcenus he held the second place in the favour of Augustus, and the second after the death of that minister; and
 that

that he was afterwards the favourite of Tiberius. Dac. Duncombe.

Though we cannot suppose Horace to have intended in this ode to *reproach* his friend, Sallust, with prodigality, yet perhaps Dacier is so far right, that a delicate and friendly admonition might be conveyed under the veil of a compliment.

(a) Proculus was a Roman knight, and a great favourite of Augustus; Mæcenæ married his sister Terentia Licinia. His brothers (as Plutarch relates) having joined Pompey, they were condemned, and their estates confiscated: but Proculus, by his interest with Augustus, procured their pardon, and divided his own patrimony with them.

(b) In the original it is, "*each Carthage*," meaning old Carthage in Africa and new Carthage in Spain. To join Lybia, in Africa, and Gades, (now Cadiz) in Spain, to each other, has the same meaning, viz. "uniting two opposite and wealthy countries."

(c) This tyrant had been expelled by his subjects the Parthians for his cruelties, and restored by the assistance of the Scythians, (see note on Ode xxvi. lib. i.) He was afterwards confirmed in his throne by Augustus. But as Horace speaks here of his restoration as a recent event, and as it happened in the year of Rome 728, this ode was probably written in that year or the following.

O D E III.

On fortitude and equanimity.

WITH stedfast soul thy course maintain,
 Should griefs assail thee, toils oppress;
 Nor less from boundless joy refrain,
 Should pleasure smile, and fortune bless,

For, Dellius, death's sure lot is thine,
 Though grief embitter every hour,
 Though richest, best Falernian wine
 Court thee within the mossy bower

Where the tall pine in stately rows,
 With poplars, forms a friendly shade,
 Where the swift stream (a) obliquely flows,
 And, quivering, murmurs through the glade.

There bring thy wine, thy board perfume,
 The rose its short-liv'd odours shed,
 Whilst wealth permits, and youthful bloom,
 And the stern Sisters' fatal thread,

Soon

Soon must thou quit thy dear-bought wood,
 Thy treasures pil'd with ceaseless care,
 Thy villa wash'd by Tibur's flood,
 Thy stately mansion, to thine heir.

Though great thy wealth, renown'd thy birth,
 Nor birth nor opulence can save;
 Though poorest, humblest child of earth,
 Still doom'd to the relentless grave.

To the same bourn impartial fate
 Devotes us, when she shakes (*b*) the urn:
 There, wretched exiles, soon or late,
 The bark conveys us,—never to return.

N O T E S.

DELLIUS, the historian, the person to whom, probably, this ode was addressed, is said to have been an unsteady and profligate character. He changed his party several times during the civil wars; having first been attached to Dolabella, then to Cassius, then to Anthony, from whom (after having been a servile minister of his pleasures, and flatterer of Cleopatra) he deserted to Octavius a short time before the battle of Actium. This must have been subsequent to that period. Dellius, with all his faults, had probably something agreeable in his manners, and social in his temper; so that Horace might regard him with kindness, though not with esteem. The precepts of fortitude and moderation are so well seasoned with recommendations of festive pleasure, that they must

must at least have attracted the attention, if they did not influence the conduct, of our poet's dissolute friend.

(a) The expression in the original (*obliquo laborat lymphæ fugax trepidare rivo*) is inimitable. The classical reader will not wonder that the translation falls so far beneath it.

(b) The ancients feigned that every man's name was written on a billet, or slip of paper, and thrown into an urn, which was constantly shaken, and that every one died whenever his name came out of the urn. See Ode i. lib. iii.

L

ODE

ODE IV.

*He encourages a friend in his love for a servant girl, by
examples from antiquity.*

BLUSH not, oh Xanthias, at the fire
Thy (a) humble hand-maid can inspire !

Nor fear reproach to brave.

(b) Achilles' self, untaught to love,

Briseis found the art to move,

And triumph'd, though a slave :

Great (c) Ajax felt the soft alarms,

Lur'd by Tecmessa's captive charms :

Even in his conquest's height

(d) Atrides felt a captive's sway,

When Troy to wearied Greeks gave way,

Robb'd of her Hector's might.

Who knows, but greatly, nobly born,

Thy bride may some disaster mourn

That sunk a royal race ?

So

So faithful, so averse to gain,
 Say, can a vulgar lineage stain?
 A parent's shame disgrace?

I praise her every blooming charm,
 Her taper ankle, snow-white arm:
 But still my heart's entire.
 Let not his praise alarm thy fear,
 Whom the (e) eighth lustre's closing year
 Robs of his youthful fire.

N O T E S.

THIS lively little ode (which probably was in some degree ironical) has been imitated with much spirit and humour by Rowe, who applies it to the then Lord Scarfale, and Mrs. Bracegirdle the actress.

(a) It was a great disgrace for any man of family in Rome (and such probably Xanthias Phocæus was) to fall in love with a slave.

(b) The story of Achilles and Briseis need not be told to any reader of poetry. But we may remark, that Horace, on almost every occasion (ludicrous as well as serious) draws his examples, from Greek story, which the popularity of Homer perfectly accounts for; and which shews also that there is no occasion in any such passages of our poet to have recourse to allegory for an explanation.

(c) Dictys Cretensis, in his history of the Trojan war, says, that Ajax, having invaded Phrygia, slew Teuthras, the king

of that country, in single combat, and soon afterwards attacked and burnt his city, and led captive his daughter Tecmessa, whom the Greeks afterwards allotted to him for his share of the plunder. Dac.

(d) This alludes to the story of Agamemnon having fallen in love with Cassandra after the taking of Troy. She had been seized by Ajax Oileus (as described in the 2d book of the *Æneid*) but was afterwards adjudged to Agamemnon, who had avowed a passion for her. Dict. Cret. Dac.

(e) A lustre consisted of five years. Horace was therefore turned of forty. He sometimes, indeed, confesses being in love after that age; but (as Dacier observes) it is always with apologies, and a confession that such a pursuit is unbecoming at that age.

O D E V.

*He cautions a friend to wait till his mistress was of a
riper age.*

BEWARE! thy heifer's yet unbroke,
Unskill'd her equal task to prove,
Too tender for the galling yoke,
Or the fierce bull's impetuous love.

Luxuriant she delights to stray,
Bathe in cool streams when heat invades,
Or chace the calf, in wanton play,
Through the moist willow's verdant shades.

Seize not the fruit in earliest bloom :
Lo, autumn's genial reign is nigh !
That bids the ripen'd grapes assume
Their glowing tints, their purple dye,

Though now she flies, she'll yet return :
(Her years advance as thine retire)
Coy Lalage herself shall burn,
Fly to thy arms, and wake desire.

More love the maid shall then excite
 Than Pholoe's form or Chloris gave,
 With charms as pure as Cynthia's light
 Reflected from the glimmering wave,

Or Gyges, (a) delicately fair,
 Who, 'midst the virgins in disguise,
 With doubtful features, loosen'd hair,
 Might cheat the wariest stranger's eyes,

NOTES.

"WE know not," says Dacier, "for whom, nor at what period this ode was written. All we can be certain of is, that it was prior to the xxii. ode of lib. i. For here Lalage is represented as too young to be a proper object of love; in that ode she is described as quite a woman, and as admired by Horace himself." The critick goes on to suppose this ode to be addressed to the same Fuscus Ariftius who is mentioned in the other. But this is a mere conjecture. Some think Horace is here remonstrating with himself.

(a) Gyges is perhaps the same person mentioned in the 7th ode of the 3d book, as the husband or lover of Asterie. As he is now described as so delicate and young, this ode must have been the earlier composition of the two.

ODE VI.

*He expresses his wish for retirement, and describes the spot
he would prefer,*

SEPTIMIUS, who would dare explore

With me the distant (a) Gades' shore,

Prepar'd alike to brave

Realms where the free (b) Cantabrian roams,

Or on the barbarous (c) Syrtes foams

The Mauritanian wave !

Let fruitful Tibur's (d) genial land,

First planted by an Argive hand,

Receive my peaceful age ;

There let me rest in gentle ease,

Nor trust again the stormy seas,

Nor tempt the battle's rage.

Should envious Fate deny these seats,

Next let me court (e) the blest retreats,

Where, murmuring through the plain,

For richest fleeces far renown'd,
Galefus laves the realms that own'd
Phalantus' Spartan reign.

That spot, of all the world, can please :
The honey of her fruitful bees
Can match (*f*) Hymettus' foil :
The berries that her trees produce
Vie, in the richness of their juice,
With fam'd (*g*) Venafran oil.

There Jove prolongs spring's blithsome hours,
There mitigates stern winter's pow'rs,
Which tepid gales controul.
The fertile (*h*) Aulon spreads her vines,
Nor envies the Falernian vines
When Bacchus crowns the bowl.

These blest abodes, these chosen bowers,
Shall gild with joy life's fleeting hours.
Here, when my days shall end,
Bathe my lov'd ashes with a tear,
And cherish, with regret sincere,
Thy poet, and thy friend.

NOTES.

SEPTIMIUS, to whom this ode is addressed, was a Roman Knight, and is said to have been both a lyric and a tragick poet. Delph. ed. The same Septimius is recommended with great address by our poet to Tiberius, in the 9th epistle of the 1st Book of Epistles.

The beginning of this ode is generally supposed to allude to a general declaration of Septimius, "that he would accompany Horace over the world." If this be the poet's meaning, the Gades, Syrtes, and Cantabria, are put merely as instances of remote and inhospitable shores. Dacier, however, takes pains to shew that it more probably alludes to a design Horace had of attending Augustus on his Cantabrian expedition, in the year of Rome 726, and an assurance Septimius had given of accompanying his friend. Perhaps the usual construction of the leading word in the original (*aditurus*) favours Dacier's explanation. But this the translator submits to those who are more in the habits of classical criticism. Yet one historical fact militates strongly for the common interpretation, viz. that when Augustus left Rome, his declared intention was to invade Britain, and, ambassadors from that nation having met him with offers of submission, he *then* turned his arms against the Cantabrians. It could not, therefore, as Sanadon observes, be known that he would attack Spain early enough for the poet and his friend to have previously laid the scheme of attending him there together. However, it is possible that an expedition against the Cantabrians had been talked of at Rome some time before, though the precise time it would take place might not be known.

(a) The ancient Gades is the modern Cadiz. It has been justly remarked, that this is not the way from Italy to the part of Spain occupied by the Cantabrians (Biscay,) except by circui-

circuitous sea voyage; which seems to afford another reason against Dacier's hypothesis.

(b) The Cantabrians, (though a people of Spain the greater part of which had been long a Roman province) are frequently mentioned by Horace as one of the latest nations subdued by the Roman arms. "The Romans," says Dr. Blackwell, "had
 "battled for the dominion of Spain near two hundred years,
 "and yet the mountains in Cantabria, Asturia, and Biscay,
 "remained in possession of the natives, who made frequent
 "incursions into the neighbouring provinces. No country ever
 "cost the Romans so much toil and blood to conquer as Cantabria (now Biscay.) They had long been masters of the
 "open places, and of the provinces on the coast, while the
 "mountains were full of an unsubdued, and almost unknown
 "people. Antistius, Furnius, Taurus, and even Agrippa,
 "were sent against them, took several of their towns, and at
 "last pursued them through their most rugged recesses. At
 "length they were driven to a mountain near the Minho, and
 "surrounded without a possibility of escaping. There, finding themselves attacked on all sides, they desperately resolved to relinquish life rather than submit to the conquerors;
 "and accordingly great numbers stabbed, burnt, or poisoned themselves." Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 283-5. This final defeat happened in the year of Rome 734, consequently this ode must have been written before that period.

(c) The Syrtes are two gulfs at the extremity of Africk, between Libya and Numidia, and consequently very far from the track vessels must steer in going from Italy to Spain. But Dacier, anticipating this objection, says, Horace does not mean the Syrtes properly so called, but generally the African sea, which is full of shoals of sand. This seems rather a forced interpretation.

(d) Tibur, near which Horace's villa stood; was, like many other towns in Italy, originally founded by a colony of Greeks. Virgil, in his catalogue of Turnus's forces, (7th *Æneid*) mentions Catillus and Coras, brothers of Tiburtius the founder of Tibur, as heading the forces of that state.

(e) This is a description of Tarentum, our author's next favourite spot. Galefus is a river of that country. The wool there is said to have been of so delicate a texture, as to require being covered whilst on the sheep. Hence the word in the original, *pellitis*. Dac. San. Tarentum was founded by a colony of Spartans under Phalantus, who had quitted their country on account of the disadvantages they lay under from illegitimacy.

(f) Hymettus was a hill in Attica celebrated for its honey.

(g) The city of Venafrum in Campania was famous for producing fine oil.

(h) Aulon is supposed to have been some hill near Tarentum.

O D E VII.

He congratulates an old friend, who had served with him during the civil wars, on his safe return to Rome.

OH, thou, with whom I oft essay'd
 The perils of a foldier's life ;
 When, led by Brutus, we obey'd
 His summons to the martial strife,

Pompeius, earliest of my friends !
 Oh say, (a) what power, at this blest time,
 Thee, once again (b) a Roman, sends
 To Rome's lov'd gods, Italia's clime ?

With thee how oft has joyous wine
 Beguil'd the hours of anxious care ?
 How oft did Syrian perfume shine,
 And wreaths adorn our scented hair ?

With thee from (c) dire Philippi's fight
 I fled, and weakly left my shield,
 When valour funk, when, stopp'd in flight,
 Our late fierce warriors prefs'd the field.

(d) Snatch'd

(d) Snatch'd trembling, through the yielding air
 Me winged Mercury deign'd to save :
 'Twas thine new storms, new toils, to bear,
 (e) Abforb'd by discord's furious wave.

Spread then the (f) votive feast to Jove,
 And, spent with martial toils, recline
 Within my (g) friendly laurel grove,
 Nor spare the cask that now is thine.

Haste, pour the oblivious Massick juice!
 From copious shells the essence shed!
 Pluck the moist parsley for our use,
 And myrtles to adorn the head!

Whom shall the (h) sportive lot ordain
 To rule the gay, the festive board?
 Wild, as inspire great Bacchus' train,
 Sweet transports greet my friend restor'd.

N O T E S.

THERE are few events in life more interesting than that which gave rise to this affectionate ode. No part of Horace's works shews him in a more amiable light; as he seems to have felt the most lively joy at the return of an old friend from dangers

dangers and exile to quiet and safety. This joy he expresses with genuine warmth and unaffected rapture.

It is of no great consequence, whether this Pompeius was Pompeius Varus, or Pompeius Grosphus, or whether he returned to Rome immediately after the peace made by the triumvirs with Sextus Pompey in 714, called the peace of Misenum, or not till after the defeat and death of Pompey, about four years afterwards. We incline, however, to Dacier's opinion, that it was at the latter of these periods, for the very reason Sanadon gives against it, viz. that after the death of Sextus Pompey there was no general amnesty, as on the former occasion, but that the senators and knights that had remained in Pompey's party were put to death, *a very few excepted*. Now the return of this Pompeius to Rome seems, from the tenor of the ode, to have appeared extraordinary and unexpected to Horace. If so, it is more probable he was one of the few pardoned, than that he was restored to his country by a general amnesty, when his return would have been almost a matter of course.

(a) This is not an interrogation proceeding from ignorance and uncertainty, but a kind of exclamation, a vivid and natural expression, arising from the joy Horace feels at the sight of a friend, from whom he had been many years separated by the misfortunes of the times. San. Francis.

(b) The sense here given of the word in the original (*Quiritem*) seems to be warranted, if we only suppose the poet to mean, that "now Pompeius is restored to his country, he may again be called a Roman." This is surely a frequent mode of expression, especially in poetry. But possibly the word *Quiritem* has a farther sense, and means "restored to all the rights of a Roman." The citizens proscribed during the
second

second triumvirate seem to have been, in some sort, considered as attainted, at least so far as respected their property, and, perhaps, were also deprived of their civil rights. Some have changed the word to the genitive plural, construing it after *Dis patriis*. But in that part of the sentence it is superfluous, *Dis patriis* already signifying "the gods of the Romans." The Rev. Mr. Whitefield, who has printed remarks on this and another ode of Horace, reads *Quiritum*, but construes it with *Quis*, "who of the common ranks?" And he supposes that Horace himself was the person who had procured his friend's pardon. But the passage, in its general purport, strongly expresses surprize, as if the return of Pompeius was unexpected by our poet; and the word *Quiritum*, even in the sense first suggested, has surely sufficient force. Baxter takes it to mean a "Roman in manners and character." Gesner, with more probability, "a citizen," alluding to his military character being at an end; as Cæsar, when his soldiers demanded their dismissal, called them *Quirites*.

(c) Horace, in more than one place, confesses that he fled in great terror from that unfortunate field. His model in poetry, Alcæus, though a professed soldier, was not, it is said, a brave one: for he, in like manner, threw away his shield in the day of battle; the most disgraceful act in a Greek or Roman soldier.

(d) Here he manifestly alludes to those passages in the Iliad where one of the combatants is represented as carried off by a divinity in a cloud. This kind office is supposed to have been performed to our poet by Mercury, because he was the parent of eloquence, and protector of learning. Dac.

(e) This expression seems to be metaphorical; though the fact probably was, that Pompeius, after the battle of Philippi, failed

failed to join some of the remaining chiefs of the republican party, who designed to continue the war.

(f) See the note on Ode xxxvii. of the first book, on the custom of dedicating feasts to the gods.

(g) Dacier supposes the poet to mean, by "*his laurel*," not the bower that was to be the scene of their convivial meeting, but Mæcenas, who had been his protector. But, besides that such a metaphor would be very harsh, Horace would hardly speak metaphorically and literally in the same sentence: and if Mæcenas was his *laurel*, who was his *cafe*?

(b) The *rex convivi*, or, as he is here called, the *arbitrator bibendi*, was chosen by a cast of the die, the lucky throw at which was called Venus. See Ode iv. lib. i.

O D E VIII.

To a celebrated beauty notorious for her falsehood.

THY guilt, Barine, hadst thou rued,
 Had e'en (a) the slightest ill ensued,
 Again I'd trust thy word ;
 But since base perjury's stains disgrace,
 More bright thy form, more fair thy face,
 By every youth ador'd.

Thou (b) thriv'st by falsehood that belies
 Thy parent's shade, the starry skies,
 Th' immortal powers above :
 For (c) Venus smiles on perjur'd hearts ;
 Nor less her boy, who whets his darts,
 Ting'd with the wounds of love.

Each day fresh captives own thy pow'r,
 Obey thy call ; whilst every hour
 Adds numbers to thy train :

M

Nor

Nor have thy former swains retired,
 Though oft, with indignation fired,
 They threat, but threat in vain.

Bane to their offspring's wealth and fame,
 The frugal fire, the sober dame,
 Fear thy all-conquering charms :
 The wedded virgin, insecure,
 Dreads lest thy (*d*) bloom her lord allure,
 And win him from her arms.

N O T E S.

THIS spirited and elegant little ode, (as it is in the original) will, perhaps, be thought by the ladies to contain more of compliment than reproach.

(*a*) In the original it is, "were you disfigured only by the decay of a tooth or loss of a single nail." This turns upon a superstitious notion of the ancients, that a lie was immediately followed by some punishment that marked externally the offender. *Dac.* The reasoning therefore is, that as *Barine* has escaped any such punishment, and, on the contrary, has grown handsomer than ever, she can have no motive to prevent her offending again.

(*b*) The peculiar force of the word in the original *expedit* is, it is feared, much weakened in the translation.

(*c*) *Venus*

(c) Venus and Cupid are gentle or cruel, according to the light in which it suits a poet to view them. Here they are stigmatized as abettors and instigators of Barine's perfidy.

(d) The word in the original (*aura*) is usually translated "brightness," or "splendor." But this seems to have no authority, except a single passage in Virgil, which is also questionable, (*discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit*) and is in its turn justified by this. The learned Dr. Foster suggested a different reading in each place. There he read *ora*, (in the singular) signifying "the border of the leaf," and here "*tua ne retardent ora maritos.*" The translation will apply either to this or the common interpretation. Dr. Bentley proposes reading *cura*, Dacier's explanation of the word *aura*, would, even if right, convey (as he admits) a disagreeable idea in any modern language.

O D E IX.

He consoles Valgius, an eminent poet, for the loss of a son, and proposes the triumphs of Augustus as a nobler subject.

NOT always on the dreary plain
Pours from dark clouds the ceaseless shower ;
Nor always o'er the (a) Caspian main
Fierce whirlwinds rage and tempests lower :

Nor does the (b) Armenian rivers bind
Through every month the sluggish frost ;
Nor Gargan (c) oaks that brave the wind,
For ever mourn their honours lost.

Yet thou, by Myfies' loss oppress'd,
Still, Valgius, tun'st the mournful lay ;
Nor at calm eve thy sorrows rest,
Nor fly the sun's all-cheering ray.

But

But time could (*d*) Nestor's grief abate,
 When his lov'd offspring fought the shades;
 Not always for (*e*) young Troilus' fate
 His parents wept, or sister maids.

Hence fond complaints! let nobler themes,
 Cæsar's new trophies, wake thy strain!
 (*f*) Niphates' flood, the (*g*) Median streams,
 Now swell the triumphs of his reign;

With peaceful murmurs, gentler tide,
 Their aw'd submissive waters roll:
 In narrower bounds (*h*) Gelonians ride,
 Refrain their fiery course, and own his just controul.

N O T E S.

TITUS VALGIUS RUFUS, to whom this ode is addressed, was a man of patrician family, and seems to have been considered as one of the first poets of the time; for Tibullus, speaking of him, says, "No one comes nearer to the excellence of the immortal Homer." No part of his works, however, is extant. He appears, from the terms of this ode, to have been an intimate friend of Horace, whose choice of the example of Nestor mourning for Antilochus has induced some commentators to believe that the youth deplored by Valgius was his son. As this supposition renders the ode more interesting, as well as more becoming, it is adopted in the

title; though it is obvious to remark, that *Myfles* seems rather a Greek than a Roman name.

The date of this ode seems, as *Dacier* has observed, fixed nearly to a certainty by the allusion to the recent successes of *Augustus* in the East. This points out the year of Rome 733, or perhaps the year following, *Augustus* having, in that year, made a progress through the eastern provinces; during which he received back from *Phrates* the standards taken from *Crassus*, and placed *Tigranes* on the throne of *Armenia*.

(a) The *Caspian* sea was deemed very subject to storms; but *Horace*, perhaps, puts this sea for seas in general, according to a figure of speech frequent with him, which has been noticed in the preface.

(b) *Armenia* is said to have been very cold during part of the year. The passage is, however, meant of all cold countries. *Dacier* thinks *Armenia* is particularly mentioned, on account of the recent success of *Augustus* in that country.

(c) *Garganus*, a hill in *Appulia*, is mentioned in the *Epistle* to *Augustus*, as "rebellowing to the wind." It was probably peculiarly exposed.

(d) *Antilochus*, defending his father *Nestor*, in a battle subsequent to the period comprised in the *Iliad*, was slain by *Memnon*, the son of *Aurora*. The recollection of *Antilochus* on the visit of *Telemachus* to *Nestor*, in the *Odyssey*, draws tears from the unhappy father some years after the death of his son.

(e) The death of *Troilus*, (a favourite son of *Priam*, slain by *Achilles*) is supposed in the *Iliad* to have happened before

before the action of that poem began. Priam mentions him in his lamentations on the death of Hector. In the first *Æneid* he is described, in one of the pictures in Dido's palace, as flying from the rage of Achilles, in so lively a manner, that it brings the scene before our eyes.

(*f*) A part of Mount Taurus, between the greater Armenia and Mesopotamia, is called Niphatis, from whence flows the river of the same name, which waters Armenia, Media, and Mesopotamia, and then falls into the Tygris. Delph. ed.

(*g*) The river Medus, from which Media is supposed to derive its name, flows into the Araxes. Some suppose Horace to mean the Euphrates, which was sometimes called the Medus. Delph. ed. The expression of their "rolling in narrower channels," is justly remarked to be very poetical, as supposing even the rivers to shrink before the power of Augustus.

(*b*) By Gelonians Horace is supposed to mean the Scythians in general, whose incursions had been checked by Augustus. Dac.

O D E X.

To Licinius, brother-in-law of Mæcenas, recommending moderation in his pursuits, and resignation under disappointments.

WOULD'ST thou life's peaceful tenor keep,
 Licinius, still avoid the deep ;
 Nor, whilst the tempests roar,
 Too fondly bent thy bark to guide
 From the mid sea's devouring tide,
 Cling to the faithless shore.

Who cherishes the golden mean
 From time's decay, from filth obscene,
 Preserves his humble home,
 Dreads not the sad reverse of fate,
 The cares or envy that await
 The proud imperial dome.

The tallest pine, when storms assail,
 Bends soonest to the driving gale ;
 The lofty cloud-capt tower

Falls

Falls with the most impetuous weight :
Dread lightning on the proudest height
Exerts its fiercest power.

Well-temper'd minds, when ills oppress, |
Yet cherish hope, from joy's excess
With prudent care refrain.
For Jove bids wintery storms arise,
Then checks the tempest, clears the skies,
And gilds the dreary plain :

Nor does (a) Apollo's hand refuse
Full oft to wake the silent Muse,
And sweep the silver lyre,
Nor always bend with deadly art
The vengeful bow, or wing the dart
With desolating ire.

Though now severe misfortunes lower,
Fate soon may bring a happier hour :
Then, with undaunted mind,
Firmly resist life's adverse gales ;
But wisely furl thy swelling sails,
Borne by a prosperous wind.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

LICINIUS MURÆNA, the person supposed to be addressed in this ode, was brother to Proculeius (who is celebrated in the iud ode of this book) and brother-in-law to Mæcenas. He is said to have been of an ambitious, impatient, and unequal temper. Horace therefore seems to have written this moral ode to warn him of the danger he incurred by either aspiring too high, or indulging despondency. But this, and all other admonitions he might have had, were ineffectual. He engaged about the year of Rome 731 or 732, with Fannius Cæpio in a conspiracy against Augustus. They were discovered, and soon afterwards put to death. No supposition can be more improbable than that of some commentators, that this ode was written to him after the conspiracy. It was then too late for admonitions of this kind. He seems, indeed, to have fled immediately on the discovery, and to have been put to death as soon as taken. It may, however, have been written a short time before the conspiracy took place.

Muræna had lost his property in the civil wars; but, as his brother, Proculeius, divided a large patrimony between him and another brother, he might still have lived happily, had he been content with a moderate fortune.

(a) The ancients attributed all such evils as famine and pestilence to Apollo. On this account he is addressed, in the *Carmen Seculare*, with a prayer to "lay aside his arrows, and be "appeased." Homer says, "the arrows of Apollo carried "terror into the camp of the Greeks." When, therefore, Horace says, "Apollo does not always bend his bow," he means that Apollo does not always do mischief to mankind. *Dac.*

O D E

O D E XI.

To a friend, dissuading the study of politicks, and recommending the pursuit of pleasure.

N O more, Hirpinus, seek to know
Where fierce (a) Cantabria's hostile pride,
Where (b) Scythians meditate the blow,
Whom spacious realms and seas divide.

Less thought life's transient cares require.
Lo, withering years in silence creep!
Lo, blithsome youth, soft grace, retire,
And joyous love, and gentle sleep!

Thus fades the glimmering lamp of night;
Thus droop spring's evanescent flowers.
Why then to endless cares excite
Thy wearied mind's unequal powers?

No, rather free from toil and care,
Beneath the pine or plane-tree spread,
Drink, whilst rich (c) perfume scents thy hair,
Whilst roseate wreaths adorn thy head!

Kind

Kind Bacchus chafes from the soul
 Each gnawing grief.—Fly then, my slave!
 Bear hence the strong Falernian bowl,
 And cool it in the passing wave!

When (*d*) shall sweet Lyde grace the feast,
 Dear wandering object of desire?
 Oh, call the mirth-inspiring guest
 To braid her flowing locks, to sweep her lyre!

N O T E S.

QUINCTIUS HIRPINUS, to whom Horace addresses this ode, is supposed to be the same person to whom he wrote the xvth epistle of the 1st book, in which he describes his little estate with so much pleasure. We know nothing farther concerning him. *Dac.*

(*a*) Some of the commentators seem to have thrown away much pains to fix the date of this ode. They first suppose it must have been written when the Cantabrians and Scythians were actually in arms against the Romans, and then labour to prove from history at what time the empire was at war with both these nations. But Horace's expressions do not, as Sanadon has observed, necessarily imply that war was then actually carrying on against these nations. The word (*cogitet*) rather implies that these tribes meditated, or were preparing for hostility. See an account of the Cantabrians in a note to Ode vi. of this book.

(*b*) In the original, the Scythians are said to be "separated
 " by the Adriatick Sea." It has been remarked, that the an-

cients called all the people of the north Scythians : and here we see Horace gives that name to all the nations separated by the Adriatick from Italy ; that is to say, the people of Illyria, Dalmatia, Pannonia, Dacia, &c. which Suetonius comprehends generally under the name of Illyria. Dac.

(c) The nardus seems to have been a plant of Indian growth, but purchased by European merchants in Syria, wherefore Horace calls it *Affyrian*. It was a perfume in high esteem at the entertainments of the Romans.

(d) It seems to have been amongst the Romans a custom to employ strolling musical girls to sing and play at their entertainments. Lyde appears to have been one of these ; and the word *devious*, which has puzzled the critics, may only mean that she strayed from house to house as called for.

O D E XII.

*To Mæcenas, declining warlike subjects, and celebrating
Licinia, Mæcenas's intended wife.*

TO paint (*a*) Numantia's fierce campaigns,
Dire (*b*) Hannibal, Sicilia's flood
All purpled o'er with (*c*) Punick blood,
Urge not my lyre, attun'd to gentler strains;

Nor the fell (*d*) Lapythæ to sing,
Centaurs, (*e*) whom drunken broils disgrace,
Nor him who tam'd the (*f*) earth-born race
That shook the throne of heaven's almighty King.

No, rather in (*g*) historick prose
Thy pen, Mæcenas, shall proclaim
Great Cæsar's high heroick fame,
Who drags in bonds his late insulting foes.

Thy mistress claims my softer lyre,
(*b*) Licinia's voice that wakes delight,
Her eyes that glisten mildly bright,
Her faithful breast that owns love's mutual fire.

(*i*) What

(i) What airy grace her feet display!
 How bright her wit's enlivening strain,
 When 'midst the radiant virgin train,
 She leads the sports of Dian's festal day!

Say, would'st thou be content to share
 All Persia's gold, the wealth that pours
 From Araby or Phrygian shores,
 To yield one lock of sweet Licinia's hair?

(k) When gently bending to the kiss
 Her snow-white neck, or, when carest,
 Denying—longing to be prest,
 Or when her eager love anticipates the bliss.

Another translation of the same ode.

WARS, when fierce Numantia bled,
 Hannibal's vindictive ire,
 Waves with Punick slaughter red,
 Suit not to my gentle lyre.

Lapythæ, and Centaurs rude,
 Drench'd in wine, I dare not sing,
 Nor that impious earth-born brood
 Arm'd 'gainst heaven's immortal King.

Nobler,

Nobler, in historick prose,
Thou, Mæcenas, shalt relate
Cæsar's deeds, his tyrant foes
Slowly dragg'd in captive state.

Me Licinia's charms inspire ;
Her soft voice I give to fame,
Her bright eyes that speak desire,
Her fond heart's enduring flame.

Hear her wit's enlivening strain !
Mark what grace her feet display !
How she leads the virgin train
Sporting on Diana's day !

Say, if Persia's wealth were thine,
Phrygia's gold, Arabia's stores,
Would'st thou one bright lock resign,
Snatch'd from her thy soul adores,

When, with bended neck complying,
Oft she meets the burning kifs,
Gently yielding whilst denying,
Snatching oft the rapturous blifs ?

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THERE are few odes of Horace more beautiful than this in the original, few in which his peculiar happiness of expression is more conspicuous. By the tenor of it, we may suppose the poet was called upon by his patron to celebrate the warlike achievements of their countrymen, and particularly some late successes of Augustus. He answers, "that his genius is unsuited to the higher species of poetry; that history (to which species of composition Mæcenas had applied himself) would best speak the actions of Augustus; but that his Muse inspires him with a gentler subject, the praise of Licinia, Mæcenas's beloved mistress;" with an elegant description of whom the ode concludes. This seems to the present translator to be a faithful abstract of the original, and to express the true meaning of it; about which there has been much dispute between the critics. The opinions, indeed, of the old scholiast, Acron, of Dacier, Bentley, Gesner, and others, differ not in substance from that above suggested. But Sanadon (who is followed by Francis) endeavours, by mistaking the original, to shew that Licinia cannot be the person meant, but that it must be some mistress of Horace. This, in the first place, would render the ode wholly uninteresting, and, we may add, no less absurd; for who can suppose Mæcenas would be pleased, when he had incited Horace to write in praise of their prince, at receiving such an apology? On the other hand, his doating fondness for Licinia might render the praise of her in such glowing language an adequate substitute for the kind of composition which he had demanded of our poet.

As to the objection, that such a licentious description of Mæcenas's mistress would have been a want of respect to his patron:—by the accounts we have of Mæcenas and of Licinia, it seems that her wanton airs were a great merit with her lover. The ob-

N

jection

jection arising from Horace's having, in another ode, used the word *Licinius*, in a different quantity from that which the metre would here require for *Licina*, will not be conclusive, unless we could be certain that the quantity of proper names was not sometimes varied by the poets, either by considering a syllable as common, or by inserting or omitting a letter, for the convenience of their metre. Now two instances occur to us of the latter practice: In speaking of one of the founders of Tibur, Horace calls him *Catilus*, whereas in Virgil another letter is inserted, and he is *Catillus*. *Perfenna* has two *n*'s in Virgil, and one in Horace; and the quantity is varied accordingly. Surely Horace may as well be supposed to have inserted another *n* in *Licina* for the same purpose.

There is a translation of this ode (in Duncombe's Horace) by Lord Chief Baron Gilbert, executed in a manner that reflects the highest credit on the poetical talents and classical taste of that eminent lawyer; who is in general known to the world by his various and admirable legal writings, but seems to have been equally qualified to excel in every other branch of literature. He has given, as Mr. Duncombe remarks, the genuine sense of the original, with its spirit and delicacy.

(a) Numantia was a city of Spain, situate where Soria now stands. It resisted the power of the Romans during eight (some say fifteen) years, but was at length destroyed by the second Scipio Africanus. Dac.

(b) It is needless to remind the reader that Hannibal was by far the most formidable enemy the Romans ever had, and that his very name still continued to be terrible to them. The epithet *dire* seems to be used in this and other passages of our author purposely to express that terror and detestation. Yet Dr. Bentley and others, on the authority of some MSS. prefer another word far less forcible, and perhaps even questionable, as
used

used by itself, and in an unfavourable sense: for in Virgil it is "*Scipiadas duos bello.*" Sanadon gives a curious reason for adopting it, viz. that the *rough* warrior makes an agreeable opposition to the *soft* lyre, as if such a play upon words was consonant to the taste and stile of Horace.

(c) The great naval victory of the Romans, under Duillius, in the first Punick war, is here alluded to.

(d) Our author seems to have in view here the battle between the Lapythæ (a people of Thessaly) and the Centaurs, which, as most of the great heroes of antiquity were supposed to have been engaged, furnished a constant topick for the poets. See *Ov. Metam. lib. xii.* translated by Dryden.

(e) Hylæus, mentioned in the original, was a Centaur who, attempting to ravish Atalanta, was slain by her.

(f) The fable of the giants attempting to scale heaven is well known.

The above ancient fables are given as instances of subjects of a martial and elevated kind, and therefore unfit for the gentle Muse of our poet. But Dacier will have all this to be allegory. The Lapythæ and Giants, he says, are Brutus and Cassius; Hercules, who conquered the Giants, is Augustus, and the drunken Hylæus means Anthony. Most of the objections urged to Sanadon's allegories (on Odes vi. and xv. of lib. i.) apply as forcibly to this; and Sanadon himself (as it is not an allegory of his own framing) argues against it with great force. The supposition is indeed injurious to Horace both as a poet and a man; as a *poet*, because, the wars of Numantia and Carthage being manifestly to be understood in a literal sense, it would be contrary to the rules of good writing to blend an al-

legory with them in the same sentence; as a *man*, because it represents him as sacrificing the characters of his republican friends to a desire of complimenting Augustus. Such a compliment Augustus himself did not require; for that prince, when firmly established, was far from encouraging indiscriminate calumnies against the republicans, but did justice to the memory of Cato, and treated several friends of Brutus with kindness and respect. Our poet accordingly, when speaking of the civil wars, never admits his own cause to have been *unjust*, but only *unfortunate*. He who spared even Anthony, the bitterest enemy of Cæsar, when it would have been popular to inveigh against him, would hardly have calumniated Brutus without an object or motive.

(g) Whatever faults there might have been in Mæcenas's style, (which is said to have been effeminate and affected) the history of his own times, by one so well acquainted with the principal actors in them, must have been highly interesting. This work, however, if ever completed and published, is now wholly lost.

(b) The following character of Licinia will account for the poet's describing her in rather licentious terms, though the mistress and intended wife of his patron: "Terentia, who
 " was likewise called Licinia (from the conjunction, I suppose,
 " of the Licinian and Terentian families) had all the accomplishments of body and mind fit to raise, and, which is harder,
 " to preserve a tender passion. She was lovely in her person,
 " lively and gay in her temper, with a pretty large dash of
 " wildness, and frequent sallies, which served to set off her
 " other charms. Gentle quarrels soon appeased, tender piques
 " quickly cured, caprice, and even a spice of female extravagance, not pushed too far, were all necessary to rouse the
 " supine

“supine Mæcnas, and attach him to the wild bewitching woman, who, sometimes with, and often without reason, was threatening to leave him, and who often did send him a divorce.” Black. Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 386.

(i) Two different dances seem to be alluded to in this stanza. That line which describes her as “moving her feet in the chorus,” Dr. Foster observed, meant the lighter dance, but that which represents her as “giving her arms to the virgins,” describes a more solemn one. MS.

It has been justly observed, that her dancing at the feast of Diana, proves that a woman of rank is here spoken of, and therefore more probably *Licinia* than any of *Horace's* mistresses, who seem in general to have been of the lowest order. At all events, the person cannot have been a slave, as some commentators suppose.

(k) Dr. Francis says, Horace could not have been present at such a scene as this. But he might describe it from imagination; and, if the accounts we have of Mæcnas's character are just, such a description of his mistress must have pleased the sensual and luxurious lover.

O D E XIII.

On a tree, by the fall of which he had nearly lost his life.

ACCURSED tree! what impious hand
 First fix'd thee in this fatal place,
 To mark with blood the adjacent land,
 The blood of an ill-fated race?

That wretch, by conscience unrestrain'd,
 Had pierc'd his aged parent's breast,
 (a) Domestick shrines with slaughter stain'd,
 The murderer of his sacred guest:

Each baneful poison (b) Colchos yields,
 Each crime by wayward fancy bred,
 Was his, who rear'd thee in my fields
 To (c) crush thy master's guiltless head.

How vain is caution to repel
 Those ills that man each hour await!
 The sailor sees fierce oceans swell
 Aghast, and fears no other fate,

Rome,

Rome dreads the insidious (*d*) Parthian's flight,
 The Parthian Rome's imperious chains;
 Whilst for each warrior, far from flight,
 Some unexpected end remains.

How near approach'd my hovering shade
 To the dark realm of Stygian powers!
 Saw the (*e*) stern judge in pomp array'd,
 And blest Elysium's sacred bowers!

There on the soft Æolian strings
 Wrong'd (*f*) Sappho's notes her grief assuage:
 In bolder strain (*g*) Alcæus sings
 Dear exile's woe, fierce battle's rage.

Pleas'd with each bard, the shadowy train
 In awful silence throng around;
 (*h*) But chief of war and tyrants slain
 Their ravish'd ears imbibe the sound.

(*i*) His hundred heads grim Cerberus stoops
 As the wild musick floats along;
 With lift'ning snakes each fury droops,
 Sooth'd to delight, entranc'd by song.

(*k*) Prometheus' self, beguil'd of pains,

And tortur'd Tantalus, respire;

(*l*) Orion hears the magick strains,

And quits the airy chace, and listens to the lyre.

N O T E S.

THIS ode seems to have been written soon after the accident that produced it, and bears strong marks of an agitated and terrified mind. Yet Dacier assures us, that the fall of the tree, which had nearly crushed our poet, is not the real subject of the ode; but that he only makes use of this circumstance to introduce the description of Sappho and Alceus, and the praises of poetry, without appearing to have sought the occasion. The learned reader, who is acquainted with the warm and abrupt style of the original, will determine whether such a notion is probable, and whether the introduction of the infernal regions, the poets, ghosts, &c. is any thing more than one of those digressions so frequent in lyric poetry.

There is no certainty as to the date of this ode, but that it was written before the treaty Augustus made with the Parthians, which, according to one chronology, was completed in 733, according to the other, in 734.

(*a*) To violate the laws of hospitality by murdering a guest in the night, and in the inmost recesses of the house where the household gods were worshipped, was deemed an accumulation of guilt. Delph. ed.

(*b*) Colchos seems to have been celebrated for poisons and the ingredients used in magick rites, from its being the native country of Medea.

(*c*) It

(c) It is generally supposed, Horace was not actually struck by the tree, but narrowly escaped being so. But, from the manner in which he speaks of his escape in this and other places, (see Odes iv. and viii. of lib. iii.) it seems not improbable that he received some hurt: at all events he appears to have been thoroughly frightened,

(d) This passage is usually understood to mean, that the Parthians were to be feared in their flight, owing to a method they had of discharging their arrows as they were flying. Perhaps, however, the rapidity with which they could return to the charge when apparently put to flight, by which they so often defeated the Romans, is alluded to in this passage.

(e) Æacus, who is named in the original, was one of the three judges who were placed by the poets in the shades below to try the souls of men after death. Some represented Æacus as trying the Europeans, Rhadamanthus the Asiatics, and Minos, as hearing appeals from both; but Virgil places Minos as judge in Erebus, (which seems to have been a sort of purgatory) Rhadamanthus as judge in Tartarus, or the place of punishment, and Æacus in Elysium, or the regions of the blest. See Dr. Warton's notes to the sixth book of the Æneid, and Spence's Polymetis, Dialogue 16.

(f) This "tenth muse," as she is called, "was born at Mytilene, the capital of the Æolian cities in the island of Lesbos, and flourished about the 44th Olympiad. Her lyrics, of which she wrote nine books, have gained her the prize for sweetness and force with all the grave judges of antiquity, and such as cannot be suspected of gallantry and compliment. Of the only two pieces which remain entire, one is a 'Hymn to Venus,' which we find in Dionysius of
" Hali-

"Halicarnassus, the other an amorous ode, which we find in "Longinus. The last of the two is the most esteemed." Kennet's Greek Poets, part ii. p. 33. N.B. The last mentioned ode has been translated into Latin by Catullus, and into French by Boileau; and there are very good English translations of both by Ambrose Phillips. See Spect. No. 223 and 229.

* (g) "Alcæus," says Quinctilian, "is justly presented with "a golden lyre," (Horace's expression here) "for that part "of his works that inveighs against tyrants." But it was not by his writings only that he supported the cause of freedom; he headed his fellow-citizens against the tyrant Pyttacus, and seems to have finally prevailed, and to have restored them to their rights. He is said, indeed, to have fled somewhat disgracefully in a battle with the Athenians; but their hanging up his shield in triumph implies that he had some military fame; and, at events, he was distinguished by *political* firmness and patriotism.

(b) The inclination of the vulgar to prefer martial tales to all others, is supposed to continue even after death. Or, perhaps, Horace means to insinuate his own preference of Alcæus,

(i) This passage is thus finely imitated in Pope's St. Cæcilia;

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 Ah see! the tortur'd ghosts respire:
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, oh Sisyphus! stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning from their heads.

(h) The

(k) The stories of Prometheus and Tantalus are well known.

(l) Orion, having been a great hunter whilst on earth, is described as pursuing the same amusement in the shades below. This is according to a common notion amongst the heathens. Virgil says,

————— quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Those pleasing cares the heroes felt alive
 For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.

PITT.

O D E XIV.

He reflects on the shortness of human life.

AH, Posthumus, how flits away
 On rapid wings the transient hour!
 No pious offerings can delay
 Stern age, or death's all-conquering power,

No hecatombs thy life can save,
 Or hell's relentless God assuage.
 In vain, surrounded by his wave,
 Huge (*a*) Geryon and stern Tytios' rage,

Borne on that wave each child of earth
 Explores the tyrant's shadowy reign,
 The prince of high illustrious birth,
 And the poor peasant of the plain!

In vain from ruthless war we fly,
 Shun the hoarse seas where storms prevail;
 In vain, beneath the autumnal sky,
 Shrink from the baneful (*b*) southern gale.

Still

Still must we view that dreary space,
 Where, with dull stream, Cocytus flows,
 Where (c) Sisyphus, where toil the race
 Of Danaus, (d) doom'd to endless woes.

Thy lands, thy dome, thy pleasing wife,
 These must thou quit ; 'tis nature's doom :
 No tree, whose culture charms thy life,
 Save the sad (e) cypress, waits thy tomb.

Thy worthier heir, to waste thy stores,
 Thy treasur'd liquors, shall destroy
 Their hundred bolts, shall stain thy floors
 With juice more rich than (f) priests enjoy.

N O T E S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the melancholy stile of this ode, it seems probable that the poet had his usual object in view, viz. to recommend the enjoyment of life whilst in our power.

There is no certainty who Posthumus was to whom Horace addressed this ode. Dacier, on slight grounds, supposes it to be Julius Florus, to whom two of the epistles are addressed. Whoever the person was, one is inclined to suppose, from this ode, that he was superstitious and covetous.

(a) Geryon was said to have three bodies from the waist upwards, supposed to mean that he was king of three islands. One of the labours of Hercules was to kill him, and seize his herds.

herds. Tytios was the son of Jupiter, and supposed to have been killed by Apollo for attempting to ravish Latona. See Ode iv. lib. iii.

(b) The southern wind that prevailed in Italy during autumn was deemed peculiarly unwholesome. Dac.

(c) See the celebrated description of Sisyphus rolling the stone in the *Odyssey*, and Pope's translation.

(d) The story of the Danaids, who all (except one) slew their husbands on the bridal night, is enlarged upon in Ode xi. of lib. iii.

(e) Cypress trees were placed round the pile at funerals, perhaps to overcome the smell of the corpse. Kenn. Rom. Ant. It is also said that the ancients made their funeral piles in part of cypress, and that they placed cypress boughs at the door of a house when any person had died. The application here has been remarked as one of the few false thoughts in Horace.

(f) The entertainments given by the Salian priests were so sumptuous, that splendid feasts were proverbially called *cana Saliares*, Salian banquets. Duncombe. See Ode xxxvii. lib. i.

O D E XV.

On the increase of luxury in building.

SEE where the lordly domes arise,
 Whilst each contracts the ploughshare's sway!
 Wide spreading lakes fatigue our eyes,
 More spacious than the (a) Lucrine bay.

No more by elms adorn'd, our fields
 The (b) plane tree's barren shade afford:
 The scented shrub its fragrance yields,
 Where fruitful olives bless'd their lord.

The leafy laurel intertwin'd
 Excludes the sun's oppressive rays.
 Was this by Romulus enjoin'd?
 Was this the theme of Cato's praise?

Their poverty a source supply'd
 Of publick wealth that never fails.
 No portico, to soothe the pride
 Of private luxury, woo'd the gales.

In humble cots they fought repose,
 Nor (c) dar'd the casual turf disdain,
 Whilst (d) from their toil proud cities rose,
 And brightest marble deck'd each sacred fane.

N O T E S.

THE subject of this ode is well illustrated by Dr. Blackwell in his *Memoirs of the Court of Augustus*. "The steps," (says he) "by which a change in the Roman character was wrought, began, as may be easily conceived, with the things that bore the greatest resemblance to their former manners. They first gave into magnificence. It had been from the beginning admitted into their public works. Their capital, their aqueducts, their great caufeways, and even their sewers, though all works of the first ages of Rome, being not unworthy of its most powerful period. But now the public buildings were neglected, and not magnificence but profusion stole into their villas and private buildings." Vol. i. p. 136. Horace, in other places, reprehends this extravagance. See Ode xviii. of this book, and Ode i. of book iii.

(a) The Lucrine Bay is thus described by the last mentioned author :

"When, sailing from Cumæ southward, you turn the Cape of Miseno, under the very point of the promontory, is a road for ships, after which the shore embays to an immense depth. Here stands Baïæ and the hot springs used for health and luxury. Within this is the Lucrine Bay, and again within it the Averno, which renders the land lying between it and Miseno a peninsula all the way to Cumæ. The Averno is a deep bay at the very bank, with a narrow mouth, having
 " the

" the size and shape of a vast haven, but was of no use as a
 " port, because the Lucrine, full of shoals and breaks, lay
 " between it and the open sea." Vol. ii. p. 439, 440. It
 was, however, as he afterwards states, rendered useful as a
 harbour by the exertions of Agrippa.

In the year 1538 an earthquake raised a new mountain,
 (called Cynere) and left no remains of the Lucrine lake, ex-
 cept a muddy marsh with a bed of reeds. Delph. ed.

(b) The plane is called barren, in opposition to the elm,
 which, as well as the poplar, was *married* (as the poets termed
 it) to the vine, whereas the plane was adapted only to plea-
 sure, on account of its extensive shade. Dac. See the second
 epode.

(c) Dacier's interpretation of this passage is, " that the
 " laws suffered no man to despise the conquered land allotted
 " to him." This destroys the opposition that seems to be
 meant between that and the concluding passage. It is translated
 here according to the sense given to it by most of the com-
 mentators.

(d) " This passage," says Dacier, " shews what is the
 " principal subject of this ode. Horace praises the laws of
 " the ancient Romans, in order that this praise may light on
 " Augustus, who had not only repaired many of the publick
 " buildings in Rome, but built several temples."

This is, perhaps, going too far; but an oblique compli-
 ment might be meant, as well as a hint to the great and wealthy
 Romans to follow so good an example; as, in one of his sa-
 tires, he asks them,

" quare
 " Templa ruunt antiqua deum?

O

ODE

O D E XVI.

On contentment.

WHEN the dark horrors that deform
Th' (a) Ægean deep, portend a storm,
 When o'er the boisterous seas
No more mild Luna cheers the night,
Nor stars display their friendly light,
 The sailor prays for ease.

For ease (b) the warlike Thracian train,
The quiver'd Parthians pray, in vain:
 Their vows are lost in wind:
For, (c) Grosphus, know, not purple dye,
Nor gold, nor radiant gems, can buy
 That treasure of the mind.

No wealth, alas! could e'er efface,
Not e'en (d) the Lictor's rod can chase
 Those terrors that molest,

When

When angry cares, with piercing cry,
Round the high vaulted palace fly,
And rend the tortur'd breast.

By him is life's true bliss explor'd,
Whom at his lov'd (e) paternal board
Plain competence delights ;
Whom no intemperate passions fire,
Nor anxious fear, nor base desire,
Disturb his peaceful nights.

Why dart our thoughts through distant time ?
Why madly roam from clime to clime ?
Who from himself can fly ?
(f) Care hovers o'er the outstretch'd fail,
Fleet as the courser, or the gale,
When tempests sweep the sky.

A cheerful temper can employ
Whate'er is giv'n of present joy,
Nor future ills foreknow ;
With smiles the cares of life allays,
Well conscious that no mortal days
Were e'er exempt from woe.

Snatch'd in his glory's brightest bloom,
Achilles found an early tomb :

 Tho' blest with heavenly love,
Sunk in decay Tithonus lies.
Thus, what blind fate to thee denies,
 My humbler lot may prove.

For thee, unnumber'd flocks are fed ;
For thee, Sicilian herds are bred :
 The neighing steeds that bear
Thy gilded chariot, threat the sky :
'Tis thine, twice dipp'd in (g) Afric's dye,
 The gaudy robe to wear.

To me a rustick farm, whose scope
Suffices to my utmost hope,
 Kind fortune has allow'd ;
Has given a slight poetick vein,
That joys to wake the lyrick strain,
 And scorns the envious crowd.

N O T E S.

“ THE design of this ode” (Mr. Duncombe justly observes) “ is briefly to shew, that tranquillity, the object of
“ all men's wishes, is not to be purchased by wealth and ho-
“ nours, but merely by restraining our desires.”

Dacier

Dacier had a notion, that it was written when Augustus had declared an intention to resign the reins of government and retire, and when, on that account, the blessings of rest were a common topick at Rome. This conjecture is vague and unsupported by any thing in the ode itself, which (as Sanadon has properly observed) applies, not to the *external* ease that is gained by quitting publick business, but to philosophical ease and tranquillity of *mind*. Still less can we accede to the conjecture which has lately appeared in print, that this ode was written to ridicule Tiberius during his voluntary exile at Rhodes. The general complexion and stile of the poem (which is serious and moral) contradicts such an idea; and very few of the passages will, by any straining, admit of such an application. Horace seems to have been always on good terms with Tiberius, and his epistles to and relating to that prince appear to have been some of his latest productions. Even had the poet been base enough to insult him, there is no reason to think he was so far disgraced as that Augustus would be pleased with it. According to the old *Life of Horace*, ascribed to Suetonius, it appears most likely, that he died before the retreat of Tiberius to Rhodes: and in the same work it is strongly implied, that the three first books of Odes were published some years before the death of our poet.

The fine strain of morality that runs through this ode has produced several imitations of it by our own poets; that of Hughes (which may be found in the late edition of the poets, vol. xxxi. p. 103.) has been justly admired. There is also a very good anonymous one in the fifth volume of the miscellaneous poems published by Nicholl, and one in a more ludicrous style by Soame Jenyns (in the same collection, vol. lxxiii. p. 271.) The translator has lately seen one equal, at least, in merit, and far more interesting by its peculiar circumstances than the others; it was written by a great and distinguished

character of the present time, off the Cape of Good Hope, during his passage home from India.

(a) The Ægean sea is that part of the Mediterranean which extends between Turkey in Europe and Natolia, from the strait of the Dardanelles to the island of Canadia. San.

(b) The delights of quiet, or ease, cannot be more strongly painted than by saying, that even the most warlike and restless nations pray for it.

(c) This seems to be the same Pompeius Grosphus, of whom Horace speaks in the first book of Epistles, Epist. xii.

(d) The office and duty of the Roman lictors are well known. When they were ordered to clear away the crowd for the consuls to pass, a particular form of words seems to have been used, (*I, licitor, summove turbam*) which Horace here applies to the removal of care; a happiness of expression that cannot be transfused into another language by translation. Soame Jenyns has very well imitated it thus:

Who thinks that from the speaker's chair
The serjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rously mistaken:
Alas! he is not half so blest
As they who've poverty and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

(e) Here also a beauty in the original is unavoidably lost in a translation. Horace says, "*whose paternal saltcellar shines on his humble board.*" The ancients, it seems, considered salt as sacred, and thought it consecrated the table by being placed there.

there. The expression, therefore, of "*a paternal saltfeller*" is used to signify a plain and frugal diet, like that of the old Romans. Delph. ed.

(f) Horace seems fond of these images of care; we find them combined nearly in the same terms in the first ode of lib. iii.

This passage is beautifully imitated in the anonymous poem (before mentioned) in Nicholl's collection :

" Cares, rapid as a whirlwind's force,
 " Outfly the deer, outrun the horse;
 " Round the bright coronet they twine;
 " They sparkle in the sprightly wine;
 " They taint the fragrance of the breeze;
 " They whisper through the waving trees;
 " And, where the gilded streamers fly,
 " They swell the breast, and prompt the sigh."

(g) The purple, so highly valued by the ancients, was produced from an oyster then found in the African seas, but now no longer known. Dac.

O D E XVII.

He comforts Mæcenas, when weak and dejected after a severe illness, and declares his resolution not long to survive him.

FORBEAR, forbear the mournful sigh,
 Mæcenas, spare thy wretched friend!
 Can heaven permit thee first to die,
 On whom my fame, my life depend?

Alas! should swift, relentless fate
 Tear thee from my devoted heart,
 Why should I bear this mortal weight,
 Robb'd of my soul's far dearer part?

Hear, then, my firm resolve! that day
 Not thou alone shalt yield thy breath:
 Associates through the mournful way,
 We'll trace the dreary paths of death.

Not

Not Gyas with his hundred hands,
Not fierce Chimæra, shall affright
My steady soul, or rend the bands
That justice and the fates unite.

Whate'er (*a*) the sign that rul'd my hour
Of birth, and waits me to the grave,
Libra, (*b*) or Capricorn's dread power,
Stern tyrant of the Hesperian wave ;

Our stars with kindred influence shine :
Thee (*c*) mighty Jove's effulgent fire,
With guardian power, with aid benign,
Redeem'd from fatan's baleful ire.

To heaven submissive, winged fate
Her pennons dropp'd, content to spare,
When the (*d*) throng'd theatre elate
Thrice with loud plaudits rent the air.

Me, with dire force the falling oak
Had crush'd to an untimely end ;
But (*e*) Faunus lighten'd the fell stroke,
Faunus the poet's faithful friend.

Come

Come, then, the sacred victim slay,
 With pomp thy votive temple raise;
 An humble lamb my vows shall pay,
 Fit off'ring of my grateful praise.

N O T E S.

THIS ode seems to have been written after the thirteenth of this book, and perhaps (as Dacier supposes) after the eighth of the third book, since that ode has the appearance of describing the first anniversary of his escape from the fall of the tree, and this speaks of that event indefinitely, or rather as having happened some time before.

The occasion of this affectionate address to his patron is supposed to be this: Mæcenas, oppressed by low spirits and weak from a recent illness, had vented himself in complaints to our poet, and expressed an apprehension of, or perhaps a wish for, death. The attachment expressed by Horace on this occasion, does still more honour to his feelings as a man, than the composition itself does to his genius as a poet. It is said, Mæcenas had a perpetual fever, which wasted him gradually for more than sixty years. This may be true of his general constitution, but it seems clear from this ode, (and, perhaps, also from the twentieth of the first book) that he had been particularly and dangerously ill before this was written.

(a) The ancients had great faith in judicial astrology. It is observed by Dacier, that Horace, not being of the same age as Mæcenas, could not say he was born under *the same star*. He, therefore, makes their stars agree as nearly as possible.

(b) In

(b) In the division the ancients made of the earth, in order to assign the different parts to different signs and constellations, they gave to the Capricorn all the west, which Horace here means by Hesperia. He calls that sign "the tyrant of the Hesperian wave," because it was supposed to excite the storms that prevail in those seas. Dac.

(c) The planet of Jupiter was supposed to have a benign and that of Saturn a malignant aspect.

(d) See the twentieth ode of the first book. Sanadon supposes, contrary to the general opinion, that the applause given to Mæcenas was not on his recovery from illness, but on an escape from some accident. But surely, had that been the case, there would have been somewhere more particular mention made of it by Horace, as well as of his own escape. He would scarcely have lost so good an opportunity of complimenting his beloved patron and friend. The agreement between their stars seems sufficient, without such a supposition, for a poetical effusion like this; and the epithet of *winged* is so frequently given to death, that no inference seems to arise from thence that it relates to a sudden accident.

(e) See the thirteenth ode of this book. The rural deity, Faunus, was deemed a protector of poets. See Ode xvii. lib. i. and Ode xviii. lib. iii.

O D E XVIII.

Against luxury and rapacity.

NO sumptuous dwelling is my boast,
 Where splendid gold, or polish'd ivory gleams ;
 Nor, fought from Africk's farthest coast,
 The marble column props (*a*) Hymettian beams :
 Nor would I act the (*b*) intruding heir,
 And seize great Attalus's rich domains,
 Nor, spun by noble matrons, wear
 The cloth that bright Laconian (*c*) purple stains.
 Unfulfilled faith is my best store ;
 With her a vein of poetry was given :
 Courted by wealth, what need I more ?
 What nobler boon has kind propitious heaven ?
 All-powerful though my friend to give,
 I ask no farther bounties from his hand,
 Content in sweet repose to live
 On the sole produce of my Sabine land.
 (*d*) Day treads on day with rapid pace ;
 Moons hasten to their wane by nature's doom ;
 Whilst thou prepar'st the column's base
 To rear thy palace, heedless of thy tomb ;

Whilst

Whilst thy vast piles, with ceaseless toil,
Rise (e) where on Baia's land the ocean roars,
And fickle lux'ry scorns the soil
Of the firm continent's extended shores.

What, though thy avarice burst each bound,
Oppress the poor, the weak, compell'd to yield,
O'erthrow the land-mark, leap the mound,
And drive the peasant from his only field,

(f) Whilst the sad pair to exile go,
Forc'd by stern power to seek some new abodes,
And clasp, in deep despairing woe,

Their infant race, their lov'd paternal gods ;
Yet, at the dread appointed hour,

Rapacious death spreads wide his palace gate,
And grasps thee by his fatal power,

To none more certain than the wealthy great.

Why seek'st thou more ? impartial earth
Yields to the rich and poor an equal grave.

Nor Charon, lur'd by gold or birth,
(g) Bore back Prometheus o'er the Stygian wave.

His power can curb the haughty race
Of Tantalus in hell's eternal chain :

Call'd or uncall'd, he speeds his pace
To free the wretch from poverty and pain.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is purely moral, and was written against the luxury and avarice of the Romans. In some MS. it is addressed to Varus; but this seems to be a mistake, arising from some person having entitled it "*Ad Avaros*," "*To the covetous*." Dac.

(a) Hymettus was a mountain in Attica. Some critics have proposed an alteration, in order to make the *beams* African, and the *columns* Hymettian. But both places, Dr. Foster observed, were famous for marble and fine wood. MS.

(b) By the "*intruding heir*" some suppose Horace to insinuate a reproach on the Roman people, who had seized the inheritance of Attalus, king of Pergamus, devised to them by his will. But it is more probable, as Dacier observes, that he alludes to the claim set up against them by Aristonicus. The story is briefly this: There were two kings of Pergamus called Attalus; the first was brother to Eumenes, the latter his son. This last succeeded his uncle in the kingdom, and, after a reign of five years, on the approach of death, named the Roman people for his heir. But Aristonicus, the natural son of Eumenes, claiming to be of the blood royal, levied an army, seized on the kingdom of Pergamus, and defeated the Prætor, Licinius Crassus, who had been sent against him by the Romans. At the end of four years, however, having been defeated, first by Perpenna, and afterwards by Aquilius, Roman consuls, he was put to death. Delph. ed.

(c) The dye that produced this kind of purple was drawn from a shell-fish caught in the gulf of Laconia, between the promontory of Malia and that of Tænarus. Dac.

(d) This

(*d*) This passage is imitated in Dr. Young's tragedy of "the Revenge," but is applied there in a different manner :

" Day buries day, month month, and year the year ;

" Our life is but a chain of many deaths :

" Can then death's self be feared ?"

(*e*) " The earth of Puzzuola," says Mr. Addison (speaking of the country about Baia) " immediately hardens in the water ; " and, after lying in it a little, looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace has elegantly described it more than once." Trav. p. 146. See also Ode i. and xxiv. of lib. iii.

(*f*) Goldsmith seems to have had this passage in his mind when he wrote those beautiful lines in his *Deserted Village* that describe the peasant and his family driven from their home by the modern practice of uniting farms and inclosing commons. The lines, which are beautiful, and a great improvement on the original, would suffer by a partial extract. Most readers of poetry will, however, recollect them.

(*g*) From the manner in which Prometheus is introduced here, one cannot but suspect an allusion is meant to some poem or play, now lost, in which Prometheus was represented as attempting to bribe Charon to carry him back.

O D E XIX.

In praise of Bacchus.

THEE, mighty Bacchus, thee I view'd
 Teaching the secret rocks among,
 Whilst the fair nymphs, the satyrs rude,
 With ears erect, stood listening to thy song.

Ev'n now sweet horror thrills my veins,
 Tumultuous joys that scorn controul.
 (a) Spare, oh dread power! these rapturous pains,
 Nor with fierce transport overwhelm my soul.

Mine be the ever joyous theme
 Thy frantick Bacchants to invoke,
 (b) Thy sacred fount, thy milky stream,
 Thy honey pouring from the hollow oak.

The (c) glories of thy beauteous bride
 Rais'd to the starry heavens, I sing,
 (d) And Pentheus lost by impious pride,
 And (e) the dire ruin of the Thracian king.

To

To guide the rivers' course is thine,
 To smooth wild seas, with sportive care,
 'Midst lonely rocks, though moist with wine,
 To braid with harmless snakes the Bacchant's hair.

Thou, when the impious giants strove
 To climb Jove's seat, and scorn'd his laws,
 Hurl'd back fell Rhætus from above,
 Arm'd with a lion's teeth and horrid claws.

Though sportive jests thy soul delight,
 The choral dance and beauty's charms,
 Thou ne'er declin'dst the martial fight,
 Joyous in gentle peace, or terrible in arms.

(f) E'en Cerberus, by thee inspir'd,
 (g) Thy golden horn advanc'd to greet,
 And, as thy graceful steps retir'd.
 Wagg'd his huge tail, and harmless lick'd thy feet.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is deemed by Dacier one of the finest in Horace. It is supposed to be an imitation of the Greek dithyrambs, which were odes in honour of Bacchus, in which greater boldness of thought and expression was allowed than in any other species of poetry.

P

In

In his notes on this ode, Dacier takes pains to shew that most of the fables respecting Bacchus have been copied from events in the history of Moses. The annotator in the Delphin edition applies them mostly to Noah, taking Moses and Joshua into the account, wherever it seemed convenient.

That some of the heathen fables might be copied from the truths recorded in the Old Testament, is not improbable, but no complete parallel of character can be formed without an overstrained and fanciful refinement. Dr. Francis, in a very sensible note on this ode, objects to these frequent parallels between sacred history and fable, on strong and just grounds.

(a) Gray, in his celebrated ode, "The Bard," seems to have had this passage in view in the line "*Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!*" Most of the commentators, indeed, give somewhat a different sense to this passage in Horace, and tell us, it is a supplication of the poet to Bacchus not to punish him for revealing his mysteries. But, with submission, it seems rather to be an entreaty to the god not to overwhelm the powers of a mortal by the glorious sight he had beheld.

(b) Horace here alludes to the miracles said to have been wrought by Bacchus and his followers. They are thus described by Euripides in his *Bacchantes*: "One of the Bacchantes seizing her thyrsus, struck it against a rock, from which immediately issued a spring of water; another cast her rod against the ground, and it produced a fountain of wine. As many as desired white drink, digging the earth with their fingers, had streams of milk; and sweet honey flowed from their ivy-bound thyrsus." Dac. Duncombe.

(c) The story of Ariadne being deserted by Theseus, and becoming the wife of Bacchus, is familiarly known. The god is said to have placed her crown amongst the stars.

(d) Pen-

(*d*) Pentheus, having reviled and persecuted Bacchus, was, at the instigation of the god, torn to pieces by his mother and aunt. The story is related at length in the third book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

(*e*) Lycurgus, king of Thrace, having (to prevent drunkenness) caused all the vines in his kingdom to be destroyed, was, on that account, slain by Bacchus, or, as some say, deprived of his sight by Jupiter. *Dac.*

(*f*) This alludes to a fable of Bacchus's having gone to the shades below to bring back Ariadne, or, some say, his mother.

(*g*) Different reasons have been given why Bacchus is described with a horn. Some say, it is because drunken men, like wild bulls, strike every one they meet; others because Bacchus first yoked oxen to the plough; and Dacier, to preserve his parallel with Moses, thinks the horn expresses brightness or splendour. But why should it not be a cornucopia, or emblem of plenty?

O D E XX.

*He exults in the success of his poetry, and anticipates
immortality.*

(a) **BORNE** on no flight, no common wing,
Elate I cleave th' æthereal plain ;
Towering with (b) double form I sing,
And spurn pale envy's grov'ling reign.

Though humbly born, (c) thy honour'd friend,
Mæcenæ, fears no vulgar grave,
Shall ne'er to death's stern empire bend,
But 'scape th' oblivious Stygian wave.

Behold my alter'd limbs below,
A new, a rougher coat invest :
Above a milk-white swan I grow,
And downy plumes adorn my breast.

Far (d) swifter than the Icarian flight
My wings shall waft me to the roar
(e) Of Bosphorus, my song delight
The northern realms, the Syrtes' shore.

Me,

Me, Colchos, me the Dacian foe
 (f) That braves the Roman arms, shall own,
 My verse (g) the learn'd Iberian know,
 And (h) he who quaffs the rapid Rhone.

Let, then, no tear my memory stain,
 That crown'd by laurel'd fame shall bloom!
 Hence with the sad funereal strain!
 And spare the needless honours of a tomb.

N O T E S.

SCALIGER, with great justice, pronounces this ode to be highly spirited, and worthy of the genius of Horace. The time when it was written is uncertain; but certainly it was subsequent to many of the others; as Horace must have acquired great fame before he assured himself of immortality.

Great pains have been taken by Dacier and Sanadon to apologize for the apparent vanity of the poet. But nothing is more common in the ancient writers (Homer excepted) than such a display of their own merits and success. Ovid, at the conclusion of his *Metamorphoses*, goes as far in this respect as Horace; and even the modest Virgil occasionally intimates a consciousness of his own excellence. Of all poets, perhaps, Horace had the greatest reason to rejoice in the effects of his writings. Born, as he himself has told us, in almost the lowest rank in life, deprived of his little property by the civil wars, his poetical talents not only raised him from this forlorn condition to competence and comfort, but secured him the friendship of every great and good character in the most polished age of the first nation upon earth, To exult in a degree of good fortune

fortune so seldom experienced by the votaries of the Muse, will not surely be deemed an unpardonable vanity; nor can his prophecies of still more extensive fame be deemed presumptuous by us, who have seen them so fully accomplished.

"The true sense of this ode," (says Mr. Duncombe) "seems to be no more than this: Horace tells Mæcenas, that, though descended from obscure parents, yet, since Mæcenas had honoured him with his friendship, and treated him with so much tenderness and affection, he was above envy, and secure of immortality." This observation seems perfectly just as to one passage, the meaning of which has been much disputed, and which shall be noticed in its place; but, if applied to the whole ode, it seems to be carried too far. Horace surely exults not only in the approbation of Mæcenas, but in the general applause of his country.

(a) The transformation with which this ode begins is a noble and truly lyric fiction. Poets have often been compared to swans; but Horace goes a step farther, and paints himself as metamorphosed into one.

(b) The "*double form*" has been by some applied to the two different kinds of writing in which Horace excelled, viz. the lyric and satiric. But the better opinion seems to be, that, as Horace is speaking of himself at the moment of his transformation, he only means that he is "half man, half swan." Delph. ed.

(c) The learned reader will perceive that Dacier's interpretation is followed here. Sanadon's objection to it is founded on a misstatement of Dacier's meaning; for he does not make the poet say, "I am poor, I am your favourite, *however* I shall never die," but "I am of humble parents, *yet, as you* call me your friend, I shall never die." Horace was not

likely,

likely, amidst the raptures of this ode, to stoop to any mention of the illiberal calumnies that had been spread by his enemies. Dr. Bentley's alteration (of *vocas* to *vocant*) seems therefore unnecessary.

(d) Dr. Bentley proposes a reading (tutior) which would change the sense to "*more safely*."

(e) The Thracian Bosphorus seems to be meant here; which is said to *roar*, on account of the noise its waters make, being pent up in a strait." Dac.

(f) This character of braving the Roman arms is applied, by Dacier and Sanadon, to the Parthians, who are not mentioned by name here; but there seems to be no reason why it should not mean the Dacians; and that is surely the most natural construction of the sentence.

(g) At this time learning was only beginning to flourish in Spain, which afterwards produced Seneca and other great writers. Horace therefore, perhaps, means to say, the Spaniard, *when become learned*, shall taste his works,

(h) The people of Gaul,

END OF LIB. II,

ODES OF HORACE.

LIB. III.

ODES OF HORACE

LIB. III.

O D E S, &c.

L I B. III.

O D E I.

*On the vanity of expensive living, and the blessings of
contentment.*

HENCE, ye profane! the Muse requires
Th' observant ear, (a) the silent tongue :
Her sacred priest (b) a novel strain inspires ;
To (c) youths and tender maids he tunes the song.

Kings rule their (d) subject flocks ; great Jove
O'er kings themselves his reign extends,
Who (e) hurl'd the rebel giants from above ;
(f) At whose majestick nod all nature bends.

(g) Some

(g) Some spread plantations o'er the earth
 In wider range : some build their claim
 To publick honours on (h) illustrious birth ;
 Some on the juster ground of well-earn'd fame :

On some (i) a crowd of clients wait.
 Yet, ah ! stern fate, with equal doom,
 Shakes in its ample urn the poor, the great,
 Destin'd alike to fill the silent tomb.

When (k) the suspended sword alarms
 The trembling tyrant's guilty breast,
 In vain Sicilian dainties spread their charms,
 In vain would musick soothe his soul to rest :

Rest, gentle rest, whose lenient power
 Deigns to relieve the peasant's cares,
 Lovesthe smooth verdant bank, the o'ershadowing bower,
 And Tempe fann'd by soft refreshing airs.

The man, whose temperance checks desire
 Fears not when angry billows rise,
 Nor when th' Arcturus, with declining fire,
 Or rising goat, forebode inclement skies,

Nor

Nor when the hail's destructive force,
 Dash'd o'er the vines, his farm assails,
 When mourn his plants the flood's impetuous course,
 The summer's heat; or winter's boist'rous gales.

(l) See where projecting moles invade
 The finny natives of the main!
 The builders toil! the massy piles are laid
 For the proud lord that scorns earth's wide domain!

Yet mark what threat'ning ills attend
 Th' unhappy lord's ill-fated course!
 (m) Care climbs his vessel if the sail he bend;
 Care vaults behind whene'er he mounts the horse.

If marble, brought from Phrygia's shore,
 If purple brighter than the stars,
 Rich wines and Persian ointments, want the power
 To calm the sorrowing heart's intestine wars,

Why should I raise the envied dome
 On tow'ring columns, idly vain?
 (n) Why change the quiet of my Sabine home
 For wealth, the fruits of toils, the source of pain?

NOTES.

N O T E S.

IT has been justly remarked, that this and the fourth book contain the greatest number of odes distinguished for their elegance or sublimity. They were chiefly composed towards the latter end of Horace's life, when mature judgement united with genius in bringing his writings to perfection.

The first stanza of this moral ode is supposed by Sanadon to belong to the *Carmen Seculare*, and is accordingly prefixed by him to that poem as a prologue. This hypothesis rests on the supposed internal evidence alone. It will be treated of more fully in the notes on the *Carmen Seculare*. In the mean time it may be sufficient to observe, with Mr. Duncombe, that the secular games were celebrated professedly for the amusement of the people, who were invited to them by publick proclamation. It is therefore highly improbable that Horace should begin an ode for that occasion by declaring his detestation of the vulgar, and forbidding them to approach, which are the literal terms of the original.

(a) This is translated, according to the usual interpretation, as calling for silence; but possibly it may be a request for approbation or applause.

(b) Dacier and Sanadon apply the expressions of the original, which are "strains unheard before," to the *Carmen Seculare*; and the latter makes it one of the arguments for his hypothesis respecting that poem. But surely the poet may be rather supposed to allude to the circumstance of which he had so much reason to be proud, namely, that he had introduced this noble species of poetry amongst the Romans. Although this ode was probably a late composition, yet his being the first Roman lyric

lyrick poet may well warrant, in a poetical sense, the expression of "strains unheard before."

(c) The mention of youths and virgins is considered by Sannodon as a decisive proof that this stanza formed a part of the *Carmen Seculare*. On the other hand, it is observed, Horace might address them particularly, on account of this and many of the succeeding odes, being of a moral tendency.

(d) The beautiful comparison of a king to a shepherd seems to have become familiar as early at least as the time of Homer, who uses the term "shepherd of his people" as synonymous to king. It is also a frequent simile in the sacred writings.

"The object of Horace in this passage," says Dacier, "is to shew that true happiness depends neither on honours nor riches: he therefore begins with kings themselves, who seem to be above all, and yet are subject to a ruler, like the meanest of their subjects."

(e) This was a frequent topick of the heathen poets in praising Jupiter. It does not indeed give us a very exalted idea of a supreme deity, that he had merely conquered giants, but to divinities so little removed above mankind as the heathens represented theirs, it was no mean achievement.

(f) This alludes to the celebrated description in the first book of the *Iliad*, thus admirably translated by Pope:

—"He spoke, and awful bent his fable brows,
 "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 "The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
 "High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
 "And all Olympus to the center shook."

(g) The

(g) The scope of the argument is, that we should not imagine those to be happier than ourselves who enjoy greater estates, higher offices, or more splendid palaces: for none of these advantages can protect them from death, who sweeps away all. This sentiment is to be found in many passages of Horace, varied by his polished elegance of expression. Delph. ed.

(b) Many persons seem to have obtained public offices in the gift of the Roman people with no other recommendation than that of birth. This was carrying the regard for nobility too far; but it shews that even the populace of that high-spirited and sensible nation respected the distinctions of rank, and thought a partiality for the descendants of their ancient heroes tended to the encouragement of public virtue.

(i) Romulus," (says Dr. Kennet) "to bind the two degrees of patricians and plebeians more firmly together, recommended to the patricians some of the plebeians to protect and countenance; the former being stiled *patroni*, and the latter *clientes*. The patrons were always their clients' counsellors in difficult cases, their advocates in judgements, in short, their advisers and overseers in all affairs whatever. On the other side, the clients faithfully served their patrons, not only paying them all imaginable respect and deference, but, if occasion required, assisting them with money towards the defraying of any extraordinary charges." Rom. Ant. Part iii. lib. iii. cap. i. Perhaps this institution of clientship was one of the greatest preservatives of the Roman constitution. The violent conflicts between the two orders, which so often convulsed the state, would probably have soon overthrown it, had not political hostility been mitigated by personal connexion.

(k) The

(k) This alludes to the well-known story of the tyrant Dionysius causing one of his flatterers, Damocles, who had complimented him on his happiness, to be feasted with splendour and profusion, but to sit all the time under a drawn sword suspended by a thread, in order to prove how little satisfaction the highest luxuries can afford when enjoyed amidst constant dangers. Dacier seems right in supposing Horace means to apply the expression *impia ceruice*, (guilty neck) not to Damocles, who was guilty of no crime but that of flattering the tyrant, but to Dionysius himself, whom Horace considers as in the danger to which he exposed Damocles, and which he meant as a representation of his own.

(l) See Ode xv. and xviii. of lib. ii. in which Horace paints more at large the extravagance of the Romans in their buildings.

(m) See Ode xvi, lib. ii. the same images of care in nearly the same words.

(n) There seems to be no doubt of the poet's sincerity in this declaration, as his intimate friendship with Mæcenas, and the favour shewn him by Augustus, would have enabled him, had he wished it, to have amassed a much larger fortune.

O D E II.

In praise of publick virtue, military and civil.

TRAIN, oh my friends! the youth in valour's course;
 Teach him abstemious want to know,
 (a) To rein the proud impetuous horse,
 And charge with vengeful spear the Parthian foe,

Enured to toil, and terrible in arms,
 (b) Him shall the royal dame descry
 From hostile towers, with wild alarms;
 Whilst trembling virgins heave the mournful sigh,

"Ah! let not my ill-fated lord," (she cries)
 "Unskill'd the martial strife to wage,
 "Bid the dread lion's fury rise,
 "Provok'd to fell revenge and slaughtering rage!"

Fame, sweetly-soothing fame, attends the brave,
 Who for their country fall in fight;
 No care the coward's life can save;
 Death, winged death, arrests his dastard flight.

Virtue

Virtue defeated no dishonour knows,
 But shines alike at every hour,
 (c) Nor, as the popular gale bestows,
 Assumes or yields the ensigns of her pow'r ;

She points a radiant track to deathless worth,
 That dares all meaner paths despise,
 Spurns the vile crowd, the ignoble earth,
 And soars with active pinion to the skies.

On sacred silence, too, let praise attend :
 (d) Who dares great Ceres' rites profane,
 Ne'er shall my roof receive the friend,
 Ne'er will I tempt with him the boisterous main.

For oft, neglected by man's impious race,
 Jove blends the guiltless with th' unjust :
 Vengeance, with slow but steady pace,
 O'ertakes the flying wretch, and whelms him in the dust.

N O T E S.

" THE object of Horace," (says Dacier) " is to recom-
 mend valour, virtue, and silence ; the first as necessary for
 war, the second for peace, and the third for religion. Thus
 this ode has three parts, which follow each other in natural
 order. There is no circumstance which enables us to judge

Q 2

" when

“ when it was written. The third line (fourth in the translation) only enables us to conjecture, it was before the Parthian king had made peace with Augustus. At the time of that peace Horace was forty-six years old.”

(a) The object here seems to be, “ to recommend the training of a body of horse, able to make head against the Parthians, who had often defeated the Romans by their superiority in cavalry. In Horace’s time the military spirit had greatly declined amongst the higher orders, of whom chiefly the Roman cavalry was composed. This appears to be an attempt to revive it.

(b) The poet had probably in view the passage in the *Iliad*, where the Trojan dames are represented as viewing the Grecian army from the ramparts. *Dac.*

(c) In this passage, as has been observed, the doctrine of the stoicks is adopted, viz. “ that the wise and good man is never a private person, but always a magistrate or public officer. It is also nobly enforced in Ode ix. of lib. iv.

(d) The poet speaks here of the festival instituted in honour of Ceres at Eleusis, a small town of Attica. The Greeks had no ceremony where a profound silence was so religiously observed: for not only those who published the mysteries of it, but such as listened to or heard them, were punished with death. It was held criminal to have any commerce with him who had once profaned them; no one would lodge or sail in the same vessel with one who was known to have been guilty of this crime. *Dac. Duncombe.*

The reader may see much curious learning respecting the Eleusinian mysteries in Warburton’s Dissertation on sixth book of the *Aeneid*, inserted (from the Divine Legation) in Dr. Warton’s edition of Virgil.

ODE

O D E III.

*On the reception of Romulus into heaven Juno is represented
as prophesying the future greatness of the Romans, pro-
vided they do not attempt to rebuild Troy.*

THE (a) just, who firmly keeps his destin'd course,
No (b) tyrant's threat'ning frowns controul,
No crowd's unjust demands can force,
Or shake the steady purpose of his soul.

Though tempests sweep the main, and o'er the sky
Dread lightnings dart at Jove's commands,
Though nature whelm'd in ruin lie,
Dauntless amidst the wreck of worlds he stands.

Exalted thus the twins of Leda shine,
Alcides reach'd the blest abodes ;
Near whom Augustus shall recline,
And quaff with roseate lip the nectar of the gods.

Q 3

Thus,

Thus, borne by untam'd tygers, Bacchus soars,
By virtue rais'd to glory's height :
Rome's founder thus, from Stygian shores,
Sprung in his father's car to realms of light.

- (b) Then to the assembl'd gods in milder strain
Great Juno spoke : “ (c) Troy, source of strife,
“ Troy's hated bulwarks strew the plain
“ Raz'd by the adulterous judge, the foreign wife :
“ (d) Since first the chief of that perfidious state
“ Deceiv'd the gods, who claim'd their meed,
“ To mine and chaste Minerva's hate
“ Consign'd, their doom was fix'd, their fall decreed.
“ No more the faithless guest of Sparta charms,
“ With soft alluring graces bright,
“ Nor Priam's race by Hector's arms,
“ Repels the martial Greeks, and foils them in the fight,
“ No more celestial broils suspend its fate.
“ Then let my just resentment cease :
“ To Mars I yield my deadly hate,
“ And greet his offspring with the smile of peace.

“ Yes ;

" Yes; let him enter! our distinguish'd guest!

" Drain with glad lips the nectar'd bowl,

" Partake the joys of endless rest

" With the bright inmates of the starry pole :

" 'Twixt mighty Rome and Troy's ill-fated shore,

" Whilst rages the dissevering main,

" May the blest exiles, firm in power,

" Wide o'er the subject-world extend their reign :

" (d) Whilst in the tombs of Priam's haughty line,

" Secure the forest savage breeds,

" May Rome's aspiring temples shine,

" (e) Her sovereign laws restrain the conquer'd Medes :

" May her dread name its awful influence boast,

" Where the mid sea alternate laves

" Fam'd Europe's shores, rich Africk's coast,

" Where Nilus swells with fertilizing waves ;

" (f) More truly great, whilst yet she dares despise

" Gold in the depths of earth confin'd,

" Than should she grasp the fatal prize,

" And spread the mischief to corrupt mankind.

" Where'er the earth's extremeſt bounds are known,

" Still let her conquering banners fly,

" Prevail beneath the fiery zone,

" And where tempeſtuous clouds deform the ſky.

" Yet, mark the limits of this glorious doom !

" Should vain attempts her pow'r employ,

" Should her falſe piety perfume

" To rear the bulwarks of her parent Troy,

" Troy's greatneſs, riſing in a luckleſs hour,

" Again diſaſtrous horrors wait :

" Jove's queen ſhall lead the hoſtile pow'r

" Again to whelm her in the gulph of fate.

" Thrice ſhould her walls, by Phœbus' aid, ariſe,

" Thrice ſhould my conquering Greeks deface,

" Thrice ſhould the captive matron's cries

" Deplore her ſlaughter'd lord, her ruin'd race."

(g) But ceaſe the daring ſtrain, preſumptuous Muſe !

Ceaſe heavenly councils to rehearſe :

Henceforth a joyous ſubject chuſe ;

Nor leſſen themes divine by feeble verſe.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THIS ode, Dr. Johnson observes, " could, for many ages, please only by splendid images and swelling language, till Le Fèvre, by shewing on what occasion it was written, changed wonder into rational delight." Adventurer, No. 58.

Criticism may, indeed, justly boast of Le Fèvre's conjecture, which is founded, at least, on strong probability; and is the only mode yet devised by which one of the most sublime compositions of Horace can be rendered clear and interesting. The hypothesis of Le Fèvre is grounded on a passage of Suetonius, who says, that " a short time before Julius Cæsar's death, a strong report prevailed, that he intended to remove the seat of empire to Alexandria, or Troy, having transferred thither all the wealth of the empire, and exhausted Italy by levies of men." As the Julian family prided themselves much on their supposed descent from *Iulus*, the son of *Æneas*, it seemed probable that Troy would have been the object of his preference. No step could have been more unpopular at Rome, or more likely to accelerate the decline of the empire, as was afterwards proved on the removal of the seat of government to Constantinople. Augustus having been adopted into the Julian family, and become heir to Julius Cæsar, it is therefore probable, that similar apprehensions might be entertained of him as soon as he was fixed in the supreme power. Upon these premises Le Fèvre's ingenious conjecture is founded. Sanadon has added from Strabo some circumstances to support it, namely, that both Julius and Augustus Cæsar shewed a strong partiality for Troy; the former rebuilt it, the latter sent a colony there, and both endowed it with great privileges: Augustus even restored to the Trojans a fine statue of Ajax, which had been taken from them by

Anthony. These circumstances, combined with the internal evidence of the ode itself, have satisfied most of the readers and admirers of Horace. To be satisfied, in such a case, is to be pleased; and one cannot be surprized at Dacier's exultation at the happy conjecture of his father-in-law, who, he intimates, deserves as much praise for illustrating this ode, as Horace has acquired by composing it.

The explication which Maffon would substitute for this of Le Fèvre, is improbable in itself, and irrelative to by far the greater part of the ode. Baxter's is still more absurd.

Every reader of English poetry must be acquainted with the fine translation, or rather paraphrase, of this ode by Addison.

(a) To begin with the praise of firmness, when the object is to dissuade a man from any purpose, seems, at the first view, impolitick, if not absurd; but Sanadon has well remarked, that the poet very properly and artfully joins *justice* with constancy, to insinuate that perseverance in an unjust design is not firmness, but obstinacy. We may add, that this admonition might operate to advantage, either in case Augustus had formed the design, or only had it in contemplation: in the former case, the ill consequences of putting it in force would render it an unjust design; in the latter he is cautioned not to form it, lest consistency should require its being carried into effect.

(b) The address with which this speech of Juno is introduced, by the mention of Romulus, has been justly admired. The apparent abruptness and real art of the transition is in the true spirit of lyric poetry.

(c) The indignant repetition of the word *Troy*, in this and a subsequent passage, is highly characteristic of Juno's inveterate

veterate hatred; as is her allusion to Paris as "the fatal and adulterous judge," not condescending to name him.

The classical reader need not be told, that this alludes to the story of Neptune and Apollo building the walls of Troy for Laomedon, and being defrauded by him of their promised reward.

(d) This description of the desolate state of ancient Troy seems to imply, that no city, at that time, existed there; whereas there had been one built many years before Horace wrote, about thirty stadia from the old Troy. But the meaning of the poet is, that Troy should never be restored to its ancient state, and become the capital of an empire.

(e) Sanadon supposes Augustus was at this time on his Asiatic expedition, which, without a blow being struck, produced the submission of Phraates. At all events, no condition more desirable to the Romans could be proposed by Juno, than that they should give law to the Parthians, their most formidable enemy.

(f) Milton seems to have had this passage in view, where, speaking of Mammon, he says,

" by him first
 " Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 " Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
 " Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
 " For treasures better hid."

(g) " Horace could not urge the argument farther without speaking in a more open manner; on which account he breaks off abruptly, pretending that his verses are not noble enough for so noble a subject. But we clearly see that this is a false modesty. It was not from the fear of offending
 " the

“ the gods that he left this ode imperfect, but for fear of displeasing Augustus, whose resentment he feared as much as that of the gods.” Dac. Duncombe.

No doubt the conclusion of this ode affords, on Le Fèvre's hypothesis, a striking proof of the poet's address and judgment; for it might have been indelicate and injudicious to come more directly to the point; and, we may add, this manner of treating it is more congenial to the spirit of lyric poetry. But we cannot, therefore, agree, that he has left the ode imperfect. Juno has given a solemn and *full* denunciation against the Romans in case they should restore Troy to its ancient splendor, or again make it the seat of empire. This seems quite sufficient for the purpose. Had the poet himself drawn the inference from this speech, or again spoken in his own person, (except with the brief and modest apology that concludes) he would have weakened the force of his argument, and debased its solemnity.

O D E IV.

Horace describes the power of poetry, celebrates the attachment of Augustus to literature, and alludes to the mildness of his government, comparing the folly of opposing it to the revolt of the Titans against Jupiter.

DESCEND, (a) descend, celestial Muse!

The long-drawn melody inspire,

Whether the pipe thou deign to chuse,

Or trill the vocal note, or wake the lyre.

(b) Heard ye the softly-breathing lay?

Or does sweet phrenzy's power prevail?

Through sacred haunts I seem to stray,

Cool'd by the murmuring stream, the gentle gale,

(c) Reclin'd in blest Apulia's groves,

With infant sports, with toil oppress'd,

Me with fresh bays the fabled doves

O'erspread, and hovering watch'd my peaceful rest.

In

In wonder lost th' enraptur'd swains,
Who dwell on (*d*) Acerontia's height,
In rich (*e*) Ferentium's lowly plains,
And Bantian groves, stood gazing at the fight,

When, softly slumbering in the bower,
With sacred laurel crown'd, I lay
Safe from the viper's baneful power,
Shelter'd by guardian gods, and innocently gay!

(*f*) Blest by your love, immortal Nine!
I climb the (*g*) arduous Sabine hills,
Or range where (*h*) Tibur's heights decline,
Or seek fam'd (*i*) Baiæ's warm salubrious rills.

Friend to your streams, your hallow'd choir,
Me nor Philippi's bloody fight,
(*k*) Nor the curst tree, with ruin'dire,
(*l*) Nor dread Sicilian seas o'erwhelm'd in night,

Cheer'd by your smiles, I'd take my way
(*m*) Where Bosphorus' wild waters roar,
Pleas'd o'er the pathless desert stray,
And guide my wanderings to the (*n*) Assyrian shore;

To

To Britain's (o) savage coasts I'd go,
Or tribes who quaff the horse's blood,
Safe where (p) Gelonians bend the bow,
Or warlike Scythia rolls her (q) hostile flood.

(r) Ye, when great Cæsar's martial powers
Return victorious o'er his foes,
Court his glad steps to learning's bowers,
And soothe the weary warrior to repose.

(s) Mild lenient counsels ye inspire,
Pleas'd when those counsels are pursu'd,
(t) More than when heaven's vindictive ire
In dreadful ruin whelm'd (u) the firece Titanian brood ;

When Jove his livid lightnings hurl'd ;
Jove, whom the earth, the sea obey ;
Who rules the winds, the infernal world,
Whilst gods and mortals own his just impartial sway.

Even Jove might feel some just affright,
When arm'd the horrid brothers stood,
(x) And on Olympus towering height,
Threw Pelion, borne aloft with all its wood.

(y) But

(y) But what avail'd the mighty band,
 Typhæus' force, Porphyriion's size?
 Enceladus, whose daring hand
 Could dart uprooted oaks athwart the skies?

Lo, Pallas shakes her thundering shield!
 Fierce Vulcan's fires insatiate glow:
 See awful Juno take the field!
 And great Apollo bend the fatal bow;

(z) Bright graceful god, whose flowing hair
 Is bath'd in pure Castalian dew!
 Fam'd Lycia, Delos, own his care,
 Parent of sacred song and guardian of the Muse!

Unbridled strength defeats its ends,
 Crush'd by his own destructive force;
 Firm temperate valour heaven defends,
 But blasts aspiring guilt's impetuous course.

This truth let (aa) mighty Gyas prove;
 Orion warn presumptuous hearts,
 Who dar'd assail with impious love
 Chaste Dian, slain by her vindictive darts.

Earth

Earth groans on her own monsters hurl'd,
 And mourns her offspring's hapless fate
 Plung'd headlong to the nether world
 By lightning's pow'r, or crush'd by Ætna's weight.

Still, by the gnawing bird consum'd,
 (bb) Stern Titios groans in ceaseless pains:
 Still, for his impious passion doom'd,
 (cc) Pirithous mourns in everlasting chains.

N O T E S.

"THIS ode," says Sanadon, "is wholly consecrated to
 "piety." He should rather have said to *policy*, for if we ana-
 lyse this noble enthusiastick poem, and reduce it to plain
 prose, there will scarcely remain a doubt but that its object is
political. Dr. Blackwell seems to have perceived this more
 clearly than any of the commentators. Speaking of the wis-
 dom and moderation that began to shew itself in the counsels
 of Augustus as his power became more firm and settled, he
 adds, "In that spirit is exactly composed the celebrated ode
 "to Calliope and the Muses; where, involved in various
 "wrappers and pretended starts of fancy, the mildest maxims
 "and weightiest precepts are inculcated, for no poet ever
 "spoke more precisely the court language than the sly and
 "soothing Horace: happy in being able to draw it from such
 "sources as the conversation of Mæcenas, Gallus, and Agrip-
 "pa!—*You*, says he to the inspiring sisters, *when the mighty*

R

"Cæsar

" *Caesar has cantoned his fatigued troops in the villages, received him to your calm abodes, and refresh his soul in the Pierian bower: you give the mildest counsels, and, supremely good, rejoice in their operation.* Then, as enraptured in a flight of imagination, the grand lesson comes artfully couched under the wild tale of the war of the giants against heaven---their tremendous strength was foiled, their impious attempt baffled---by whom? not by Hercules or Mars, those military deities, but by the goddesses of wisdom holding up her amazing shield." *Mem. of Aug. vol. ii. p. 455.*

We can easily agree to the probability of this explanation; but it may be fairly conjectured, that the poet had another object in view, not inconsistent with the former, and (considering the state of Rome) almost equally laudable. It was, perhaps, to reconcile his countrymen to the government of Augustus, then become mild and equitable, and their only refuge from civil war, and all the miseries of anarchy.

Dacier seems to think, the only object of Horace is, to thank the Muses for the protection they had afforded him, and particularly for having obtained him his pardon from Augustus. But one can scarcely suppose so artful a writer as Horace had no farther meaning, in such a long and laboured poem, than this, which, at most, applies only to the first part of it, and Dacier accordingly supposes the latter part to be an allegory, with what propriety shall be examined in its proper place.

(a) The beginning of Pope's Ode to St. Cecilia is imitated, or rather translated, from this passage.

(b) The fine burst of rapture is, perhaps, inferior to few passages in lyric poetry.

(c) This

(c) This description would, perhaps, be a good subject for the pencil.

(d) Acherontia was a town near Venusium, the birth-place of Horace; from its height the poet calls it, in this passage, the *neß* of Acherontia, an expression that did not seem so happy in English.

(e) Bantium and Ferentium, Bantia and Forenza, were also neighbouring towns, said by some to be in Appulia, by others in Lucania; the place here described by Horace was in the borders of both.

(f) The apostrophe, it is justly observed, highly animates this part of the ode, and prevents its languishing in narration.

(g) The country of the Sabines was mountainous.

(h) "Tivoli," says Mr. Addison, speaking from the lake from which the Albula rises, "is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it *Tibur supinum*." Trav. p. 242.

(i) The town of Baia, near the Lucrine lake, was celebrated for its warm baths, and still more for being the resort of the wealthy and luxurious Romans during winter. One of the great extravagancies of the Romans, (and a favourite topic of satire with our poet) was their building immense palaces at Baia projecting into the sea. See Ode xviii. lib. ii. and a note there. Also Ode i. of this book, and Epist. i. of first book.

(k) It appears by this passage, that the present Ode was written after the accident of the tree, which Horace never forgets to mention where the occasion offers. This ode, therefore, is subsequent in time to Ode xiii. of lib. ii. written immediately after that event, and perhaps to the eighth ode of this book, which seems to have been written on the first anniversary feast by which he recorded it.

(l) The commentators differ as to the time and occasion of the storm in which Horace was in danger of being lost, some saying it was on his return to Italy after the battle of Philippi, others that he must have been in the fleet of Augustus, which sailed from Puzzola in the year of Rome 716 or 717, against the younger Pompey, then in possession of Sicily, but was driven on the coast of Lucania by a tempest, and almost wholly lost. It is not very material which supposition we adopt.

(m) For an account of the Bosphorus see the notes on Ode xx. lib. ii. Dr. Wood, in his Essay on the Original Genius of Homer, says, this epithet (*insaniens*) is very improperly taken in this sense of *boisterous*, as neither the Hellespont nor the channel have breadth enough to be boisterous. "At the same time," says he, "nothing can express more happily the contrariety of currents for which that strait is remarkable." Wood's Ess. p. 219. Foster MS.

(n) The Assyrian *shore* is supposed to mean not Assyria, properly so called, which is an inland country, but Syria, which was sometimes called Assyria by the poets. *Dac. San.*

(o) In the original it is "savage to strangers," which, probably, the Britons, as having little intercourse with civilised nations, were at that period.

(p) See

(p) See the notes on Ode ix. lib. ii.

(q) Some apply this to the Sanais. Dacier thinks it means the Caspian Sea, which is sometimes called Scythicus Sinus.

(r) In this and a subsequent stanza of the original, the sound seems happily adapted to the sense.

(s) Here, perhaps, the material object of this ode appears. "Cæsar," says the poet, "is the favourite of the Muses: the Muses inspire the most lenient measures; therefore the Romans may expect from him a mild and equitable government."

(t) The transition in this passage is so abrupt in the original, and so different from what an English reader has been accustomed to, that the translator thought it expedient to make a slight connection, which the passage, in the Latin, does not, strictly speaking, warrant.

(u) Dacier has thought fit to suppose here, as in the twelfth ode of the second book, that by the rebellious Titans is meant the party of Brutus and Cassius; and Mr. Duncombe, (taking Dacier's conjecture for proof) with an honest but misplaced warmth, inveighs against the servility of Horace in thus complimenting Augustus at the expence of his old friends and principles. But surely the *fact* ought to be ascertained before we draw so severe an inference. That it is not only unproved, but improbable, we trust, has been shewn in the notes to the twelfth ode of the second book. All those objections apply with equal or greater force here; to which may be added, that, if we must refer this passage to some enemies of Cæsar, (and not, as Dr. Blackwell applies it, as a lesson to

Cæsar himself) it is surely more rational to consider it as a warning to those who might meditate a revolt when his power was established, than any reproach on a party who had opposed him in the earlier part of his life, but who were more hostile to his colleague Anthony. An allegory ought to be consistent, and not blended with allusions that can only be taken in a literal sense. To whom, then, would Dacier apply the stories of Orion and Pirithous?

In short, the poet, who did not fear to celebrate the death of Cato, was not likely to vilify the memory of Brutus.

(x) The description of the giants throwing Pelion on Olympus, is manifestly copied from the celebrated lines in Homer to the same effect. Virgil has also imitated the same passage of Homer. But neither of the Latin poets were able, for want of compound epithets, to reach Homer's majestic idea of Pelion "*nodding with all its wood.*"

(y) That part of Hesiod's Theogony, in which the battle of the gods with the giants is described, has been translated by Broome, whose version may be found in the British Poets, vol. xlv. p. 273.

(z) The delight which the poet seems to feel at the mention of *his own* deity, seems to carry him unawares into a more particular description of Apollo than of the other gods, and is expressed in one of the most melodious stanzas in his works.

(aa) For an account of Gyas see the seventeenth ode of the second book. The story of Orion is sufficiently expressed in the text.

(bb) Tytius had been slain by Apollo for attempting to ravish Latona, and was afterwards condemned to have a vulture

ture, (some say two) constantly gnawing his liver. See *Æneid*, lib. vi.

(cc) Pirithous, the friend of Theseus, was said to have attempted to force Proserpine from the shades below, but was seized, and punished by perpetual imprisonment.

O D E V.

He compliments Augustus on the submission of the Parthians, and inveighs against the remains of Crassus's army, whom he represents as unworthy to be redeemed, describing the heroic sentiments and conduct of Regulus on a similar occasion.

O'ER heaven the mighty thunderer reigns :
 Augustus rules the world below ;
 Since now his empire spreads o'er British plains,
 And the dread regions of the Parthian foe.

And dar'd the troops whom Crassus led,
 Lur'd by disgraceful freedom's charms,
 Stain Rome's bright glory, (a) court a foreign bed,
 And waste life's remnant in barbarick arms ?

Loft to immortal Vesta's rites,
 (b) The sacred shields, the Latian name,
 Beneath a Persian king the Roman fights,
 Tho' mighty Jove still guards his country's fame.

Great

Great Regulus, with prudent mind,
 (c) Forefaw, and shunn'd this vile disgrace,
 When his high foul indignantly declin'd
 Th' infidious terms, and sav'd the Roman race.

Firmly he urg'd th' immortal truth,
 That every future age might know,
 That pity ne'er should save the captive youth,
 Doom'd by his death to fate his country's foe.

" (d) These eyes in Punick fanes have view'd
 " Rome's standards, plac'd by conquering bands,
 " Have seen his arms, without a wound subdu'd,
 " Torn from the soldier's unresisting hands ;

" Have seen the freeborn Romans, tied
 " In servile heaps, a triumph yield,
 " The foe throw wide his gates in conquest's pride,
 " And plow securely his war-wasted field.

" Say, can the ransom'd troops regain
 " Their valour, once enured to fly ?
 " No : certain loss attends the opprobrious stain,
 " Ne'er can the fleece, once chang'd, resume the dye.

When

" When the fleet flag, from bondage freed,
 " Shall dare the hunter's shafts oppose,
 " Then may we hope the fierce undaunted deed
 " From him who couch'd beneath insulting foes.

" Virtue that fled with just disdain,
 " Shall ne'er with soul-inspiring breath
 " Awake the wretch who felt the galling chain,
 " Nor dar'd to meet the face of glorious death.

" Bafe souls, who, peaceful midst the fight,
 " For safety on your fears presume!
 " Oh Carthage, rais'd to an unlook'd-for height
 " On the sad ruins of dishonour'd Rome!"

Thus spake the chief: his virtuous wife,
 His weeping offspring throng'd around:
 Whilst he disdain'd the joys of forfeit life,
 And fix'd his manly features on the ground;

Till he the wavering senate led
 By counsels singularly great,
 And through his mourning friends in triumph sped,
 Illustrious exile! to receive his fate!

Though

Though well he knew the torturing pains
 Prepar'd by his barbarian foes,
 Though friendship reasons, faithful love complains,
 And weeping thousands his return oppose,

Yet, with calm confidence inspir'd,
 Thro' crowds of forrowing friends he prest,
 Serene, as if from publick toils retir'd,
 (e) He fought Tarentum's seats, and woo'd the joys of rest.

N O T E S.

THERE does not appear to be much difficulty either as to the time when this ode was composed, or the occasion that produced it. Some interpreters, indeed, have considered it as a kind of anticipation of the glory Augustus would gain when he should have subjugated the Britons and the Parthians; but the better, as well as most general, opinion seems to be, that it was written soon after his treaty with the latter, by which they consented to restore the Roman standards taken at the defeat of Crassus. The difficulty that has struck the present translator is of a different kind, and seems to have escaped all the commentators. The whole of the ode, after the first stanza, is employed in reproaching the soldiers of Crassus's army with having settled amongst the Parthians, and in shewing, by the maxims and conduct of Regulus, that Romans who had yielded to an enemy ought not to be redeemed. This, say the commentators, is to enhance the glory of Augustus. How it enhanced his glory to depreciate the unfortunate army of Crassus is not very obvious, as the power of the Parthians will appear the less formidable the more we decry

decry the valour of those who had been subdued by them. And why are the maxims of Regulus respecting prisoners so solemnly introduced, and so long dwelt upon? It cannot be merely to introduce the noble description of his conduct; for the digressions of Horace have always some connection with the original subject, though such connection may not appear at the first view. Such considerations lead one to suspect, that we know not the whole history of the transaction which is the subject of this ode, and that to celebrate the conquest (or rather the successful negotiation) of Augustus, was not the only object of Horace in writing it.

Historians indeed mention, (though but slightly) that the *prisoners*, as well as standards, were restored by the Parthians; but it appears almost certain from this ode, that all the prisoners still living, (supposed to be many thousands) did not return; those who had married and settled amongst the Parthians could scarcely be of the number. Others might have been detained against their will by the Parthians, whose breach of faith was proverbial, and yet Augustus might deem it most prudent to abide by a treaty so honourable to the Romans in the general terms of it. Yet, as the persons still missing must have had many friends and relations in Rome, murmurs might arise from that quarter against Augustus, notwithstanding the popularity attending the transaction. Even the friends of those who had formed connections, and chose to continue in Parthia, would not easily be convinced that such stay was voluntary. It seems, therefore, not impossible that this ode may be meant not only as a panegyrick on the conduct of Augustus, but a defence of it against those who might be dissatisfied on the grounds above suggested: on which principle the poet's object in the digression would become important, and his chain of reasoning clear. He first alledges, that these Romans have intermarried and enlisted with the Parthians, and were therefore neither worthy, nor perhaps desirous, to be restored to

their country, and then insists, that the ancient Roman discipline did not allow the ransoming of soldiers who had ignominiously surrendered to an enemy. This doctrine is aptly put into the mouth of Regulus, and its importance is the more strongly enforced, by shewing with what calmness he braved death to maintain it. Such is the notion respecting this ode that has occurred to the present translator, which he submits with deference to better judgements than his own.

The treaty with Phraates having been executed by him, and the standards delivered to Tiberius, (who had been sent by Augustus to receive them) in the year of Rome 733, or, according to Varro's chronology, 734, fixes almost to a certainty the composition of this ode to the same year, or the year after.

The submission of Britain had taken place a few years before. Augustus having set out on an expedition to that island, (on which occasion Ode xxxv. lib. i. was written) was met at Rimini by ambassadors from that nation, who, by presents and a promise of tribute, induced him to lay aside his intention.

(a) The prisoners taken by the Parthians at the defeat of Crassus are said to have been at least ten thousand, many of whom submitted (for it was a great submission in a Roman) to ally themselves to their conquerors, and serve in their armies. Delph. ed.

(b) The story of the Ancilia, or sacred shields, is, that in the reign of Numa a shield fell from the heavens, and a voice was heard to declare that "the city should continue mistress of the world so long as she preserved that shield," Numa, therefore, caused eleven more to be made of the same form, that it might be the more difficult to carry it off.

(c) Re-

(c) Regulus may be said to have guarded against such a disgrace; for if, in compliance with his opinion, the Romans should have invariably refused to redeem their soldiers, it would be a means of preventing their troops from surrendering without absolute necessity.

(d) The abrupt manner in which this speech begins is very fine in the original, but, perhaps, cannot be preserved in a translation. All the circumstances mentioned by Regulus are admirably calculated to rouse the indignation of the Romans, shewing what disgrace the Roman name had suffered through the misconduct of their army.

(e) Horace seems here to have been guilty of a slight anachronism, at least if the expressions are to be taken in a literal sense. In the time of Regulus the Romans could not have had villas near Tarentum, as it was not then a province of the Roman empire; neither does it appear, that the luxury of agreeable and elegant rural seats had then obtained. But, perhaps, the passage may be understood in a wider sense, as comparing the tranquil and composed countenance of Regulus, when going back to tortures and death, to that of a modern Roman retiring to the ease and pleasure of his country seat.

O D E VI.

On the impiety and profligacy of the age.

ROMANS, (a) the sacred fanes repair,
 Defac'd by smoke, by time o'erthrown !
 Left still the punishment ye bear
 Due to your fathers guilt alone.

To heaven submissive, rule mankind ;
 Hence let your fame, your fortune flow.
 Too long neglected, heaven assign'd
 To wretched Rome severest woe.

(b) Twice have the Parthian foes defy'd,
 Twice foiled us in th' ill-omen'd fight ;
 Twice their light rings, in conquest's pride,
 Shone with our added trophies bright.

Scarce could the state, by factions torn,
 Repel the (c) Æthiopian foe
 In his dread navy proudly borne,
 Or the fierce Dacian's fatal bow.

Th'

Th' inventive guilt that marks these times
Dar'd first to stain the nuptial bed:
From this polluted source of crimes
Destruction o'er our country spread.

The tender maid, mature in charms,
Taught in the (*d*) Ionian dance to move,
By soft lascivious gestures warms,
And early plans unlawful love :

Hence younger lovers, lost to truth,
She seeks, whilst wine her lord employs ;
Nor does she chuse some favour'd youth,
Nor veil in night forbidden joys,

But rises in her husband's sight,
Who, meanly conscious, yields her fame
(*e*) Some wealthy factor to delight,
The costly purchaser of shame.

(*f*) Parents like these ne'er rear'd the bands
That dy'd with Punick gore the main,
Drove (*g*) Pyrrhus from our rescu'd lands,
And Hannibal's terrifick train:

No,

No; the stern soldier's manly brood
 Was taught to break the stubborn foil
 With Sabine spade, to hew the wood,
 And homeward bear the rustick spoil;

What time the sloping hills confefs'd
 With lengthen'd shade the setting ray,
 When unyok'd steers retir'd to rest,
 And genial pleasure clos'd the day.

(b) The age that gave our fathers birth
 Saw them their nobler fires disgrace :
 We, baser still, shall leave on earth
 The still increasing guilt of our degenerate race.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is supposed to have been written soon after the end of the civil wars, namely, about the year of Rome 724 or 725; for, as the Dacians and Æthiopians (or Ægyptians) who are represented as having endangered Rome, compos'd a part of Anthony's fleet and army, it seems probable, the terror that formidable armament inspired was then recent. It seems also to have been compos'd when Augustus began to turn his thoughts to the reformation of morals, and perhaps was intended to aid the laws he had fram'd for that purpose. Those who deem the morals of a nation essential to publick as well as private happiness, (an old-fashioned doctrine, but after all, perhaps the true one) will admit this ode

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to

to contain, as an excellent friend of the translator observed to him, "as good politicks as poetry."

There is a translation of this ode by Lord Roscommon, inserted in Duncombe's Horace, and a very fine imitation by Lowth, to be found in the same collection; and also in Doddsley's Poems.

(a) One great care of Augustus was to restore the Roman temples, which had either been destroyed or suffered to decay during the civil wars; the poet, therefore, recommends it to his countrymen as one of the most meritorious actions they can perform.

(b) By the expressions in the original, "Monefes and the bands of Pacorus," Horace seems to allude, first, to the well-known defeat of Crassus, on which occasion Monefes is supposed to have been the *surenas*, or lieutenant, commanding the Parthian forces; and secondly, to the invasion of Syria, some time afterwards, by Pacorus, one of the sons of Orodes, king of Parthia. The Monefes mentioned in this passage should not be confounded with him who is said to have been his son, and was the ally of Anthony in his Parthian expedition.

(c) The Dacians were a Scythian nation, inhabiting the countries along the lower Danube, now called Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia. The ancients comprised under the name of *Æthiopia* the countries of Africa now known by the names of Nubia, Abissinia, Zanguebar, Monomage, Monomotapa, Cafraria, and Congo. San. *Ægypt* also, it is observed by Dacier, was included under the general name of *Æthiopia*.

(d) The

(d) The Ionian dance is put here for every kind of lascivious dance, the Ionians being one of the most voluptuous people on earth. Dac.

(e) "He has little knowledge of Horace," says Dr. Johnson, "who imagines that the factor, or the Spanish merchant, are mentioned by chance; there was, undoubtedly, some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader." *Adventurer*, No. 58. With submission to so great an authority, it is perhaps sufficient if we conclude, that persons of such a description (whose number must have increased with the increasing opulence of Rome) were, as is sometimes the case in modern times, ostentatiously and expensively profligate. The stanza, in the original, is one of the most emphatick and expressive in Horace.

(f) This picture of the virtuous simplicity of the ancient Romans, contrasted with the luxury and vices of their descendants, has been highly admired, even by the French critics.

(g) The respective histories of these great chiefs, the most formidable enemies Rome ever encountered, are too well known to require explanation.

(h) "The art of Horace," says Dacier, "appears to me wonderful in comprising so nobly four generations in three short verses. But it is well worth remarking," (he adds) "that Horace has perfectly adapted this to the history of the times as to the three first generations, and that he proved a prophet as to the fourth; which would be easy to shew, by comparing the reign of Tiberius to that of Augustus." Dr. Lowth, in his imitation, concludes thus:

"How time, all-wasting, e'en the worst impairs,
"And each foul age to dregs still fouler runs!"

S 2

"Our

“ Our fires more vicious e’en than their’s,
 “ Left us, still more degenerate heirs,
 “ To spawn a baser brood of monster-breeding sons!”

“ In this excellent imitation,” Mr. Duncombe observes,
 “ the author has introduced a generation more than the ori-
 “ ginal, by the happy use of the compound epithet *monster-*
 “ *breeding.*”

Excellent as this imitation, do doubt, is, in general, the advantage arising from the compound epithet may, perhaps, be questioned. Horace, though he *mentions* but three generations, sets no bounds to the progress of degeneracy; whereas the imitation, though it carries it one generation farther, supposes it then to reach the *ne plus ultra*, as there can be no degeneracy beyond a monster.

O D E VII.

He consoles a woman for the absence of her lover, and exhorts her to persevere in her constancy.

FAIR Asterie, weep no more
Lovely Gyges, long-lost youth!
Him shall vernal gales restore
Blest with riches, firm in truth.

Long by wintery tempests tost,
Driven to (a) Oricum, he steers;
There, for thy lov'd beauties lost,
Wastes the sleepless night in tears:

There, whilst love-sick (b) Chloe's guest,
Oft her envoy's subtle art
Paints her fond, distracted breast,
And with wiles assails his heart;

Tells, how Prætus, long abus'd,
When his (c) false revengeful wife
Chaste Bellerophon accus'd,
Sought to take his guiltless life ;

How, in rigid temperance bred,
(d) Peleus almost sunk in night,
When Magnessa's queen he fled :
Tales that guilty love excite.

Vain th' attempt ; he scorns the fair,
Deaf as rocks in stormy seas.
(e) Thou, Enipeus' arts beware !
Lest too much thy neighbour please.

Though well skill'd th' impetuous steed
O'er the martial plain to guide,
Though no youth with swifter speed
Cleave the yielding Tuscan tide,

(f) Lift not to his flattering strains !
Close thy gates ere night appear !
When his querulous pipe complains,
Still be firm ! (g) tho' call'd severe.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

" THIS ode is on a subject of gallantry, and the occasion is
 " not a feigned one, as the learned Torrentius has supposed.
 " Horace really addresses this to a lady. It seems at first in-
 " tended to console her for the absence of her husband, or
 " lover, detained on his return by contrary winds; but we
 " see at the latter end, that this is only a pretext to exhort her
 " more delicately to be faithful to Gyges, and resist the im-
 " portunities of her neighbour Enipeus, as her lover has re-
 " sisted the passion of his hostess, Chloe." Dac.

The time when this ode was written is uncertain. Probably it is a later composition than Ode v. lib. ii. as Gyges is there represented as an effeminate boy that may be mistaken for a woman; here he is a lover, or husband.

(a) The town of Oricum, now Oreo, was a port of the northern Epirus, opposite the coast of Appulia. San.

(b) This, as Dacier has observed, can scarcely be the same Chloe whom Horace mentions in other places as his own mistress. It seems to have been a frequent name.

(c) Homer calls the wife of Prætus, Antæa; the tragick writers call her Stenobæa. Not being able to prevail on Bellerophon to gratify her passion, and apprehensive of his discovering her to her husband, she first accused him. The story is told at large in the sixth book of the Iliad, and in the second book of Apollodorus. Dac.

(d) The story of Peleus is similar to that of Bellerophon, except that, instead of being ordered to encounter the Chimæra, he was delivered to the Centaurs to be slain, but slew

them with a sword given him by Vulcan. The story is told in Pindar's fifth Nemæan ode. Dac. San.

(e) "Afterie," says Father Sanadon, "seems to have stood 'in need of this advice.'" This, indeed, is sufficiently clear: but was our jocose poet quite in earnest in giving it? Gyges is praised only for his fidelity; but the palm of agreeable accomplishments is given to his rival.

(f) The custom among Roman lovers of serenading their mistresses has already been noticed, (Ode xxv. lib. i.) See also the tenth ode of this book.

(g) Le Fèvre and Dacier blame Horace for not repeating the epithet (*dura*) in this passage, but adding one synonymous (*difficilis*.) But Baxter has shewn that they are not synonymous. It seems, indeed, far better to say "remain firm, (or, as the original has it, difficult of access)" "though he should 'call you obdurate,'" than to say, remain obdurate, though he should call you so. Dr. Francis, though he cites and approves Baxter's defence of the passage, yet repeats the epithet *cruel* in his translation.

O D E VIII.

*He relates to Mæcenas the occasion of his celebrating the ca-
lends of March, and invites him to the feast.*

WHY my glad voice, on these blest hours
(a) Sacred to wedlock's guardian powers,
A bachelor, I raise,
Why flowers around my altar bloom,
Why spreads the vase a rich perfume,
The turf a living blaze?

(b) Oh, skill'd in Greek, in Latin lore,
Belov'd Mæcenas, ask no more!
My annual vows I pay,
Sav'd from the tree's impetuous stroke,
With feasts kind (c) Bacchus I invoke,
And milk-white victims slay.

When, in the year's revolving round,
This day returns, (d) the cork shall bound
From casks matur'd by age.

Rejoice

Rejoice then with thy rescu'd friend,
 And drain the bowl till morn ascend :
 (e) Far hence be clamorous rage !

Quit too for once thy (f) publick toils ;
 See (g) Dacia vanquish'd ! civil broils
 (h) Divide the hostile Mede :
 (i) Cantabrians yield, so late our foes :
 Whilst Scythian chiefs, with (k) unstrung bows,
 Submissively recede.

Still anxious for our country's weal,
 Blend private mirth with publick zeal,
 Remote from care and strife :
 Woo the gay moments in our power ;
 Snatch pleasure from the fleeting hour,
 And heal the wounds of life.

N O T E S.

THE occasion of this ode seems sufficiently clear. Mæcenas had expressed some surprize at seeing our poet busy in preparations for a sacrifice, the occasion of which he was not apprized of. Horace tells him, it is the performance of a vow he had made to commemorate annually his escape when almost crushed by the fall of a tree. (See Ode xiii. lib. ii.)

As to the time when it was written, the commentators are not perfectly agreed. Dacier refers it to the year of Rome 729

or

or 730, Sanadon to 735. The mention of internal divisions in Parthia as a reason why Mæcenâs should make himself easy on publick affairs, seems to render the latter date at least improbable; for, besides that the competition between Phraates and Tiridates seems to have been at an end from the time of Augustus's treaty with the former, had this ode been composed *after* that event (which is always treated by Horace as a conquest of Parthia) the poet would not have failed to urge so pleasing, and indeed so substantial an argument, to his patron. In the year 729 the contest for the throne of Parthia was at its height: and Sanadon, who argues for a later date from the mention of the Cantabrians, admits they were reduced to submission in that year, which submission Horace might consider as a final subjugation.

(a) The original says only "on the calends of March." The calends of every month, but of March in particular, were dedicated to Juno, and called *matronalia*, because the Roman matrons then performed sacrifices to procure happiness in the married state. On that day the temple of Juno, as the goddess presiding over wedlock, was frequented. The memory of the Sabine war, appealed by the matrons, was also preserved on that day. Hence Juvenal calls these calends the *feminine*. Husbands also prayed to Juno that she would preserve the chastity of their wives. Delph. ed.

The remainder of the first stanza contains a curious and picturesque description of the preparations for a private sacrifice.

(b) Dacier will have it that the poet in this passage means only to pay Mæcenâs a compliment on his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; but, in the first place, this would be no compliment to a man of rank and education in an age when Greek was taught to the youth of almost every class; and, what is still more material, such an interpretation has no refer-

rence to the subject of this ode. The only rational exposition seems to be that of Dr. Bentley, (followed by most of the critics since) namely, that the word in the original (*sermones*) signifies, not merely the *languages* of Greek and Latin, but the *literature* of both nations. Thus the sense will be—" You, who know so perfectly the history, the rites and customs, both of Greece and your own country, may well be surprised that I, a bachelor, should perform sacrifices in the calends of March, since there cannot be found, in the memoirs of Greek or of Roman customs, any thing that imports this feast to relate to bachelors, but only to matrons and husbands. Know, therefore, it is not on a publick but a private account that I am performing a sacrifice, in commemoration of the day when the gods preserved me from being killed by the fall of a tree." Dacier seems not to have comprehended Dr. Bentley's meaning; for his answer does not in the least apply to it.

(c) In a former ode (xviiith of lib. ii.) Horace ascribes his deliverance to Faunus. To reconcile this seeming inconsistency, Dacier and others remark a great affinity between the two deities, and say they were often considered as one and the same. But Pan, rather than Bacchus, seems to have been generally deemed the same as Faunus; and, as poets often supposed themselves under the protection of Bacchus, Horace, whose religious principles seem not to have been very strict or uniform, might sometimes ascribe his protection to the one god, sometimes to the other, or suppose each to have a share in it.

(d) In the original it is, "shall remove the cork, fastened with pitch, of the cask ordained to imbibe the smoke, (or vapour) in the consulship of Tullus." Sir E. Barry, in his treatise on wines, gives a full explanation of this passage: "Horace," he says, "describes the ceremony which was observed
" in

“ in opening the *amphora* on a festal day, by disengaging it
 “ from its bonds, and giving liberty to the old wine which had
 “ been so long imprisoned in it. He then exactly recounts,
 “ but in an inverted order, the principal operations of this last
 “ process; the removal of the pitched *capitulum*, made of
 “ cork, which covered and cemented it, the previous aroma-
 “ tic vapour of the gums with which it was dried and impreg-
 “ nated before the wine was poured into it, and, lastly, the
 “ æra and name of the consul impressed on it.”

“ This ode,” the same author observes, “ has perplexed all
 “ the commentators who were unacquainted with the rules ob-
 “ served in this last process, and have applied the circum-
 “ stances, which relate only to the *amphora*, to the wine con-
 “ tained in it, with which they had not the least connexion,
 “ and have mistaken the smoky taste which the wine contracts
 “ from the fumarium in the second process, for this aromatick
 “ volatile vapour, which the amphora quickly imbibed, and,
 “ as Horace plainly expresses, was *instituted* to receive. This
 “ is evidently the sense of this elegant ode, which likewise
 “ confirms the historical account given of this process. It
 “ would indeed be very absurd to imagine that Horace would
 “ ascribe to this fine old wine, devoted to that festal day, the
 “ smoky quality for which their badly prepared and adulterated
 “ wines were so universally censured and condemned.” Barry
 on Wines, p. 64, 5.

(e) The word in the original (*esto*) though in the impera-
 tive mood, is, in its sense, future, as the old scholiast properly
 understood it. Not observing this, several commentators have
 puzzled this passage, some saying it is a request to Mæcnas,
 who is supposed to have been at this time governor of Rome, to
 let there be no disturbance or noise in the adjoining streets;
 others, that it means to desire Mæcnas would not be angry
 with, or scold any one on that day. But Sanadon's explanation

is

is the most natural and just: "Mæcenas," says he, "was of
 " a gentle and moderate temper; he loved the pleasures of the
 " table, but was an enemy to noise and riot, and could not
 " bear those violent spirits and Bacchanalian vehemence which
 " arise in the heat of festivity. Horace, therefore, promises
 " that nothing of that kind shall pass at his table, and that their
 " mirth shall not be tumultuous."

(f) All the commentators seem agreed that Mæcenas was at this time governor of Rome, an officer who, during the absence of Augustus, seems to have been invested with all the real powers of government. "The præfect of Rome," (says Dr. Blackwell) "or, in other words, the governor of the city, was
 " in reality a *new* office, but erected under the appellation of
 " an old magistracy. For the better and more decent celebra-
 " tion of certain festivals, particularly those termed *the Latin*
 " *games*, a præfect of the city was appointed, who was the
 " lowest magistrate who had the power of calling and holding a
 " senate. But Cæsar put all the military power into his hands,
 " to suppress riots, quell tumults, and seize whom he pleased;
 " though he gave him only the *name* of the old magistrate."
 Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 385. in a note.

(g) The Dacians, a German nation beyond the Danube, frequently harassed the Roman province by their incursions, particularly when the Danube was frozen. What victory over that people Horace alludes to here, seems not to be certain. Dacier thinks it cannot be that which is best known in history, when Lentulus drove them beyond the Danube, and placed stations along the river to keep them there, as that event happened some years later than the date he gives to this ode.

(h) See the general note on this ode.

(i) See

(i) See note on Ode vi. lib. ii. This brave nation does not seem to have been finally subdued till the year of Rome 734; but they had received a considerable check in the year 729.

(k) It was the custom of the Parthians, Scythians, and all the northern nations, to hold their bows unstrung when they offered proposals of peace, signifying thereby that they were ready to retire. *Dac. Duncombe.*

O D E IX.

The reconciliation of Horace with his mistress Lydia.

HORACE.

WHILST, folded in thy snow-white arms
No dearer youth thy love possessest,
Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
(a) Not Persia's monarch reign'd so blest.

LYDIA.

Whilst you no other love desired,
Nor Cloe's rose o'er Lydia's fame,
I bloom'd more honour'd, more admired,
Than (b) Ilia's high illustrious name.

HORACE.

O'er my fond heart now (c) Cloe reigns,
Skill'd in sweet song and musick's power ;
For whom I'd brave death's keenest pains
To save her at that fatal hour.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

The gentle (*d*) Calais warms my heart
 With mutual love, with equal truth,
 Twice would I brave death's fiercest dart,
 So fate would spare the dearer youth.

HORACE.

What if returning love controul
 Our hearts, no more inclin'd to roam ?
 Drive beauteous Chloe from my soul ?
 My Lydia find her long-lost home ?

LYDIA.

Though that lov'd youth be form'd to please,
 Bright as the star that gilds the sky,
 You, light as cork, and wild as seas,
 With you I'd joy to live, with you I'd die.

N O T E S.

THIS celebrated dialogue (one of Scaliger's two favourite odes) has been translated and imitated oftener, perhaps, than any other ode in Horace. Of the English translations, Atterbury's (which is to be found in Duncombe's Horace, and also in Nichol's Miscellaneous Poems; vol. v.) has always been deemed the best; though we cannot agree with the writer of Atterbury's Life in the Biographia Britannica, that it is equal in smoothness and elegance to the original. Dr. Francis has

T

adopted

adopted Atterbury's translation of the iiii ode of lib. iv. with high encomiums. He has copied also about a third of this, but without any acknowledgement.

The chief merit of the original, besides the harmony of numbers and elegance of expression which it undoubtedly possesses, is its being the only instance we have of the *carmen amœbæum*, or alternate dialogue, in *lyrick* poetry, though it is frequent in pastorals. In these dialogues, we are told, two rules were observed by the ancients: 1st, the person who spoke last always answered in the same number and kind of verses; and, 2dly, he either contradicted what had been said before, or improved upon it. Both these rules, the critics remark, are here observed by Horace with great nicety.

This ode must have been written long before the twenty-fifth of the first book, as Lydia, who is here a favourite mistress, is there represented as beginning to grow old and disgusting.

(a) Horace seems to mean the ancient kings of Persia, whose happiness was proverbial. In Atterbury's translation, as published by Nichol, the line is rendered by "*Pbraates was not half so blest*," which is making Horace cite, as an instance of the greatest happiness, one of the most barbarous and jealous tyrants that ever lived. But this is altered in Duncombe's collection. After all, perhaps the word in the original (*beatus*) signifies in this place rather *rich* than *happy*, and the meaning may be, "whilst I enjoyed your love, the king of Persia had not a more valuable treasure." The word seems to have this secondary sense in Ode xxix. of the first book, and, perhaps, in some other passages of our author.

(b) Illia, as the mother of Romulus, was held by the Romans in the highest veneration.

(c) If

(c) If this is the same Chloe to whom the twenty-third ode of the first book is addressed, that ode is an earlier composition than this.

(d) Calais is by Dacier supposed to be the same person as Sybaris, who is mentioned as Lydia's lover in Ode viii. of the first book. But this seems rather a fanciful conjecture.

The Duke of Nivernois has given a French version of this ode, which is justly admired for its elegance, but seems not so close to the original, except in the third and fourth stanzas, as a translation ought to be. As his version is not, perhaps, generally known, the reader may not disapprove of their insertion here :

HORACE.

PLUS heureux qu'un monarque au fait des grandeurs,
J' ai vu mes jours dignes d'envie ;
Tranquilles, ils couloient au gré de nos ardeurs ;
Vous m' aimez, charmante Lydie.

LYDIE.

Que mes jours étoient beaux, quand des soins les plus doux
Vous payiez ma flamme sincère !
Venus me regardoit avec des yeux jaloux :
Chloé n'avoit pas scu vous plaire.

HORACE.

Par sa luth, par sa voix, organe des amours,
Chloé seule me paroît belle :
Si le Destin jaloux veut épargner ses jours,
Je donnerai les miens pour elle.

LYDIE.

Le jeune Calais, plus beau que les amours,
Plait seul à mon ami ravie :

Si le Destin jaloux veut épargneur ses jours,
Je donnerai deux fois ma vie.

HORACE.

Quoi, si mes premiers feux, ranimant leurs ardeurs,
Etouffoient une amour fatale ?
Si, perdant pour jamais tous ses droits sur mon cœur,
Chloé vous laissoit sans rivale ?

LYDIE.

Calais est charmant : mais je n' aime que vous.
Ingrat, mon cœur vous justifie ;
Heureux également en des liens si doux
De perdre, ou de passer la vie.

ODE

O D E X.

He remonstrates with Lyce on her cruelty.

LYCE, Lyce ! were thy charms
 Doom'd to some (a) barbarian's arms,
 Didst thou quaff the Tanais' waves,
 Still should pity mourn his fate,
 Who before thy cruel gate
 Feels the blast, the tempest braves.

Mark, oh mark ! the hollow roar
 Fills (b) thy grove ! thy rattling door
 Echoes to the passing winds !
 Whilst with purer air below
 Jove congeals the spreading snow,
 Snow that icy chillness binds.

Quit that stern, that haughty mien !
 Hateful to love's gentle queen :
 (c) Wheels once loos'd shall backward haste,

Offspring of a (*d*) Tuscan fire,
 Canst thou frown on soft desire?
 Thou, Penelope, the chaste!

Though my prayers, the gifts I send,
 Fail thy stubborn heart to bend,
 Though my cheeks as violet pale;
 Though no just resentment rise,
 When (*e*) thy lord to harlots flies,
 Hear, oh hear, love's tender tale!

Hard as knotted oaks to break,
 Fiercer than the Moorish snake,
 Yet attend these parting strains!
 Thinkst thou this my wearied side
 Long thy threshold can abide,
 Pierc'd by cold, and chill'd by rains?

N O T E S.

THIS little ode is, with some probability, supposed to have been written as a serenade to Lyce, and sung, or intended to be sung at her door by an unsuccessful lover. Dr. Francis takes it to be a burlesque on songs of that kind; but the artful manner in which one topick (the infidelity of Lyce's husband) is urged, is against that supposition. Perhaps the ode was written for some friend, and Horace does not mean to describe *himself* as the lover. Probably he often obliged his friends with such

such compositions. Such a supposition will at least render him less culpable in that ode in which he ridicules and insults Lyce when old. See Ode xiii. lib. iv.

(a) It should seem that "a husband of barbarian race," is meant here, and not "a cruel tyrannical husband;" for, besides the dread she might have of such a husband, the women of those nations were far more virtuous and less susceptible of passion than the Roman ladies in the time of Horace.

(b) One luxury of the wealthier Romans was a grove within the inclosure of the house. It was placed between the two porticos. Delph. ed. Dacier infers from hence that Lyce was a woman of some rank and consequence.

(c) This passage, which has puzzled several of the commentators, is perhaps easier to understand than to translate. Dacier seems right in applying it to a machine which was employed to draw vessels up to bridges against the stream, by means of a wheel and rope. Horace might indeed allude to any engine constructed upon the same principles, for he means to warn Lyce, that if she lets this opportunity go, it may never be recovered.

Dacier has totally changed the expression in his translation. Here it is abbreviated, but perhaps will scarcely be understood by the English reader.

(d) The Tuscans were in Horace's time almost as great voluptuaries as they are at present; Horace therefore ridicules the pretensions of Lyce to chastity and fidelity.

(e) Here he touches the tenderest string, yet indirectly, and seemingly without intention. If he cannot awaken her pity, he hopes to kindle her resentment.

O D E XI.

He invokes Mercury and his lyre to assist him in prevailing on Lyde, and warns her from cruelty by the punishment of the daughters of Danaus.

OH (*a*) Mercury ! by whose spirit fir'd,
 Amphion's voice the stones inspir'd,
 And thou, (*b*) my lyre, whose strains,
 Though scarcely heard or known till late,
 Now soothe the wealthy and the great,
 And breathe through sacred fanes ;

Wake thy soft notes, divinely clear !
 Soothe Lyde's yet obdurate ear,
 Who flies with sportive speed
 Man's rude approach, (*c*) as lightly bounds
 The filly o'er the spacious grounds,
 And mocks the impetuous steed.

Thy power can savage tygers move,
 Can lead with magick charms the grove,
 The rapid rivers stay.

(*d*) E'en

(d) E'en mighty Cerberus, doom'd by fate
Sternly to guard the infernal gate,
Yields to thy soothing lay,

Though his dire head the monster shakes,
Encircled by a hundred snakes
In baleful tresses hung;
Though hell's rank vapours taint his breath,
And purple streams of pois'nous death
Flow from his triple tongue.

Even from Ixion thy soft strain,
And Titios, writh'd with torturing pain,
Entic'd th' unwilling smile:
With urn now dry the (e) Danaids rest,
No more by ceaseless toils oppress'd,
Whilst thy soft notes beguile.

Let Lyde hear the guilty deed,
Mark the dread punishment, decreed
To Danaus' guilty brood!
The cask still emptying as it fills,
The fates that with avenging ills
Their crime in hell pursu'd.

What

What pains could hell itself prepare
 Fit vengeance on the impious fair
 Who stain'd the nuptial bed?
 What could they too severely feel,
 The wives, by whose remorseless steel
 Their hapless husbands bled?

One generous maid her fire's command
 By glorious falsehood dar'd withstand,
 Dear to the latest age:

" Rise! (to her lord she cried) arise!
 " Lest a long slumber close thine eyes;
 " Elude my sisters' rage,

" Who the fond youths, defenceless laid,
 " With more than lion's wrath invade;
 " In me, of gentler kind,
 " In me thou seest no savage foe;
 " Nor shalt thou feel death's fatal blow,
 " Nor mourn in cells confin'd.

" No; be it mine to bear the pains
 " Of dreary exile, heaviest chains,
 " My fire's unpitying doom:

" Go

“ Go thou ! whilst night, whilst Venus aid ;
 “ And be thy grateful heart display’d
 “ In the fond verse that decks my tomb.”

N O T E S.

THIS ode is in the true spirit of lyric poetry. The easy transition to the story of the Belides is very elegant. Foster. MS.

Beautiful it certainly is in all its parts. But Horace, perhaps, did not seriously mean to procure any effect by it, otherwise the application of the story related here seems not a little forced. A lady might be very cruel to her lovers without incurring all the guilt of the daughters of Danaus, who murdered their husbands. The ode is perhaps a *jeu d’esprit* without any serious intention, or applies to some circumstances we are unacquainted with.

The time when it was written is uncertain ; but probably it is an earlier composition than the eleventh ode of the second book, or the twenty-eighth of this.

(a) Mercury is addressed as the inventor of that kind of lyre which was called the *testudo*, and which he is said to have formed by fixing strings to a shell accidentally found on the sea shore. See Ode x. lib. i. The story of Amphion’s building the walls of Thebes by the power of music must be familiar to every reader of poetry.

(b) Here the poet again apostrophizes his lyre. See Ode xxxii. lib. i. Most of the powers ascribed to it allude to the well-known fables respecting Orpheus.

(c) Dacier

(c) Dacier has observed that this simile (which seems highly beautiful and expressive) is imitated from a passage in Anacreon nearly to the same effect.

(d) All that follows respecting the infernal regions alludes to the fable of Orpheus's descent. The description of Cerberus (in the original) Sanadon has justly remarked, would of itself prove Horace to be a great poet.

(e) For the story of the Danaids, see Ode xiv. lib. ii. Hypermnestra is the name given by the poets to the only one who proved humane and faithful. Her husband's name was Lynceus. Ovid has an epistle to Lynceus from her, supposed to be written whilst in prison for having saved his life.

ODE



O D E XII.

*He encourages Neobule in her passion for the youth Hebrus,
and describes his accomplishments.*

WEAK are the hearts, by wretched fear unstrung,
That playful love's enliv'ning joys decline,
Nor drown the cares of life in genial wine,
But dread the lashes of a (a) guardian's tongue.

Thee, Neobule, now no more inclin'd
To fage Minerva's toils, the winged boy,
Gay Venus' offspring, wakes to gentler joy,
Whilst radiant Hebrus fills thy raptur'd mind,

Skill'd as (b) Bellerophon the steed to guide
With active valour, or with gentle grace,
Victorious champion, matchless in the race
When his bright limbs are bath'd in Tibur's tide,

Swift from his hand the winged jav'lin flies,
Arrests the timid stag that scours the field;
Or, should the boar in coverts lurk conceal'd,
Mark'd by his piercing eye the savage dies.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

IT is, perhaps, not quite clear whether Horace, in this little ode, means to encourage Neobule in her passion for Hebrus, or to ridicule it. The translator has, however, taken it in the former sense, as the most obvious, and most generally adopted.

(a) In the original it is "an uncle's tongue." Uncles among the Romans had great authority over their nephews and nieces; and, as they were not in general so indulgent as fathers, their severity became a proverb; so that the word uncle was used for a scolder or censor. Thus Horace, in the third satire of the second book, says, "*Be not an uncle to me.*" Dac.

(b) For the adventures of Bellerophon, see the speech of Glaucus in his interview with Diomed, in the Iliad, book vi. His having rode Pegasus, the famous winged steed, might well render him celebrated as a horseman. Ariosto's flying horse, on which *Astolfo* performs so many exploits, was manifestly suggested to him by the stories of Perseus and Bellerophon.

O D E XIII.

He celebrates a fountain on his own estate.

OH gentle fount, whose streams (a) divine,
 Clear as the glassy mirror shine,
 Blandusia! crown'd with many a rose,
 To thee the genial goblet flows.
 To-morrow's dawn, thy shrine to grace,
 The goat shall yield it's wanton race,
 Whose gently swelling horns presage
 The fire of love, the battle's rage,
 In vain: for soon his crimson blood
 Shall stain thy cold transparent flood.
 Ne'er can the dog-star's raging heat
 Invade thy calm, thy blest retreat,
 Where, in the cool refreshing wave,
 The herds, the wearied oxen, lave.
 Noblest of founts! my verse shall raise
 Thy honour'd name to deathless praise;
 Shall paint the oak's majestick shade
 Wide o'er the hollow rocks display'd,
 Whence rushing from the airy height,
 Thy babbling rills first spring to light.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THE beautiful simplicity and lively turns of this little ode (in the original) have been justly admired. Besides its intrinsic merit, it furnishes, as Dacier has observed, a curious memorial of the custom so frequent amongst the ancients of sacrificing to fountains, each of whom had its peculiar divinity. The prophecy of Horace, that this fountain "should rank amongst the "most celebrated," has been amply fulfilled: it will be known as long as classical literature, or a taste for picturesque description subsist. Blandusia, or (as some call it) Bandusia, was, properly speaking, a small domain in the Sabine Valley. The fountain here meant was at the foot of Mount Lucretile. Sannodon says, the proper name of this fountain is Digenia.

(a) Horace, in the first ode of the first book, calls the source of streams *sacred*. In the seventeenth book of the *Odyssæy*, Homer, describing a fountain in Ithaca, says, there was an altar close by it. His description is not very different from this of Horace. Dac. Duncombe. The passage is thus translated in Pope's *Odyssæy*:

" Now, pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
 " The cavern'd way descending to the town,
 " Where, from the rock, in liquid lapse distils
 " A limpid fount, that spreads in parting rills,
 " Its current thence to serve the city brings;
 " An useful work, adorn'd by ancient kings.
 " Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there
 " In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,
 " In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
 " And shaded with a green surrounding grove,

“ Where silver alders, in high arches twin’d,
“ Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
“ Beneath, sequester’d to the nymphs, is seen
“ A massy altar, deep embower’d in green,
“ Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
“ And holy horrors solemnize the shade.”

O D E XIV.

*On the safe return of Cæsar from Spain after a report of
his death.*

CÆSAR, whom, sway'd by rumour's breath
We deck'd with laurels earn'd by death,
Oh, Romans ! heav'n restores
Another Hercules, renown'd
For conquest, (a) from Spain's distant bound
To blest Italia's shores,

Let then (b) the fond, the faithful dame,
Proud of her lord's (c) distinguish'd fame,
Her grateful tribute pay ;
(d) The chief's illustrious sister join
In praise to ev'ry power divine,
Whose justice guards his sway !

Fond mothers who confess his care
(Your offspring sav'd) your graceful hair
Let votive wreaths adorn !

Ye fair, depriv'd of nuptial ties,
 Let no ill-omen'd song arise
 On this auspicious morn.

This day, these truly festive hours,
 Shall chase each threat'ning care that lours,
 Shall consecrate our mirth :
 For say, henceforth can hostile strife,
 Can civil broils invade my life,
 Whilst Cæsar rules the earth ?

Haste, slaves, prepare the roseate wreath !
 Here let the fragrant essence breathe !
 The ancient cask be drain'd,
 Whose marks the (e) social warfare own ;
 If e'er to Spartacus unknown
 One lucky cask remain'd.

(f) And bid Neæra, tuneful fair,
 To bind in haste her flowing hair
 With richest perfume bright :
 But should her churlish porter stay
 Thy gentle purpose,—turn away !
 And careless speed thy flight.

For me, the whitening locks of age
 Have cool'd my passions, calm'd the rage
 Of amorous wild debate.
 In warmer youth I ne'er had borne
 Such haughty insults, wanton scorn,
 When Plancus rul'd the state.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is supposed to have been written on the return of Augustus to Rome during his tenth consulship, and about the year of Rome 729. He seems to have been absent from Rome between three and four years, having left it during his seventh consulship.

The translator has ventured to give to the first stanza rather a different construction from any he has met with. According to his notion, "*modo dictus morte venalem petiisse laurum*" alludes to the recent report of Cæsar's death, and *Herculis ritu* applies solely to the circumstance of his returning victorious from Spain, as Hercules was said to have done. This construction, however, he submits, with great deference, to his classical readers. Perhaps this interpretation renders the work more interesting, than applying the passage merely to the general risque Augustus might have incurred. The Romans had certainly been under great anxiety on account of his illness. "It proved" (says Dr. Blackwell) "lingering and tedious. Reports of his death flew to Rome; and upon that occasion it did appear how much he was now beloved. An universal consternation seized the citizens: marks of the sincerest anguish broke from them, and could not be restrained but by certain accounts of his recovery." Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 285.

(a) Dacier

(a) Dacier says, on the ode *eben fugaces*, (xivth of lib. ii.) that Hercules never approached Spain; to which Sanadon very properly answers, that its being related in ancient fables, and asserted by some writers (he mentions Dionysius the geographer particularly) is sufficient authority for a poet.

(b) Livia, the wife of Augustus, and mother of Tiberius, is here meant. "She was descended from the Claudii, adopted through her father into the Livian family, and into the Julian by Augustus. Her first marriage was with Tiberius Nero, by whom she had children. Afterwards Octavius Cæsar, smitten with her beauty, snatched her from her husband (whether with or against her own inclination is uncertain) with such precipitation, that he married her yet big with child by Tiberius. After this she had no issue; but, by the marriage of Germanicus and Agrippina, her blood came to be mixed with that of Augustus in their grandchildren. In her deportment she conformed to the venerable model of antiquity, but with more complaisance than was allowed by the ladies of old. She was an easy courteous wife, and an ambitious mother, well comporting with the nice arts of her husband, and the dissimulation of her son." Black. Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 548.

(c) This is translated according to the sense Dacier gives of the word *unico*, though most of the other critics differ from him, and suppose the passage to mean, "delighting in one husband only," which is but a negative praise: even that praise, however, would have been notoriously false. "*Unico*," said Dr. Foster, "must here signify *excellent*: for Augustus married Livia whilst her husband was living; as was frequent amongst the Romans by consent of the parties." MS. Gesner construes *unico* to mean, "delighting in nothing but her husband."

"husband." Some change it to *unice*, which would make it "delighting especially in her husband."

(*d*) Octavia, the sister of Augustus, was first married to Marcellus, afterwards to Marc Anthony, whose widow she was when this ode was written. Her fidelity to that ungrateful husband, her dignified patience under the most mortifying insults, and the pains she took to preserve the peace of the Roman empire, have set her merit, in the opinion of an excellent judge, above that of Portia, or of Arria, the two celebrated heroic wives in Roman history. See Litt. Dia. vol. i. dia. xv.

(*e*) The social or Marfick war, undertaken by several of the Italian states, in order to obtain the freedom of Rome, took place almost 70 years before this ode was written. The war of Spartacus, who, at the head of a body of gladiators, ravaged Italy, happened about 20 years after the social war; so that Horace can hardly be serious in dating either wine, or cask, from so remote a period. He means, perhaps, only to express the oldest cask that can be found. The waste that attended the progress of Spartacus is strongly marked by the poet's expressing a doubt whether a single cask escaped him.

(*f*) This part of the ode, in which the poet descends from publick to private festivity, "is ill-suited," says Father Sanaudon, "to the grandeur of the subject." We may admit it is so, according to the strict rules of composition. But who that is accustomed to the agreeable trifling of Horace, but accompanies him with pleasure from publick scenes to domestick enjoyments, and admires the address that can reconcile us to so unexpected a descent?

O D E XV.

*He upbraids Chloris (now grown old) for giving herself
youthful and wanton airs.*

THOU (*a*) poor man's curse, thou wanton wife,
Oh, check thy infamy's unbridled race!
Let not thy loose, abandon'd life,
Heap guilt on guilt, nor glory in disgrace.

Mark how thy years approach the tomb!
Cease, then, 'midst airy nymphs to sport and play,
To spread thy dull, malignant gloom,
O'er the bright stars that shine with purer ray.

Think'st thou th' impetuous fire that charms
In youthful Pholoe, suits thy sober age?
No Chloris: she the youth alarms
With graceful wildness, as the Bacchants rage.

Bright Nothus' love inspires the fair,
 Gay as the kid that gambols o'er the field.
 Thy age, with more becoming care,
 Should spin the fleece (*b*) Luceria's pastures yield.

To wake the lyre's inviting strain,
 The fragrant rose in purple beauty twine,
 Or the full cask's rich juices drain,
 Become not thee in lingering life's decline.

N O T E S.

THIS ode the present translator was much inclined to omit, as Father Sanadon has done, but that he thought a work professing to be a translation of the lyrick works of Horace, ought to contain the whole of them, except where any objection arises on the score of *decency*, which is not the case here. Neither is this composition wholly deficient in spirit and elegance, but it seems not to have enough of either to atone for the apparent ill-nature. Our poet, it must be admitted, is too fond of insulting his mistresses on the decay of their charms. All that can be said in apology is, that an old woman affecting the amorous inclinations of youth is certainly, in herself, a just subject of ridicule.

(*a*) It is said, that when the Roman courtezans grew old, in order more securely to carry on their practices, they often married some poor wretch, like Ibicus, (the person mentioned in the text) who was less a husband than a slave. *Dac.*

I

(*b*) Lu-

(b) Luceria was an ancient and considerable town in Apulia; its pastures were excellent. Strabo remarks, that wool from the flocks of that country was finer and softer than the wool of Tarentum, but rather less white. Dac.

O D E XVI.

*On the influence of gold, and the superior happiness arising
from a moderate fortune and a contented mind.*

UNHAPPY Danae, (a) immur'd
In the lone precincts of a tower,
Fierce dogs and brazen gates secur'd
From wanton love's invading power ;

Till, scorning weak Acrisius' guard,
Great Jove and beauty's queen threw wide
The portals, to the god unbarr'd,
Pour'd in a plenteous golden tide.

Refillless as the lightning's course,
Gold through fierce hosts delights to speed,
The (b) Argive Augur felt its force,
Doom'd by all-powerful gold to bleed.

Philip

Philip (c) by mighty gifts secur'd
Each city, crush'd each rival reign.
(d) Stern naval chiefs, by gifts allur'd,
Own the resistless power of gain.

Yet care still haunts the rich man's breast ;
New thirst distracts that wretched race :
Then dare I lift my towering creft,
Mæcenas, (e) knighthood's noblest grace ?

Since the firm mind that curbs desires,
Far happier gifts from heaven await,
I fly where temperance inspires,
And quit the standards of the great,

More justly proud of this domain
Despis'd by wealth, than could I hide
All rich (f) Appulia's golden grain,
Poor amidst fortune's boundless tide.

The limpid brook, the grove, the field,
Whose produce ne'er deceiv'd my toil,
(g) More true substantial pleasure yield,
Than the bright rule of Africk's foil.

For

For me, no cask of (*b*) Formian juice,
 No bees that in (*i*) Calabria roam,
 No (*k*) Gallick flocks, their wealth produce ;
 Yet want is banish'd from my home.

Thy hand would ampler gifts bestow :
 But temperance extends my store
 Beyond the streams of gold that flow
 From Phrygia's plains or Lydia's shore.

In ceaseless care the wretch shall live,
 Whose wishes with his wealth increase:
 Let heaven with frugal bounty give ;
 For competence alone is peace.

N O T E S.

THE subject of this ode (contentment) is a frequent one with Horace, and yet he has contrived, in every instance, to vary his mode of treating it. Here he opens with a lively description of the power and efficacy of wealth, which, at first, has the appearance of recommending the pursuit of it ; but the turn he afterwards gives the subject, by painting in strong colours the uneasiness produced by riches, and his own happy state of mind with a moderate fortune, shews his real object to be the reverse.

Dacier supposes Horace to have meant this ode as an acknowledgement of the kindness of Mæcenas, in presenting him with a small house and estate, and to declare it had made
 him

him happier than if extensive provinces had been conferred. This, we may easily believe, was *one* object of the poet, (though, perhaps, not the only one) as he seems never to have forgotten, for a moment, the kindness of his friend and protector.

(a) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader, that Danaë was thus confined by her father on account of a prophecy he had heard, that he should be killed by his grandson, and that Jupiter made his way to her in a shower of gold; which intrigue produced Perseus. It has been justly remarked, that the image of Jupiter and Venus, securely smiling on the timid precautions of Acrisius, is eminently beautiful.]

(b) Amphiaraus, one of the seven captains against Thebes, (in the war between the sons of OEdipus) is here alluded to. The story is, that foreseeing his death if he engaged in the war, he concealed himself; but the place of his retreat being known to his wife, Eriphile, she was induced, by the bribe of a golden ring, to betray him. Delph. ed. Vid. Stat. Theb. lib. vi.

(c) For the character and policy of Philip of Macedon see Dr. Gillies's excellent History of Greece; see also his Parallel between Philip and the late King of Prussia; though, in this circumstance, (the "fighting with silver spears," as the oracle expressed it) the comparison seems to fail.

(d) "The close of this passage," says Dr. Johnson, "by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court. It cannot be imagined that Horace, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy

“ficacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not
 “alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men,
 “and therefore more interesting for a time than the conquests
 “of Philip.” Adventurer, No. 58.

(e) The address of this compliment will immediately be perceived by those who know that Mæcenas (though the highest dignities were within his reach) remained contented with the rank of a Roman knight, an order analogous to that of gentleman in modern Europe, but far more distinctly defined.

(f) Appulia was celebrated for its fertility.

(g) The meaning of this passage seems to be, that such a moderate fortune and contented mind escape the notice of the proconsul of Africk, the most fertile of the Roman provinces, though the possessor be in reality, *forte beatior*, happier in his allotment.

(h) For an account of Formian wine see the notes on Ode xx. lib. i.

(i) Calabria was celebrated for its honey.

(k) Horace is supposed to mean the Cisalpine Gaul, or Piedmont, Milan, and the rest of the country between the Alps and Po, where the pastures are excellent. San.

O D E XVII.

*He celebrates the genealogy of a friend, and invites him to
indulge in mirth on account of the weather.*

ÆLIUS, from ancient Lamus sprung,

(From (a) whom recording annals trace
The name, in many a story sung,
And glories of the Lamian race)

Who first in (b) Formiæ's ample towers
Reign'd uncontroll'd, whose wide domain
Extended o'er the fertile shores,
Where (c) Lyrus laves Marica's plain :

To-morrow's dawn shall strew the leaves,
With weeds the dreary shore deform ;
Unless (d) the aged bird deceives,
Sure prophet of th' impending storm.

Heap

Heap thou the well-dried billets high ;
 To-morrow mirth and wine shall please :
 Then shall the full-fed victim die ;
 Then shall thy slaves recline in ease.

N O T E S.

"HORACE," says Dacier, "writes to Ælius Lamia, to exhort him to amuse himself, and make good cheer on the morrow." This, indeed, is the *profest* object of the ode before us, but the *real* one seems to be to compliment his friend, Ælius, on his genealogy, in which the ancient Romans appear to have prided themselves as much, at least, as any of the great men in modern times.

Ælius Lamia, or Lamias, is supposed to be the same person who was afterwards governor of Syria under Tiberius, and was, on account of his virtues, honoured by the senate with a publick funeral. From the terms in which he is mentioned in Odes xxvi. and xxxvi. of the first book, he seems to have been a favourite friend of our poet.

(a) Sanadon would reject four lines in the original, answering to this and the two following in the translation. But we should not (said the learned Dr. Foster) "*now* determine with what propriety they were inserted in Horace's time. Lamias might have been proud of his family ; the poet, therefore, ingeniously humours his patron in recounting the antiquity of his origin." MS.

The interpretation of this ode, hazarded by the translator, would, if right, render Sanadon's omission improper, as it is unauthorised. It may here be remarked, that Heinsius and
 Dr.

Dr. Bentley, by the change of one letter only, and of the punctuation, have greatly improved the passage.

(b) Formiæ, which is mentioned in other places, was a city on the coast of Campania, between Cajeta and Minturnæ, where the town of Mola is now situated; it was destroyed by the Saracens A. D. 956. Delph. ed.

(c) The Lyris (already mentioned in Ode xxxi. lib. i.) descending from the Appenines, separated Latium from Campania, and passed on to Minturnæ, a neighbouring town to Formiæ; then, leaving Minturnæ, it was lost in a marsh called Marica. This is the marsh in which Marius was found concealed. A wood near it is supposed to have been consecrated to Circe, who, after her death, was called Marica. Dac.

(d) The crow.

O D E XVIII.

An invocation to the rustick god Faunus, requesting his protection to the author's cattle.

FAUNUS, who oft, in amorous guise,

(a) Pursu'ſt the baſhful nymph who flies

The funny glades among ;

Whene'er to tread theſe lawns inclin'd,

Propitious come ! depart as kind ;

And guard (b) my tender young.

(c) So ſhall the annual kid be thine,

(d) Whiſt flows the love-inſpiring wine,

Whiſt perfum'd altars blaze ;

So ſhall the ſteers, the ruſticks, play,

Whene'er December brings the day

Devoted to thy praiſe.

'Midſt the bold lambs then harmleſs roves

The ſavage wolf : to thee my groves

Their leafy honours yield :

Labo-

Laborious hinds in rustick mirth,
 Thrice bounding o'er the sacred earth,
 Forget the toilsome field.

N O T E S.

THIS ode was probably, as Dacier supposes, written for a feast of Faunus, and sung at Horace's villa on the 5th of December, the day when Faunus was supposed to depart from Italy.

The Romans supposed the god Faunus to pass from Arcadia to Italy the 13th of February, and return the 5th of December. They sacrificed to him on his departure as well as his arrival. San.

(a) Faunus, who is the same as Pan, is frequently represented by the poets as courting and pursuing the nymphs. On this notion Pope's fable of the transformation of Lodona into a river is founded. See his Windsor Forest.

(b) By the word in the original, Horace understands all the young in his flocks. They had the more need of the protection of Faunus on account of the approaching winter. Dac.

(c) The learned reader will observe the reading *sc* is preferred to *f*; as the latter word seems more proper to precede than to follow the invocation.

(d) The concluding part of this ode is a curious memorial and description of the festivals held by the Romans in honour of their rural gods.

O D E XIX.

*He dissuades a friend from dwelling on historical subjects
at an entertainment.*

WHEN began the (a) Inachian reign,
When the patriot (b) Codrus fell;
Who the (c) chiefs on Illion's plain,
Whence they sprung, thou lov'st to tell.

What the (d) Chian liquor costs,
Who (e) the tempered baths prepare,
Where the cold (f) Pelignian frosts
Least invade, thou scorn'st to care.

Haste, my boy! the flask I claim:
(g) Here's to Luna's virgin light!
Here's to our new (h) Augur's name!
Crown with genial bowls this night.

Since,

Since, with meet convenience shar'd,
Three or thrice three goblets shine,
(i) Higheft numbers please the bard,
Emblem of the unequal Nine :

But the gentle grace, affrighted
Left rude broils our mirth deftroy,
With her fifters train united,
To three goblets bounds our joy.

Oh what pleasing transports fire !
Can the enlivening pipes be mute ?
Sleeps the ever-jocund lyre ?
Sleeps the (k) Berecynthian flute ?

Hafte ! with rofes ftrew the earth,
Hafte ! the niggard hand I hate :
Stun old (l) Lycus with our mirth,
Lycus, and his ill-pair'd mate.

Thee, whose radiant trefles flow,
Thee, my Telephus, as bright
As with pure, with gentle glow,
Vefper gilds the gloom of night,

Chloe's ripen'd beauty warms,
 Softly breathing fond desire.
 Me, my much-lov'd Glycera's charms
 Slowly waste with tedious fire.

N O T E S.

THE occasion of this spirited ode (as it certainly is in the original) is thus related by the commentators: Telephus, whom they suppose to have been a young Greek, at an entertainment where Horace was present, wearied the company with tedious and unseasonable relations from the Grecian history. This ode, which, perhaps, was written on the spot, is intended to ridicule such an uninteresting conversation, and recal to mind the occasion of their meeting, viz. to celebrate the election of one of their friends, Licinius Muræna, into the College of Augurs. This was deemed by the Romans one of the most honourable offices in the state; the attainment of it might, therefore, well furnish an occasion for the festive meeting of their friends. Perhaps there is not an ode of Horace better calculated to give the English reader a just notion of our poet's manner in his lighter pieces than the present, could it be translated with a spirit equal to that of the original.

The date of this ode is uncertain, but it must have been written before the conspiracy of Muræna against Augustus, which was in the year of Rome 731.

(a) Inachus was the first king of Argos, and is said to have flourished about the latter end of Abraham's time. About seven hundred and seventy years are supposed to have elapsed between the reign of Inachus and that of Codrus. Delph. edit.

(b) The

(b) The story of Codrus, king of Athens, hardly need be repeated here. On an invasion of the Athenian territory by the Heraclidæ, the oracle, having declared that the party whose general should be slain would obtain the victory, and the enemy having given strict orders that he should be spared in the engagement, he disguised himself, and thus obtained the object of sacrificing himself for his country.

(c) In the original the race of Æacus is mentioned, a family in such high honour throughout Greece, (from its having produced Achilles) that there were persons claiming descent from it as late as during the Macedonian and Roman empires. Pyrrhus, the formidable enemy of the Romans, was one, and it should seem, (from a line in Virgil) that Philip, King of Macedon, whom Flaminius conquered, was another:

“Ipsumque Æacidem, genus armipotentis Achillei.”

(d) The Chian was a favourite Greek wine. If Telephus, as is supposed, was a Greek, the application of this passage to him is the more neat and just:—“*You tell us of your Greek families; rather let us know the cheapest mode of procuring Greek wines.*”

(e) The translator is rather doubtful as to the sense of this passage, though he has given it in that usually adopted.

(f) The country of the Peligni, a people of Italy, was mountainous, and consequently cold. Dacier censures the expression “*Pelignian cold,*” as used to express cold in general, without reference to that particular spot. The usual way of justifying Horace is, by supposing Telephus had a country house there. But surely they might both be in that country when this was written, or they might be going to visit

one of their friends there ; in either of which cases the epithet is perfectly just.

(g) The new moon seems to have been an auspicious and a festive period with the Romans. Perhaps it was the time of filling vacancies in the College of Augurs.

(h) The first men in the state were desirous of becoming members of the College of Augurs, which was invested with great dignity and influence. See Middleton's *Life of Cicero*.

(i) This contrast between the jolly bard, who makes the number of the Muses a pretence for taking off nine goblets, and the temperate follower of the Graces, who will not exceed three, will, it is feared, lose much of its neatness and application to an English reader.

(k) The rites of Cybele (who was also called Berecynthia) were celebrated with a wild and vehement enthusiasm, consequently the Berecynthian flute was most proper to excite the transports Horace describes. In a former ode (xviiiith of the first book) where he recommends temperate pleasures, he protests against all the musical instruments of Cybele ; but here he professes to give a loose to mirth.

(l) Lycus was probably some furly old neighbour who complained of their disturbing him. If this be so, probably the entertainment was not at Horace's own villa, the situation of which seems to have been retired. The unexpected stroke of humour on Lycus and his young wife is very neat, and not improper in an ode of this festive and lively character.

O D E XX.

*To a female friend, dissuading her from contending for the
youth Nearchus with a rival.*

SEE'ST thou the perils that attend,
When, Pyrrha, thou would'st strive to rend
From the fell lioness her brood?
Soon shall the raging conflict tire
Thy spirit, warm'd by vain desire,
Soon shalt thou fly who late pursu'd;

When through the opposing youthful train
She speeds, all furious to regain
Nearchus, ever bright and gay;
Then shall the fierce contention rise,
When each with ardent passion tries
To seize the fascinating prey.

Whilst thou prepar'st thy darts for flight,
She whets her tusks, and threats the fight,
Intent each other to destroy,

(a) He

(a) He scorns you both, and, void of care,
 Waves in the breeze his perfum'd hair,
 Like (b) Nireus, or the Trojan boy.

N O T E S.

THE change made in the title of this ode will, the translator believes, be forgiven by his classical readers. Yet this, though it render the subject unobjectionable, will not make the poem itself interesting. Some of the expressions are indeed elegant, but the general tenor of the ode can afford us little pleasure, as it probably derived most of its merit from an application to characters and circumstances now unknown.

(a) The classical reader will, no doubt, observe, that the expression of "*posuisse nudo sub pede palmam*," is omitted. It seemed to the translator a difficult passage to understand, and still more difficult to translate in a manner intelligible to the English reader.

(b) Nireus is described in the Iliad as the handsomest of the Greeks next to Achilles. The Trojan youth, Ganymede, was said to have been carried to heaven by Jove's eagle, and promoted to be cup-bearer for his beauty.

O D E XXI.

*An address to his cask, in expectation of Messala Corvinus
at an entertainment.*

OH sacred cask, who bear'st thy date,
Like me, when Manlius rul'd the state !
Whate'er thy influence o'er the breast,
To wake complaints, inspire the jest,
Prompt rage, bid frantick love arise,
Or in soft slumbers close our eyes ;
(a) Mark'd by whatever name, well stor'd
With Massick wine to grace the board ;
Reserv'd for festive days alone,
(Bright days, that claim thee as their own !)
(b) Come forth ! (c) Corvinus bids : produce
Thy choicest treasures, (d) gentlest juice !
Ne'er shall his taste, though learn'd and wise,
Austere thy proffer'd gifts despise.
Ev'n (e) ancient Cato oft was fir'd
To nobler warmth, when wine inspir'd.

Thy

Thy (*f*) subtle torture can controul
 With gentle power the obdurate soul !
 Vain is deep wisdom's cautious art
 When thy gay god expands the heart.
 To anxious minds glad hope returns,
 Inspir'd by thee the peasant burns
 With generous fire, disdains to fear
 The tyrant's rage, or soldier's spear.
 Great Bacchus, with love's smiling queen,
 (Should her gay presence gild the scene)
 And (*g*) her united graceful train,
 Shall own thy joys, prolong thy reign,
 Whilst torches shed their vivid light,
 'Till Phœbus chase the starry night.

N O T E S.

" THIS ode," Sir Edward Barry observes, " took its rise
 " from a supper given by Horace to Messala and a select num-
 " ber of his friends, which seems to have been attended with
 " several agreeable circumstances, to which, perhaps, the
 " *amphora* (or cask) introduced on this occasion had par-
 " ticularly contributed. This he celebrates by pointing out
 " the various powers of the wine contained in it, and the dif-
 " ferent passions it is capable of exciting in the human mind,
 " and inscribes this elegant performance to his illustrious friend,
 " as a perpetual monument of his esteem and affection, which
 " must have given him a superior delight to what he could have
 " received from the most exquisite wine.

“ This seems to have been the true intention of Horace in writing this moral and beautiful ode, which he has executed with a more than usual poetick spirit. In some parts of it his flights are rapid and sublime, and from thence they gradually descend with dignity, when he describes the various benefits which flow from the moderate and prudent use of it. He was habitually temperate : his muse was often inspired, but never inebriated with wine ; and in another ode (xxvth of this book) when he seems transported to a degree of enthusiasm with the powers of wine, and its creation of new ideas, he suddenly checks the pleasing but dangerous progress of them.” Barry on Wines, p. 105, 6.

(a) “ The best commentators,” says Sir E. Barry, “ have been more than usually perplexed about the interpretation of several passages in this ode. Dr. Bentley differs from most of them, and seems with a partial severity to censure Dacier. (N. B. Dacier thinks *quocunque lectum nomine* refers to the name of the consul when the wine was made.) He (Bentley) seems to agree more with Acron than with any other, in referring *quocunque nomine* to the variety of passions which the Massick wine is capable of exciting, but immediately owns, that neither this nor any other interpretation comes up to the true spirit of Horace. However, this is quite foreign to the intention of Horace, by which, as I hinted before, he evidently intends only to express the generous origin of that wine, without regarding its peculiar name, or the place from which it was produced. The obscurity of this passage, and the wrong application of it, was owing to their not having known that the names of the principal wines, and of various growths, were often changed, and promiscuously used, especially by the poets, and that the *Massicum* was more frequently used to express all the different wines of the *Campania Felix*, and the circumjacent hills,

“ than

" than those of the *Maffic* hill. This and the *Cæcubum* were
 " often used in a general sense. Horace, in another place,
 " (Ode xiv. lib. ii.) mentions the latter to express an exten-
 " sive wine cellar, furnished with a variety of the best wines."
 Barry on Wines, p. 106 to 108.

(b) This expression is used in order to keep clear of the disputes respecting the meaning of the word *descende*, in the original; though Sir E. Barry seems to be right in asserting that Horace means to invoke the amphora to descend like a deity, and inspire him and his guests with its various and latent powers. But the notion that the cellars of the ancients were at the tops of their houses, and that Horace alludes to this when he tells the cask to *descend*, however absurd, is not peculiar (as Sir E. B. supposes) to Cruquius and Dr. Francis, but has been adopted by Dacier, Sanadon, and the Editor of the Delph. ed.

(c) The character of the great and good Messala Corvinus is well known in the history of the Augustan age; but he would, probably, have been still more distinguished in the virtuous days of the republic. At the breaking out of the war between the triumvirs and the party of Brutus and Cassius, he zealously embraced the cause of his country, and was recommended to Brutus by Cicero in a strain that shews how high an opinion that experienced judge of merit had formed of the youthful patriot. At the battle of Philippi he bore a high command, and appears to have distinguished himself by zeal and intrepidity in that unfortunate conflict; the event of which, and probably despair of seeing the republican party unite again with any efficacy, induced him soon afterwards to submit to the triumvirs. Before the battle of Actium, the profligate excesses of Anthony, the moderation that began to characterise the measures of Octavius, and, above all, the legal sanction his cause had obtained from the senate and people, had fixed Messala

fala as a friend of the latter. From that period he lived highly honoured by Augustus, but seems still to have retained his republican principles; for he avowedly cherished the memory of Brutus, and declined to exercise any office or magistracy that was not warranted by the ancient laws. He seems to have been intimate with Horace and other great writers of the age, but was more particularly the patron of Tibullus, who celebrates him for his military talents, as Horace does (in this and another place) for his learning and his eloquence.

(d) The word in the original (*languidiora*) is not, perhaps, to be expressed exactly in English, nor are the critics quite agreed as to the meaning of it. The old Scholiast, Dacier, Sanadon, and the Delphin Editor, say it means *ripe and mellow from age*. Sir E. Barry, by an ingenious, but, perhaps, too refined conjecture, supposes the poet to refer to a particular process in preparing wines, and "to point out the singular quality or degree of consistence which these wines had attained in their perfect state." See his Treat. on Wine, p. 101, 2. If this notion, which is explained by him at large, be just, yet it can hardly be brought within the compass allowed to a translator.

(e) The epithet in the original (*priscus*) seems to prove that old Cato, the censor, is meant here. He is said to have been rigidly abstemious in the first part of his life, but to have taken a cheerful glass in his latter days.

(f) Perhaps this passage means to compare wine, not to an instrument of torture, (which it may be called from its discovering secrets) but to a powerful engine, drawing the obstinate mind to its purposes.

(g) The Graces being invoked with Bacchus and Venus, shews a temperate feast was intended. See Ode xix.

O D E XXII.

An address to Diana on dedicating a pine to her.

CHASTE goddess of the radiant night,
 Who lov'st the airy mountain's height,
 And guard'st the sylvan bower ;
 Who, thrice invok'd with pious prayers,
 Reliev'st the teeming matron's cares,
 Sav'd by thy triple power ;

Accept this vow : henceforth the (a) pine
 That shades my humble roof is thine ;
 Where, (b) menacing the fight,
 Slain by my hand, a boar shall stain
 Each year thy consecrated fane
 On this returning light.

N O T E S.

THIS little ode seems, as has been observed, to be a return of gratitude to the goddess Diana for some favours conferred ; which, from the first stanza, one should suppose to be the safe delivery of a female friend.

(a) The

(a) The commentators cannot make out why a pine should be sacrificed to Diana. But perhaps the poet was not so refined as his critics. He was planting a pine, and possibly had a sacrifice to make to Diana, which might suggest the idea of dedicating the tree to her as Guardian of the Woods, which Horace expressly calls her at the beginning of this ode.

(b) The original is, "that meditates an oblique wound;" an expression perhaps applicable to the tusks of a boar, but not easily translated into English verse.

O D E XXIII.

*To a rural nymph, recommending plain and simple sacrifices,
with purity of heart.*

Now Phidyle, at (*a*) Luna's birth,
Now lift thy hands to heaven's abodes ;
Let incense, freshest fruits of earth,
And swine, appease thy household gods.

So shall no south wind blast thy vines,
Thy corn destructive mildew spare ;
So as the sickly year declines,
Thy young shall 'scape th' autumnal air.

Let the devoted herds that feed
In (*b*) Algidus, o'erspread with oak,
Or whom the (*c*) Albanian pastures breed,
Fall by the sacred pontiff's stroke.

But thou with slaughter's crimson stains
Court not within these soft retreats
Thy humble gods ; but crown their fanes
With rosemary and myrtle's sweets.

If

If (*d*) guiltless hands approach the shrine,
 No sumptuous victims can procure
 More favour from the powers divine
 Than humble pious gifts ensure.

N O T E S.

THIS ode seems in one respect interesting, as containing a description of sacrifices used by persons in the country in a middle state of life. The supposition that Horace addresses a female servant of his own, is mere conjecture. It seems more probable that he writes this for the instruction of a country neighbour.

(*a*) The new moon seems to have been considered by the Romans as the most lucky time for sacrifices, as well as the fittest for mirth and jollity.

(*b*) For a description of Algidus, see Ode xxi. of lib. i.

(*c*) The Albanian pastures extended round the lake of the same name, now the lake of Castalgandolfo. San.

(*d*) The construction here given to *immunis* (which is the same that Sanadon has contended for) seems to be required by the sense of this passage; but, it must be confessed, authorities in general, and that of Horace in particular, tend to support the other opinion, viz. that *immunis* signifies *sine munere*, without a gift.

O D E XXIV.

Addressed to the rich and profligate men of the age.

THOUGH ampler wealth than India boast,
 Or the blest Araby's unconquer'd coast,
 Be thine, though proudly stretch thy dome
 Where Tuscan or Appulian waters foam,
 Yet should stern fate, in terrors drest,
 Points its dread engines at thy lofty crest,
 No care thy wretched soul can save
 From death's resistless toils, and nature's general grave.
 More blest the savage Scythians roam,
 Whose wandering chariots bear their only home ;
 The Goths, whose lands, unmark'd by bounds,
 The wide-spar'd gift of bounteous Ceres crowns ;
 Where each in glad succession yields,
 Reliev'd from labour, his allotted fields.
 There, free from every guilty deed,
 The step-dame cherishes the orphan breed ;
 (a) No wife, presuming on her dower,
 Trusts gay gallants, and scorns the husband's power :

Her

Her only dower, her noblest claim,
The bright inheritance of virtuous fame.

(b) Her spotless mind that dreads to prove
The untried horrors of adulterous love,
From guilt, as from pollution, flies.
She dares not to offend, or daring, dies.

Where, then, oh where, the patriot soul
To check dire slaughter, factious rage controul?

An empire fav'd shall bless his name,
And the bright marbles consecrate to fame,

(c) Who dares licentious broils assuage,
Dear to posterity's remotest age;

(d) Since, ah, too oft our envious dread
Hates virtue living, but laments when dead!

What boots complaint, with vengeful steel,
If justice root not out the crimes we feel?

Why boast the laws that none obey,
If morals aid not their neglected sway?

If burning suns, or dreary plains,
Where Boreas, fraught with desolation, reigns,
Or snow that frosts eternal bind,

(e) Awe not the greedy merchant's daring mind?

Whilst sailors, dexterously brave,
Tempt the dread deep, and triumph o'er the wave.

All crimes we act, all woes endure;
Our only shame, the shame of being poor;

Dire shame, that bids us quit the ways
Of arduous virtue, and reject her praise !
Then (*f*) to the capitol, where speed
Applauding thousands to proclaim the deed,
Or nobly to the adjacent main
Cast thy lov'd treasures, source of guilt and pain !
Erase, whilst better thoughts inspire,
The tainted principles of base desire :
Enervate minds, that pleasure charms,
Confirm with useful toil, enure to arms.
The youth untaught to rein the horse,
Shrinks at the hardy hunter's rapid course,
More skill'd, alas ! to gain applause
In (*g*) guilty sports, forbidden by the laws !
In smiles his faithless parent drest
Deceives the friend, the associate, and the guest,
And, toiling with incessant care,
Heaps ill-got treasures on a worthless heir.
Thus the proud stores of wealth increase,
Whilst yet some want remains, the foe to peace.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THIS ode, on a topick so frequent with our poet, (the luxury and profligacy of the age) is a striking proof of his address in varying a theme so often treated. See 15th and 18th odes of lib. ii. and 1st and 6th of this book.

From that passage in which civil discord is deprecated, it is generally supposed this ode was written before the end of the civil wars, that is, before the year of Rome 724. But, perhaps, it may be somewhat a later composition; and the poet, by painting the obligations his country will owe to the man who shall appease her troubles, obliquely endeavours to reconcile all parties to the usurpation of Augustus, which promised at least tranquillity and order to the distracted empire.

(a) This description is conformable to the representation which Tacitus has given of the manners of the northern nations, our ancestors. We may apply the remark of Mr. Gibbon on that part of Tacitus, with at least equal force, to this passage in Horace, viz. "that he indulges an honest pleasure" in the contrast of barbarian virtue with the dissolute manners "of the Roman ladies." Decl. of Rom. Emp. vol. i. p. 236.

(b) Compare this description of Gothick chastity with the picture of Roman profligacy in Ode vi. of this book.

(c) Horace seems here artfully to anticipate that reformation of manners which probably Augustus was at this time preparing to attempt, and which afterwards he, in some degree, effected; or, perhaps, it is an exhortation to him to use his newly-established power for the extinguishment of civil discord, and the restraint of licentious morals.

(d) The same thought, Mr. Duncombe remarks, occurs in the Epistle to Augustus:

“ Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes

“ Infra se positus : extinctus amabitur idem.”

“ Opprest we feel the beam directly beat :

“ Those suns of glory please not till they set.” POPE.

(e) The poet in this place, as in some others, seems to consider the adventurous spirit of commerce as one source of the corruption of morals. It had no doubt contributed to the introduction of luxury, and the destruction of that simple and martial character on which the Roman greatness was founded, without substituting all the advantages it brings in modern times, and more especially to our own country.

(f) The best opinions agree that this refers to a custom the Romans had of consecrating gold and jewels to the gods. This is represented as having been a frequent practice with private persons, the senate, and even the emperors. These consecrations were made with great solemnity, and attended by a great concourse of people and loud acclamations. *Dac. San.*

(g) Two games are mentioned, that of dice, and the trochus, a Græcian game, which consisted in driving an iron hoop, the inside of which was set round with iron rings. It is said that great dexterity was necessary to guide it properly. All games of chance, especially dice, were forbidden by the Roman laws. *Dac.*

O D E XXV.

*An invitation to Bacchus to enable the poet, by his inspiration,
to sing the praises of Augustus.*

I.

WHERE, oh where, with mighty force,
Bacchus, dost thou urge my course!
Fill'd by thy inspiring power,
What sequester'd grove or bower,
What lone cave, shall hear my song
Cæsar's godlike fame prolong,
Wafted to the stars above,
Thron'd next high imperial Jove?

II.

New-born glories, themes unsung,
Wake my soul, inspire my tongue!
Raptures every sense pervade!
Thus, in wild disorder'd numbers,
(a) Starting from ecstasick slumbers,
Raves the astonish'd Thracian maid,

When,

When, from hills near Hebrus' stream,
 Darts her fervid eye o'er Thrace,
 Where the snowy mountains gleam,
 Haunts of a barbarian race.

III.

Let me thus, whilst fancy strays,
 Thy (*b*) lone rocks, thy groves, admire :
 Hear, oh hear, my votive lays,
 Ruler of the (*c*) Naiad choir !
 Thou, whose train, in frantick mirth,
 (*d*) Rend the loftiest trees from earth !
 Fir'd by thee, my Muse disdains
 Weak, inglorious, mortal strains ;
 Pleas'd, enraptur'd with the chace,
 Thee, the vine-crown'd god, I trace.

NOTES,

THIS ode, as well as the sixth of the second book, is supposed to have been written in imitation of the Greek Dithyrambicks, or songs in honour of Bacchus, a species of writing in which the poet, feigning to be inspired by the deity, ventures on bolder flights than would be allowed to any other kind of poetry. "The dithyrambick," says Sanadon, "bears the same relation to lyric poetry that lyric poetry does to other poetry in general. It is in the dithyrambick that the warmth of imagination, and boldness of language, in which
 " the

"the sublimity of an ode consists, ought especially to prevail." No very probable conjecture can be formed as to the date of this ode. Dacier only says Horace was then old. Sanadon thinks it could not have been written before the consecration of Augustus, which, according to the chronology he adopts, was in the year of Rome 725.

(a) This is given as the most probable sense of the word *exsomnis*; about which there has been much dispute amongst the critics. Under this construction, it is, perhaps, necessary to divide the word, as Dr. Foster was inclined to do, in preference to reading, with Dr. Bentley, *Edonis*. This lively image of the Bacchant is, perhaps, one of the most truly lyric passages in Horace. The country of Thrace was highly picturesque; and Dr. Blackwell supposes the poet to have been struck with its beauties when marching through it in the army of Brutus. Mem. of Aug. vol. ii. p. 53.

(b) The reading adopted here by the translator, (*rupes*) if it is not in the oldest MS. and editions, seems to have sufficient authority, and to convey a meaning most likely to be the true one. It is used by Horace on a similar occasion. See Ode xix. lib. ii.

(c) The ancients, we are told in the Delphin edition, feigned Bacchus to be the ruler of the Naiads, to shew the superiority of wine over water.

(d) This power of tearing up trees is supposed to allude to a circumstance in the Bacchants of Euripides, where Agave and the other Bacchants are represented as tearing up a tree on which the unfortunate Pentheus had taken refuge. Delph. ed. Dac.

O D E XXVI.

*He professes to lay aside the weapons of love, but requests
Venus to punish Chloe for her cruelty.*

LISTED by beauty's conquering charms,

Her banners in the field I bore :

Now, (*a*) on these walls, my useless arms,

And harp, proclaim love's warfare o'er.

There, on (*b*) the left of Venus' shrine,

My once resplendent (*c*) torches wait ;

There shall the bows, the bars, recline,

That menac'd oft th' opposing gate.

Goddeſs of Cyprus' bleſt abode,

Of Memphis, free from wintry ſnows,

(*d*) Once touch with thy uplifted rod

Proud Chloe's heart, and let her feel my woes !

N O T E S.

HORACE is ſuppoſed to have been forty, or upwards, when he wrote this renunciation of gallantry, which, if it was ſin-

cere, does not appear to have been permanent. The spirited metaphor at the beginning of this ode, by which love is compared to war, has been enlarged upon by Ovid in the passage beginning "*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra cupido.*"

(a) When the ancients renounced any trade or art, it was their custom to consecrate the implements of it to some god, and particularly to the deity who presided over the profession they had abandoned. Horace therefore consecrates his levers, his torches, his bow, and his lyre to Venus. Dac.

(b) To understand this, says Dacier, it must be remarked, that the ancients placed the statues of their gods on the north side of their temples, so that they faced the south. Thus the east was on their left, and the west on their right. Horace, therefore, hangs his weapons on the wall which was on the left of Venus, because it was the east, which was deemed the lucky side.

(d) The instruments here enumerated are supposed to be those which were used by lovers in besieging the houses of their mistresses at night. It has been objected that *bow*s (*arcus*) could be of no use in breaking doors. Dacier justifies the expression by saying that *bow*s were to shoot any rival who should oppose them. But it is not probable they had, on these occasions, such serious conflicts; and, besides, the *bow*s are expressly said to menace the doors.

Dr. Bentley, on mere conjecture, would read *securæque* (*axes*.) Cunningham and Sanadon would change it to a clumsy word (*harpas*.) found no where in Horace. But can we, at this distance of time, be certain that *arcus* might not have another sense than its primitive one, and signify an instrument, somewhat in the shape of a bow, and proper for breaking doors? Gesner thinks the engine since called *arcubalista* (or cross-bow) might

might have been employed against doors, and at that period called *arcus*.

(*d*) In the original it is *semel, once for all*; which surely implies *effectually*. The rod is also to be lifted "high in the air," so that we cannot agree with Sanadon and Francis, that Chloe was to receive the gentlest correction possible.

ODE

O D E XXVII.

He dissuades Galatæa from a voyage, by a description of the dangers to which Europa exposed herself, and her repentance.

THE (a) fox that rears her rav'nous breed,
 Th' ill-omen'd bird, the wolf, shall lead
 Th' impious on his course ;
 Or the fell serpent shall affright,
 Darting more swift than arrow's flight
 Athwart his trembling horse.

My careful auguries attend
 The parting of each valu'd friend :
 (b) Ere with ill-boding lay
 Crows hover o'er the stagnant lake,
 The raven's happier note I wake
 From realms of orient day.

Where'er my Galatæa's fate
 Shall lead her steps, may blessings wait,
 Nor thou forget my care !

Thee

Thee nor the luckless pye (c) delays,
Nor crow with hoarser murmur stays,
The vagrant bird of air.

But lo, what fierce tempestuous war
(d) Orion's late declining star
Spreads o'er the angry seas!
By dangers warn'd, I fail no more
Where (e) Adriatick billows roar,
Nor trust the (f) western breeze.

(g) Let the dire offspring of our foes,
Expos'd to every gale that blows,
Hear the wild tempests rave,
Affrighted view the dangerous shores
That tremble when the ocean roars
Lash'd by the sounding wave.

Thus, (h) fair Europa boldly prest
With snow-white limbs the artful beast,
Source of her am'rous pain;
Yet felt her daring heart congeal'd,
When to her sight arose reveal'd
The monsters of the main.

Late,

Late, studious of each choicest flower,
 She wove the garland, deck'd the bower,
 The favour'd nymphs to please.
 Now, 'midst the glimmering of the night,
 Nought but the stars appear'd in fight,
 And wide-expanded seas. (i)

But when she reach'd fair Crete's domains,
 Whose hundred cities deck the plains,

“ Alas, my injur'd fire !”

(Thus stung by fell remorse, she cried,)

“ Where now thy daughter's virgin pride

“ O'erwhelm'd by wild desire ?

“ Oh say from whence or where I came !

“ The fatal wound to virgin fame

“ Can one frail life atone ?

“ Wake I the fatal crime to weep ?

“ Or by vain forms that mock my sleep

“ Deceiv'd, and guiltless, groan ?

“ Ah, wherefore did I rather stray

“ O'er distant seas, than, idly gay,

“ Cull the sweet blooming flower !

Z

“ Soon

“ Soon shall that once-lov'd object mourn,
“ With bleeding sides, with broken horn,
“ If yielded to my power.

“ Shameless I left my native home ;
“ Shameless on earth I dare to roam,
“ Nor heaven's just wrath assuage.
“ Oh, would some godhead hear my pray'r !
“ Expose me to the desert air,
“ To the fierce lion's rage !

“ Ere yet relentless care consume
“ The freshness of my youthful bloom,
“ And pining grief deface ;
“ Ere from my veins the moisture stray,
“ Fain would I fate with richest prey
“ The tyger's savage race.

“ Accurs'd Europa ! lo, thy fire
“ Calls thee with just vindictive ire
“ To the dark realms of death !
“ O'er yon high elm the faithful zone
“ (Companion of thy fate) be thrown
“ To stop this guilty breath.

“ If

- “ If yet thou chuse a ruder shock,
“ Rush headlong from the pointed rock,
“ The stormy ocean brave :
“ Or wouldst thou stain with vile disgrace
“ The glories of thy royal race,
“ Some proud barbarian’s slave ?”

Whilst thus she mourn’d, (*k*) love’s sportive queen
Enjoy’d with treacherous mirth the scene
Of fond mistaken pride :
Her youthful son, with bow unstrung,
That careless o’er his shoulders hung,
Stood smiling by her side.

- Sated with mirth, she cried, “ Abstain
“ From angry threats ! appease thy pain,
“ Nor let resentment lour !
“ This hated object of thy scorn
“ Shall meet thy rage, shall yield his horn
“ Submissive to thy pow’r.

- “ Know, thou art Jove’s immortal spouse :
“ Hence with thy grief ! return his vows ;
“ Enjoy thy splendid fame.

“ The love that gave thy story birth
 “ Shall mark a portion of the earth,
 “ (*l*) Distinguish'd by thy name.”

N O T E S.

THE occasion of this ode will, perhaps, never be satisfactorily explained, as it seems to relate to some circumstance in the private life of Horace of which no account is extant. This renders the ode in general (though beautiful in several of its parts) obscure and uninteresting. Neither Dacier, Bentley, nor Sanadon, who seem all to have bestowed much pains upon it, have given such an elucidation as will satisfy an inquisitive and intelligent reader. The latter, indeed, thinks he has discovered the story to which this ode relates. One Ælia Galla, it seems, the wife of Posthumus, wished to accompany her husband to the east; and Propertius, in one of his elegies, persuades Posthumus to take her with him. Horace, he tells us, addresses her under the fictitious name of Galatæa. But what could induce Horace to give advice contrary to that of Propertius? or what circumstance (except that of having once in her life wished to take a voyage) should fix it to this woman, who is never mentioned by Horace elsewhere, rather than to any other person? The name of Galatæa being in the two first syllables nearly the same as Galla, rather diminishes than adds to the probability of the conjecture; for when the ancient poets used fictitious names, they rather avoided a resemblance to the real ones, except, perhaps, as to the number of syllables and the quantity; in neither of which particulars is there any resemblance here. After all, to render this ode interesting to us, much more ought to be known than the *name* of the person to whom it relates.

All,

All, therefore, we can say is, that the ode *seems* to have been written to deter some female friend, or mistress, from an intended voyage. To effect this, Horace mentions the various omens that alarm travellers at their departure, and admits they are only applicable to the guilty and impious: but, he observes, more weighty motives exist to deter her, there being every reason to apprehend tempestuous weather. He then, as a warning, represents the situation in which Europa found herself during an adventurous voyage, and afterwards in an unknown country. Her reflections on the occasion, and the exquisite raillery of Venus, who comforts her by making known the real quality of her lover, conclude the poem; which must have arisen not only from an intended voyage of a female friend, but from some circumstances in that voyage now unknown. We should only bewilder ourselves by conjecturing what those circumstances were.

(a) These several animals were, it seems, unfavourable omens to travellers. What "the ill-omened bird" (called in the original *parra*) was, the commentators are hardly able to guess, nor is it very material.

(b) The meaning of this passage, in the original, seems not very clear. The translator has given the best sense he could make of it. On the one hand, he agrees with those who would strike out the interrogation after *providus auspex*, and continue the sense of that stanza into the next: on the other point, he agrees with Sanadon and Duncombe, that, by invoking the raven *from the east*, Horace means "to call for " lucky omens to favour the voyages of his friends," not "for " unlucky ones to deter them." The flight of birds from the east seems always to have been considered as a favourable preface. But our minds having received an early impression

from Gay's Fables, we can hardly bring ourselves to think the raven a favourable omen under any circumstances.

(c) The sense seems to require Dr. Bentley's reading of the present tense *vetat* for *vetet*.

(d) So in Ode xxviii. lib. i.

————— " the winds that wait
" Orion's fall, o'erwhelm'd in angry seas."

(e) Horace, says Dacier, knew the Adriatick sea, having formerly embarked at Brundisium on his way to Athens: and he knew it's treachery still better on his return from the army of Brutus.

(f) This is properly the *south-western*. It was the most favourable wind for those who were sailing from Italy to Greece or Ægypt, and might therefore tempt Galatæa to embark, and deceive her.

(g) The ancients supposed, that a certain portion of calamities must fall somewhere, but that, by prayer and sacrifice, it might be turned on their enemies. "*Eveniant nostris hostibus, illa, precor.*"

(h) The story of Jupiter and Europa is well known. Dacier supposes Horace to imply here that, as Europa was deceived by the bull, who, when she only meant to take an airing on his back, carried her out to sea, so Galatæa may be deceived by a wind apparently favourable, and embark on a voyage that may prove dangerous, if not fatal.

(i) The comparison of Galatæa to Europa ends here, and consequently the subject of the ode is finished; but the idea of Europa fires the imagination of the poet, who amuses himself by painting the rage of that princess after she had been violated by Jupiter. Dac. Duncombe.

(k) This lively description of Venus and her son, Dacier thinks, would make a good subject for a picture.

(l) This story gives at least the *poetical* origin of the name of Europe.

O D E XXVIII.

*He invites Lyde, one of his mistresses, to celebrate the feast
of Neptune.*

I.

WHAT mirth shall chase our cares away
On mighty Neptune's festal day?
Haste, Lyde, haste, my active fair!
Our rich (a) Cœcubian treasures share:
Produce our stores, and, if thou'rt wife,
(b) Give wisdom's fortrefs new supplies.

II.

See'st thou the sun's declining ray?
Think'st thou the fleeting hours will stay?
That time, that winged time stands still,
Till thou the joyous flaggon fill?
Bring then the (c) loitering cask, whose date
Marks when old Bibulus rul'd the state.

Let

III.

Let us, my fair, alternate sing :
 First will I praise old ocean's king,
 His green-hair'd nymphs, his Nereid choir :
 Thou to Latona wake thy lyre,
 And paint Diana's virgin grace,
 Her rapid darts, her sylvan chace.

IV.

Last we will greet the Queen of Smiles ;
 Who, when her blest Ægean isles,
 Or (*d*) Paphian groves, demand her care,
 Guides her bright swans through realms of air.
 Night, (*e*) gentle night, with grateful praise,
 With graver song shall close our lays.

N O T E S.

THE feast of Neptune, which gave occasion to this ode, was held on the 23d of July. On that day such a concourse of people resorted to Rome, that the streets and environs of the city were filled with huts made with leaves to receive the strangers. Horace, who hated crowds and bustle, determines to pass the day with Lyde in domestick mirth. *Dac.*

This ode is, with reason, supposed to have been written some time after the eleventh of this book, as Lyde is there described

described as wild and unmanageable, here she is domestick and familiar. It seems intended by the poet as an Anacreontick; but the religious customs and feasts of the Romans having become uninteresting, much of its spirit and vivacity is lost.

(a) This was a species of the Campanian wine, and consequently highly valued.

(b) This sense, which, if warrantable, seems to give great spirit to the passage, was suggested to the translator by a friend highly distinguished by the wit of his prose compositions and the elegance of his poetry. It is not the interpretation usually given, but had (as the translator has since observed) appeared the true one to Smart. "Interpreters, in general," says he, "render the passage in this manner, viz. 'Offer violence to wisdom, which is ever upon its guard.' He adds, 'I rejected this sense, as the Latin will more naturally bear a better.' N. B. Dr. Foster supposed the meaning to be the same as in the passage, "*Tu lenè tormentum ingenio admoves plerumque duro.*"

(c) Many suppose this epithet of *loitering* is meant as a joke on the inactivity of Bibulus, who, being consul with Julius Cæsar, and unable effectually to oppose the ambitious measures of his colleague, shut himself up in his house, and declined acting at all; so that the common saying at Rome was, that Julius and Cæsar were the two consuls. But the translator cannot think a jest of this kind at all in the stile of Horace, still less can he suppose, as some do, that a pun on the name of Bibulus is intended.

(d) Pa-

(d) Paphos has already been spoken of in the notes to Ode xxx. lib. i.

(e) The praises of night were perhaps sung, as that was the season of festivity; and the poet means to thank her for the pleasures she gave him the opportunity to enjoy.

ODE

O D E XXIX.

*He invites Mæcenas to his villa, and thence takes occasion to
moralize on his own independence and contentment.*

FAM'D offspring of (a) Etrurian kings,
Mæcenas, thee my softest wine
Untasted waits : the (b) rose its sweetness brings ;
Prest for thy hair my richest perfumes shine.

Quit then, for once, the (c) distant fight
Of wealthy Tibur's humid lands,
Of Esula declining from the height,
And (d) hills once plow'd by parricidal hands :

Quit the vain wealth that cloy's desire ;
Forego thy proud resplendent dome ;
Nor from its cloud-aspiring (e) towers admire
The smoke, and din, and opulence of Rome.

Sooth'd by the change, the rich repose
Full oft in cots, with simple fare ;
Where, though no purple shines, no carpet glows,
Content can smooth the brow of anxious care.

Behold,

Behold, distinguish'd in the skies,
(*f*) Andromeda's refulgent fire!
See (*g*) Procyon, see the furious (*b*) lion rise,
Portending ardent suns and scorching fire!

In the cool stream, or grateful shade,
The weary shepherd seeks to ease
His fainting flocks; (*i*) nor bank, nor silent glade,
Feels the soft freshness of the wand'ring breeze.

Thou sit'st, with ever-watchful care
Foreboding what our distant foes,
(*k*) Seres, or (*l*) Bactrians, may for Rome prepare,
(*m*) Or hostile regions where the Tanais flows.

But the wise god, who veils in night
Fate's dark decrees, on human kind
Casts down a pitying smile, when vain affright,
When dread of unknown ills usurp the mind.

Secure whate'er *to-day* bestows:
The rest is borne by fortune's tide;
Which, like the varying stream of Tiber, flows,
Whose waters now with peaceful murmur glide,

Now,

Now, swell'd by fierce indignant floods,
 Roll rocky fragments to the main,
 Roar thro' the echoing mountains, sweep the woods,
 The herds, the village cots, and desolate the plain.

(n) He, he alone is self-poffest,
 Who, rais'd above misfortune's pow'r,
 Can fay, "To-day I've liv'd, to-day am blest :
 ("To-morrow funs may gleam, or darknefs lour!")

Can fay, with independent pride,
 "Those joys no envious fate can blaft :
 "The gods, omnipotent in all befide,
 "Change not the blifsful moment that has paff."

Fortune with wanton malice fports,
 Exulting in perfidious wiles,
 Now hears my vows, and now another courts,
 And charms alternately with fickle fmiles.

I hail her prefence ; fhould fhe fly
 With rapid wings, I fcorn her power,
 Wrapt in fair virtue's garb life's ftorms defy,
 And court integrity without a dower.

Though

Though the split mast confess the storm
 With hollow roar, serenely brave,
 No abject prayer I breathe, no vows I form,
 Lest my lov'd treasure fate the greedy wave.

(o) Then, though the mighty ship is torn,
 To launch the humble skiff be mine,
 Safe through the perils of the ocean borne,
 Whilst favouring zephyrs blow, and stars propitious shine.

N O T E S.

THIS celebrated ode has, perhaps, more admirers than any other in Horace. Scaliger says, that "it begins in the gentlest style, but rises till it attains a height which no other poet could reach." Contrary to the usual practice of Horace in his loftier odes, it is founded on Epicurean principles, but so purified and exalted by his genius, as almost to reach the sublime morality of stoicism; or, perhaps, it would be more just to say that, although our poet begins as an Epicurean, his philosophy rises with his poetry, and he becomes a Stoick before the close.

From the remonstrance with Mæcenas on his anxiety about publick events, and for the welfare of the city, we may suppose this ode to have been written whilst he was governor of Rome, and, perhaps, during the absence of Augustus on his Spanish expedition; which seems to have continued from the year of Rome 726 to 729. Sanadon fixes it at the year 733, when Mæcenas again had the government of the city.

The paraphrase of this ode by Dryden has been so highly applauded, as to render, in the opinion of many, a new
 transla.

translation needless, and perhaps presumptuous. It cannot, indeed, be expected, that a mere translator should equal that great poet in two or three passages in which he has been peculiarly happy. But, perhaps, if his ode be carefully examined, its fame will be found to rest on those passages alone. The remainder is surely in a very inferior style, and is, besides, such an incoherent mixture of translation, paraphrase and imitation, that it could not with propriety be admitted into a work which professes to contain only the former. The translator has therefore ventured, even in this instance, to obtrude an humbler attempt of his own.

(a) See the notes on Lib. i. Ode i.

(b) Flowers and perfumes were deemed almost as necessary at a Roman entertainment as wine. See Ode ii. and Ode vii. lib. ii. and Ode xix. lib. iii.

(c) The palace of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline hill, was so situated as to command a prospect of the neighbouring country. Tibur, now Tivoli, has been described in the remarks on former odes. (See Ode vi. of lib. ii. and Ode iv. of this book.) Æfula was a town near Tibur, situate on the declivity of a hill. Delph. ed.

(d) The country near Tusculum is meant here. A colony is supposed to have been founded there by Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe, who had unknowingly slain his father. Delph. ed. Dac.

(e) From this palace of Mæcenas, or, as some say, from a tower at the top of it, Nero beheld Rome in flames, and appeared highly pleased at the sight. Delph. ed. Suet.

(f) Ce-

(f) Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, or, according to some, of Phoenicia, was placed amongst the stars, together with Cassiope, his wife, and Andromeda his daughter. He forms a constellation of nineteen stars at the tail of the lesser bear. Columella says it rises the 9th of July, which agrees perfectly with this passage of Horace. *Dac.*

(g) Procyon is (as the Greek word signifies) the constellation immediately preceding the dog-star; it consists of three stars near the milky way, and rose in the time of Horace, on the 15th of July. *Dac. San.*

(h) The lion is a constellation of nineteen stars. Some incline to think Horace means the dog-star, as it was sometimes confounded with the lion by the ancients. The dog-star does not appear till the sun enters the first degree of the lion. *Dac.* Mr. Duncombe observes, that Dryden, in the lines answering to this passage, seems to have had in view the old translation of this ode by Fanshaw.—Fanshaw says,

“ Now peeps Andromeda’s small star,

“ And Procyon shews the dog not far :

“ He barks ; and Phœbus’ kindling rays

“ Haste to bring back the sultry days.”

Dryden——“ The Syrian star

“ Barks from afar.

But, as Mr. D. observes, it is more proper to say a dog barks, than a star barks. (N. B. The original says nothing about barking.)

In the conclusion of the same passage Dryden describes the heavens as *frying*. This, we trust, the English reader will believe is not in the original.

A a

(i) Here:

(i) Here Dryden has fallen into a conceit wholly unwarranted by the passage in Horace:

“ Those very shades and streams new shades and streams
 “ require,
 “ And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging
 “ fire.”

(k) The Seres, according to Ptolemy, were a nation of Asia, between the Ganges and the eastern ocean. Some suppose that they were the same as the Chinese.

(l) The Bactrians formed a part of the ancient Persian, then the Parthian, empire, and are put by Horace for the whole.

(m) The regions near the Tanais mean the Scythian nations.

(n) In this passage, and the greater part of what follows, the genius of Dryden shines in its full lustre. The lines are too well known to make it necessary to quote them.

(o) The sense of this passage seems to be, that whilst a vessel is in danger, the merchant on board is anxious for his wealth, and may endanger his life to preserve it, but the passenger, (to whom Horace compares himself) who has no such care or incumbrance, can secure himself by a timely escape in the boat.

Statius has this thought in his *Sylva*. But Pope has beautifully enlarged upon it:

“ Oh! whilst along the stream of time thy name
 “ Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 “ Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
 “ Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.”

O D E XXX.

*He rejoices in the success of his lyrick poetry, and foretels
the immortal honour it will obtain for him.*

HIGH as the pyramids I raise

A monument of deathless praise,

Which safe from ev'ry tempest's rage

Shall stand, and brave the power of age.

Ne'er, whilst time's rapid pinions fly,

My nobler part, my verse, shall die.

'Tis mine from every age to claim

Fresh honours, still-increasing fame,

Whilst Jove's eternal rites are paid

By the hoar (a) priest and silent maid.

Where (b) Aufidus' fierce torrent raves,

Where scarce a genial rivulet laves

Old Daunus' realm, my name shall sound,

(c) Once humble, now with glory crown'd,

My name, who first in Latian plains

Have dar'd to breathe the Æolian strains.

A a 2

Assume,

Assume, Melpomene, the praise
That justly crowns thy tuneful lays,
And let the Delphick laurel bind
My brows, distinguish'd o'er mankind.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is on the same subject as the last of the second book. See the remarks on that ode.

Ovid has almost literally copied this passage in the concluding lines of his *Metamorphoses*. His prophecy also has been accomplished. How much more reason had our poet to please himself with the prospect of immortality?

Poets, says Sanadon, whether good or bad, have maintained this custom of applauding themselves at the close of their works. The judgement of posterity decides upon the presumption of the one, and the merit of the other.

(a) The chief priest was always accompanied in the sacrifices by one of the vestal virgins, who kept a profound silence.

(b) The Aufidus, now called the *Ofanto*, was a river in Appulia.

"This gives," said Dr. Foster, "but a small scope for his poetry to be celebrated in. It is better to understand it, 'I born where Aufidus, &c. as longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum.'" MS.

Just as the foregoing objection appears to be, the translator has not ventured to adopt the remedy proposed, for to him the word *natus*, (born) in the original, seems too important

not

not to have been expressed, if that had been the meaning the poet intended to convey.

(c) The translator has here followed those interpreters who refer *ex humili potens* to Horace himself; which seems the only construction applicable to the design and purport of this ode. Bentley, Sanadon, and others, refer it to Daunus.

END OF LIB. III.

ODES OF HORACE.

LIB. IV.

O D E 2. &c.

OBES & HONAGE

ODE 1

It is the first of the series of the series

I I I I I I

Long, long the first of the series

Again the first of the series

Of the first of the series

As the first of the series

First of the series

Send not the first of the series

Not the first of the series

Whole of the first of the series

More the first of the series

There is the first of the series

Still

O D E S, &c.

L I B. IV.

O D E I.

*He complains of having fallen in love again at the age of
fifty.*

LONG, long the seat of peaceful rest,
Again love's mighty queen invades my breast.
Oh spare! not such my youthful fire,
As once (*a*) kind Cynara wak'd to fond desire.
Fierce parent of love's pleasing pain,
Bend not stern fifty to thy gentle reign.
No: be thy power o'er youth display'd,
Whose ever-soothing prayers invoke thy aid,
More fitly with thy (*b*) Paulus sport;
There guide thy beauteous swans, there fix thy court,
Still

Still uncontroul'd thy empire claim,
 And find his heart congenial to thy flame
 Whom noble birth, whom grace attends,
 Whose generous eloquence protects his friends;
 Who, all-accomplish'd, shall display
 Thy conquering banners, and assert thy sway,
 And when, o'ershadow'd by thy wings,
 He triumphs o'er the wealth a rival brings,
 Near the (c) Albanian lake shall raise
 The marble image sacred to thy praise:
 There shall thy heavenly sense rejoice
 In fragrant incense, there attend the voice
 Of magick harmony, inspire
 The festive song, and hail the according lyre.
 There, twice in each revolving day,
 (d) The youths, the nymphs, in honour of thy sway,
 Thy beauteous form encircling round,
 Shall beat in (e) Salian dance the hallow'd ground.
 No more, alas! my hope aspires
 To wake in gentle maids congenial fires;
 No more in joyous cups I dare
 Contend, whilst blooming chaplets deck my hair.
 Yet why, belov'd, when thou art near,
 Steals down my cheek the slowly-trickling tear?
 Why oft, where sweet persuasion hung,
 The broken accents falter on my tongue?

Thce,

Thee, in my slumbers, thee I seize,
 Thee, ever flitting, like the winged breeze,
 Pursue along the martial plain,
 Chase down the rapid flood, and lose amidst the main.

NOTES ON LIB. IV.

MOST of the odes in this book appear to have been written towards the close of Horace's life: they are almost all perfect in their several kinds. An expression in the old Life of Horace ascribed to Suetonius has induced some to suppose the whole of this book to have been composed at a later period than any part of the former books; but internal evidence, as to some of them, proves the contrary. For instance, the twelfth ode of this book, if addressed (as appears next to certain) to *the poet* Virgil, must have been an earlier composition than the third ode of the first book. The true sense of the passage in Suetonius seems to be, as Dacier and later critics observe, that the poet, having written two very sublime odes in praise of Tiberius and Drusus, and having some by him upon other topics, was enjoined by Augustus (who probably wished the former should appear) to publish the whole in a fourth book.

NOTES ON ODE I.

THIS elegant ode appears to have been written in the year of Rome 737 when Horace was in his fiftieth year: it has been imitated, with perhaps equal elegance, by Pope, whose performance will interest every English reader more than the original, as it is addressed to the then youthful and promising Mr. Murray, lately the illustrious and venerable Earl Mansfield.

There

There is a translation of this ode by Ben Johnson, in which (as Dr. Warton has observed) are some lines smoother than in our old bard's usual strains. Essay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 387.

(a) The translator has followed the Delphin edition in the construction of the word *bonæ*; but it may perhaps be meant, as some suppose, to express, that she was no longer living.

(b) Paulus Fabius Maximus was consul in the year of Rome 742 or 743, at this time he was a young man, and probably distinguished for his accomplishments and gallantry.

(c) The Alban Mount and Lake were but a few miles from Rome; the former is now called Monte Albano, the latter is now the lake of Castel Gandolfo. Probably Paulus had a villa near the Alban Lake. Delph. ed. Dac. San.

(d) The ancients did not breed up children for the purpose of singing at religious solemnities, as we do choristers; nor had they public musicians to sing at the theatres; but they chose from the best families a certain number of boys and girls, who sung on those occasions till others were chosen in their stead. This office was much sought after, and it was esteemed a great honour to be chosen. Dac.

(e) See notes on Ode xxxvi. lib. i. The dances of the Salii, or priests of Mars, seem to have been so highly celebrated, that all solemn dances were denominated from them.

ODE II.

*He excuses himself for not celebrating the victories of Augustus
in a lofty strain, from the impossibility of equaling
Pindar.*

WHOE'ER in bold presumptuous lays

Would emulate great Pindar's praise,

(a) On waxen wings elate,

Iulus, vainly soars to fame :

Some sea, distinguish'd by his name,

Shall mark his hapless fate.

As, swoll'n by floods, the river's tide

Impetuous from the mountain's side

Pours its swift stream along ;

Thus Pindar, foaming through his course,

Rolls onward with resistless force

His full, his deep-ton'd song ;

Crown'd with Apollo's sacred bays,

When, fir'd to (b) dithyrambick lays,

His lofty tow'ring soul,

In

In warm expressions bold, adorns
 The daring verse, that nobly scorns
 The fetters of controul ;

Or when the (c) gods his theme inspire,
 Or chiefs who quell'd the Centaur's ire,
 And quench'd Chimera's flame,
 The (d) athletick champion, or the horse,
 Returning from th' Elean course
 Bright with immortal fame ;

Or when, (e) to cheer the widowed bride,
 Whose dying lord in glory's pride
 Nor tears nor prayers could save,
 He tells the virtues of the youth,
 His matchless valour, spotless truth,
 And lifts him from the grave.

Strong gales and active pinions bear
 The Theban swan through realms of air
 To never-dying praise.

I, like the bee, o'er Tibur's foil
 Cull varied sweets, and humbly toil
 In weak laborious lays.

(f) Thou,

(f) Thou, with a poet's nobler fire,
Shalt strike the animating lyre.

To mighty Cæsar's deeds,
When, o'er the sacred way, his car
The stern (g) Sicambri, fierce in war,
In well-earn'd triumph leads :

Cæsar, than whose auspicious birth
No happier gift e'er grac'd the earth,
None better can engage
Our future hopes, though heaven and fate,
Propitious to man's wretched state,
Bring back the golden age.

Then shalt thou sing the publick sports,
The feasts, the now-deserted courts,
Where no dissensions burn,
My voice shall add it's humble praise :
Thrice happy fun ! I'll hail thy rays
That gild his glad return :

And as (b) the triumph moves along,
All Rome shall echo to the song
In glad according strains ;

While

Whilst to the gods our thanks arise,
 And perfum'd incense greets the skies,
 Breath'd from a thousand fanes.

Ten stately bulls, ten fruitful cows,
 Thy wealth requires: my humbler vows
 A tender calf shall pay,
 That crops the rich luxuriant mead,
 Wean'd from his mother's side to bleed
 On this auspicious day.

His curving horns, like Cynthia, rise,
 Disclosing in the dappled skies
 Her third increasing light:
 A yellow tint his form displays,
 Whilst down his youthful forehead strays
 A streak of purest white.

N O T E S.

THIS ode appears to have been written soon after the defeat of the Sicambri, who are represented as about to be led in triumph by Augustus. This defeat happened in the year of Rome 738. Dacier therefore dates this ode in that or the following year. Sanadon rather places it in 740, as that was the year when Augustus first returned to Rome after this victory.

Antonius Iulus, to whom this ode is addressed, was the second son of Anthony, the triumvir, by his first wife, Fulvia.

After

After the death of his father he was not only spared by Augustus, but received into high favour, and, a few years after this ode was written, held the office of consul. He seems, however, to have been dissolute and unprincipled; for, some years after, he intrigued with Augustus's daughter, Julia, and plotted against his life. On the discovery of this intrigue and conspiracy, he was put to death.

(a) The story of Dædalus and Icarus is here evidently referred to. The classical reader will recollect the affecting passage in the 6th *Æneid*, where Dædalus is described as endeavouring to carve a representation of the misfortune, but failing through grief.

(b) The dithyrambick odes of Pindar are lost. But two of Horace's (Ode xix. lib. ii. and xxv. lib. iii.) may give us some notion of them. See notes on those odes. Horace does not mean to say the dithyrambicks were free from *all* laws of versification, but that they were not bound by the common rules.

(c) The hymns in honour of the gods are also lost.

(d) The Olympick, Pythian, and Nemæan odes are here alluded to. These are the only remains we have of Pindar. The best of them have been admirably translated by Mr. West.

(e) The *Θῆννοι*, or Lamentations, of Pindar are mentioned by ancient writers, and must be the poems here alluded to. But no remains of them have reached our times.

(f) It seems that Antonius Iulus had written an heroick poem, which was commended at the time, but whether justly, or only in compliment to the rank of the author, cannot now be known.

B b

(g) The

(g) This nation inhabited the country now called Gueldres. The war against them began about the year of Rome 737, and they were defeated by Drusus in August 738.

(h) There is much dispute amongst the critics on this passage. The principal question is, whether the triumph can be personified; and it certainly appears at first a bold figure of speech to address a procession as a person. But Horace has done the same thing in one of the epodes, where he says " *Io triumphe, tu moraris, &c.*" This passage, which is cited by Dacier, seems to go a great way in justifying his interpretation, which applies the address to the triumph. Dr. Bentley has taken great pains to shew every interpretation to be wrong, in order to justify his alteration to *isque*. Cunningham, Sannodon, and Francis, read *Tumque dum procedit*. The man whose ear could bear such a sound could hardly be expected to translate Horace into good poetry.

O D E III.

*He congratulates himself, and thanks the Muse for his success
in lyric poetry.*

THE man, whom from his natal day
 (a) Thy smiles, celestial Muse, inspir'd,
 Shall ne'er a champion's fame display
 For glorious (b) Isthmian toils admir'd,

Shall ne'er the Græcian chariot guide,
 Which swift victorious coursers bear,
 Nor quell the threat'ning tyrant's pride,
 Bright triumphs lead, and laurels wear ;

But the soft flowing limpid stream
 That winds o'er (c) Tibur's fertile plains,
 The clustering grove, shall grace his theme,
 And wake his fam'd (d) Æolian strains.

Rome, mighty Rome, enrols my name
 In her lov'd poet's gentle choir ;
 And envy now assails my fame
 With weaker fangs, with powerless ire.

Oh, blest (e) Pierian maid, whose hand
 The golden lyre's soft note obeys !
 Even the mute fish, at thy command,
 Would match the (f) Cignet's dying lays.

'Tis thine that, by the passing throng,
 As Rome's first lyric bard I'm shewn ;
 And that (g) I breathe and please by song,
 If yet I please, is thine alone.

N O T E S.

ALL the learned have vied with each other in celebrating this ode. It is one of the two to which Scaliger gave what he deemed the highest praise, namely, "that he would rather be "author of them than King of Arragon." The spirit of its turns, the elegance of its language, and the harmony of its numbers, have, perhaps, never been excelled, even by Horace himself.

The translation of this ode by Atterbury is well known, and has been highly applauded. It is inserted in Duncombe's and in Francis's Horace, and is also to be found in the Collection of Poems published by Nichol at the beginning of the 5th volume.

(a) This pleasing image, of the Muse smiling on the birth of a poet, well expresses the sentiment that a happy genius is necessary to form that character. Dacier observes, that it seems to have been suggested by a passage in Hesiod ; which has also been imitated by Callimachus.

(b) The

(b) The Isthmian games, so called from being celebrated at the Isthmus of Corinth, were instituted in honour of Neptune, and performed every third year.

(c) Tibur seems to be mentioned, not only because Horace was fond of his villa in that country, but because in that retirement he composed the greater part of his lyric poems.

(d) It may be remembered, that Sappho and Alcæus, on whose style our poet seems to have formed his own, were Æolian.

(e) The term Pierian, as applied to the Muses, is derived either from the hill or the fountain in Thessaly of that name, sacred to them.

(f) The notion of swans singing as they feel the approach of death is universally allowed to be a fable. But fables are sufficient authority for a poet.

(g) The sense (of the original) may literally be, "that he owed his life to the Muse," or "that he pleases his readers whilst living." Foster. MS.

O D E IV.

*On a victory obtained by Drusus, one of the adopted sons of
Augustus.*

AS (a) the wing'd minister of heavenly fire,
Ordain'd the feather'd tribes to sway
Since, faithful to his lord's desire,
He bore bright Ganymede to realms of day,

Yet, new to toil, his native vigour tries
When trembling first he quits the nest,
Whilst vernal gales, unruffled skies,
To nobler efforts prompt his generous breast ;

Next on the sheepfold, with collected force,
He wings his swift impetuous way ;
Then on fierce dragons points his course,
Ardent in fight, and panting for his prey ;

Or,

Or, as the goat that crops th' enamell'd mead
 Views the young lion from afar,
 Doom'd by his infant fangs to bleed,
 Soon as he quits his tawny dam for war.

Thus, by his martial foes with terror view'd,
 Young (*b*) Drusus shone 'midst war's alarms,
 Thus, near the Alpine heights, subdued
 The stern (*c*) Vindelici, renown'd in arms.

(*d*) (Whence their firm hands the mighty pole-axe wield
 Vain were his toil who seeks to know)
 Till now invincible, they yield,
 Foil'd by the conduct of a youthful foe ;

They felt how genius prompts, how virtue warms
 The mind that sage instructions grace,
 Felt what Augustus' love performs
 For the young Neros, his adopted race.

From valour, valour springs, from merit, worth :
 The generous steer, the courser, prove
 The virtues of illustrious birth ;
 Nor do fierce eagles breed the timid dove.

Yet learning stimulates our native fires,
Invigorates by mild controul :
When culture fails, what wild desires,
What crimes, pollute not the ingenuous soul ?

How vast thy debt, oh, Rome, to Nero's race !
Witness the (e) fam'd Metaurian stream ;
Witness proud Asdrubal's disgrace,
When first glad conquest smil'd with golden gleam,

And chas'd the dreary night, since Latium's foe,
Dire Africk's chief, laid waste her reign,
Fierce as the blazing torches glow,
Wild as the storm that sweeps Sicilia's main.

Hence our brave youth in glorious warfare toil'd
With brighter hopes ; each sacred dome,
By impious Punick rage despoil'd,
Again possess'd its gods, the gods of Rome.

'Twas that dread shock the treach'rous chief dismay'd ;
Then did false Hannibal exclaim ;
“ Can stags the rav'ning wolf invade ?
“ Flight is our triumph, to escape our fame.

“ From

“ From Troy’s fell flames, from Illion’s fatal shore,
“ To fam’d Aufonia’s blest abodes,
“ The race o’er Tuscan billows bore
“ Their sons, their aged fires, their guardian gods.

“ (f) As from the woodman’s axe the oak derives
“ New strength, in Algidus’ retreat,
“ Still unsubdu’d, their power revives,
“ Refresh’d by war, and vigorous from defeat.

“ Less firm on Jove’s indignant offspring grew
“ The (g) Hydra, fresh from ev’ry wound;
“ Less dreadful rose the Theban crew;
“ Ne’er sprung so dire a pest from Colchian ground.

“ Whelm’d in the deep, it rises doubly bright;
“ O’erthrown, with tenfold force assails,
“ Hurls the proud victor from his height,
“ And (b) feeds the matron’s pride with martial tales.

“ No more to Carthage from my conqu’ring host
“ (i) Swift messengers shall speed elate:
“ Fall’n is our hope, our empire lost,
“ By slaughter’d Asdrubal’s unhappy fate.”

Naught can withstand the Claudian race in arms,
 Who own great Jove's peculiar care ;
 Whom wisdom guides, whom virtue warms,
 In peaceful counsels great, invincible in war.

N O T E S.

THE victory of Drusus over the Vindelici, commemorated by this ode, is said to have been gained in August, in the year of Rome 739. Augustus was then absent from Rome, and did not return till March 741; about which time this ode is supposed to have been written at his express desire. It is generally deemed the finest ode of our poet, and equal, if not superior, to any thing that remains to us of Pindar. Though serious sublimity seems not to have accorded with Horace's *taste*, it was by no means above the reach of his genius; as almost every part of this poem, but particularly the simile at the commencement and the speech of Hannibal at the close of it, fully prove.

The amiable and excellent Lord Littleton translated this ode whilst at Oxford. His poem is to be found in the British Poets, vol. 64. and is also bound up with West's Pindar. Prior's ode on the battle of Ramillies is also, in several parts, an imitation of this.

(a) It is remarkable, though whether allowable or not the translator does not pretend to determine, that this first simile shews the young eagle at three different periods of his progress, yet the application of it is made only to the last of those periods, viz. that when the eagle attacks "the struggling dragons," to whom the Vindelici are compared.

Sanadon

Sanadon has judiciously remarked that Scaliger, and other criticks, have totally misconceived this passage, in supposing that the eagle immediately on quitting the nest attacks the sheepfolds and combats dragons. The words in the original distinctly mark his efforts as progressive, without laying what distance of time intervenes between them. There remains, therefore, no difficulty, except in the expression "*vernal gales*," which, if the latter end of spring shall be deemed too early for an eagle to begin to fly, may be changed for some more vague epithet, such as *gentle*, the original passage being altered, as Dr. Bentley suggests, to "*vernique jam nimis remotis*."

(b) Drusus was the younger of the two sons of Livia by her first husband, Claudius Nero. Some supposed him to be the son of Augustus, which he would have been deemed by our law, being born after Livia's marriage with that prince, though she had been pregnant some time before. The shining and amiable qualities of this young hero will, however, sufficiently account for the emperor's partiality to him, without supposing him really his son. One anecdote (mentioned in Dr. Blackwell's Memoirs) does equal credit to both. The generous young prince, though he had such splendid prospects under the emperor, was desirous of restoring the Roman republic. He imparted his wishes to his brother, Tiberius, who, in hopes of effecting the ruin of Drusus, carried his letter to the emperor: but Augustus not only forgave this folly of youthful patriotism, but seems to have retained his kindness for Drusus unimpaired.

(c) The Rhæti and Vindelici, both of whom are mentioned in the original, (according to the usual reading) inhabited the countries now possessed by the Swiss, the Grisons, and other mountaineers about the heads of the Rhine and Po. Augustus sent his two sons-in-law to gather their first laurels in this
not

not distant, but very inaccessible field. Blackw. Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 390.

(d) Superfluous and profligate as this passage appears to us, the translator, though he has somewhat shortened, did not think himself at liberty to omit it. Some commentators endeavour to account for it upon suppositions, the truth of which cannot now be known. Sanadon, as usual, cuts the Gordian knot, by striking the stanza out. But the reasoning he employs to justify this would warrant the garbling of ancient writers in any way that our fancies suggest.

(e) The battle near the river Metaurus was gained in the year of Rome 545 by the consuls, Claudius Nero and Marcus Livius Salinator, (both ancestors of Drusus) against the Carthaginian general, Asdrubal, who was marching with a large army to reinforce his brother Hannibal. Nero, it is said, being encamped in sight of Hannibal, quitted the main body of his army in the night with a chosen detachment of 6,000 men, and joined his colleague, who was opposed to Asdrubal. They immediately attacked, defeated, and slew that general; and Nero, returning to his camp before Hannibal knew he had left it, threw the head of Asdrubal into the enemy's entrenchments. From that period Hannibal acted only on the defensive, and appeared to despair of success. It is with great propriety, therefore, that Horace assigns to him the fine speech in this ode.

(f) "The final inferiority of the Carthaginians," (says Dr. Blackwell) "was owing to their having been so far beforehand with their rivals in wealth, and its attendants, ease and luxury; to their sitting at home themselves, and filling their armies with mercenaries; whereas there was no Roman able to bear arms who became not a trained, hardy soldier;

“ soldier ; and therefore, instead of being weakened, they
 “ grew expert by every battle ; and, if they fell not in the
 “ field, gathered strength even by a defeat. This affords the
 “ genuine explication of that beautiful encomium upon Rome
 “ put into Hannibal’s mouth by Horace, which, without at-
 “ tending to this singularity, appears an empty rant.” *Mem.*
of Aug. vol. ii. p. 59.

Prior, in his ode on the Battle of Ramillies, has finely imi-
 tated this passage :

“ Envied Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
 “ Which on her mountain top she proudly bears,
 “ Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke,
 “ Strong by her wounds, and greater by her wars.”

(g) The story of the Hydra is well known. Colchos and
 Thebes are mentioned on account of the two fables of armed
 men springing from the earth (at each of those places) on it’s
 being fown with dragon’s teeth.

(b) The words in the original may be construed either as
 “ battles of which the wives of the victors may speak with exul-
 “ tation,” or “ battles which the wives of the vanquished may
 “ lament.” The translator preferred the former sense, as the
 Roman matrons are often described as glorying in the exploits
 of their husbands.

(i) The manner in which the news of the battle of Cannæ
 was received in the Carthaginian senate by the two parties that
 divided it, is described in a very interesting manner by Livy in
 his History, lib. xxiii. cap. xii. and xiii.

ODE V.

*He addresses Augustus, entreating his return to Rome after
a long absence.*

GREAT chief, whom heaven's propitious care
Ordain'd to guard the Roman name,
Return! fulfil thy people's pray'r!
Fulfil the sacred senate's claim:

Restore thy mild reviving ray!
Thy presence, like the spring, benign,
Gives lustre to the genial day,
And bids the sun more brightly shine.

As the fond mother's anxious mind
Dwells on her son with boding fear,
Who, far by adverse gales confin'd,
Returns not by the promis'd year;

(a) Fix'd sadly on the winding shores
Her looks in tender anguish mourn:
Thus faithful Rome her chief deplores;
Thus rapture waits his blest return.

For

For now the herds in safety stray ;
Kind Ceres cloaths the cultur'd plains ;
Secure the failor wings his way :
Pure faith defies e'en censure's stains.

Thy (*b*) laws and influence curb desires
That mark'd with infamy our clime :
Our offspring's features own their fires ;
Swift justice waits on ev'ry crime.

Who, then, shall dread fell Parthia's hate,
Or Scythia's native, fierce in arms ?
Whilst Cæsar lives, securely great,
Dread we Iberia's wild alarms ?

Each swain at eve, in peaceful bowers,
Round widow'd elms directs the vine,
Invokes thy name 'midst guardian powers
With festal banquets, genial wine.

As vows from grateful Greece attend
Blest Hercules and Castor's name,
Thee with our guardian gods we blend,
And pure libations crown thy fame.

“ Illuf-

“ Illustrious chief, thy power display ;
 “ Gay feasts to glad Hesperia bring : ”

Thus pray we at the dawn of day ;
 Thus in our flowing bowls at eve we sing.

N O T E S.

THIS affectionate and interesting ode, in which the poet seems only to have echoed the voice of the Roman people, is supposed by Dr. Blackwell to have been written during the absence of Augustus in Spain, when he was carrying on the war against the Cantabrians. But the learned writer seems inadvertently to have put this ode for the xivth of the third book, which manifestly was written about the time he mentions, and seems to allude to the illness of Augustus, the effect of which on the Roman people the same writer describes. The present ode seems to apply to some period when Augustus was not necessarily detained, either by illness or publick business. The translator therefore inclines to the date assigned by Dacier, viz. the year of Rome 739, or, perhaps, a year later, whilst Augustus was absent, as it should seem unnecessarily, in Gaul. On that occasion, it is said, publick prayers were made for his return ; a circumstance that renders the date here adopted the most probable.

Sanadon has justly remarked, that “ this ode, which seems
 “ to have been written soon after the second of the same book,
 “ is quite in a different stile and character. The former is full
 “ of strength, spirit, and majesty. The idea of Pindar had
 “ inspired Horace with a taste for the sublimest poetry. In this
 “ ode his mind appears more composed ; soft emotions succeed
 “ to violent agitations ; tenderness alone breathes in his senti-
 “ ments,

" ments, and gives a flowing softness even to the cadence of
" his verse. The one is the produce of imagination, the other
" the natural expression of the heart."

(a) This image seems to have suggested to Mr. Home those beautiful lines in his tragedy of Douglas :

" Ye dames of Denmark ! even for you I feel,
" Who, sadly fitting on the sea-beat shore,
" Long look for lords that never shall return."

(b) This description of the tranquillity and security that the empire enjoyed under the wise government of Augustus, is confirmed by history. The pains he employed, and the laws he enacted for the reformation of morals, had been attended with a considerable, though not, perhaps, a permanent, effect. The Julian law against adultery seems to be here particularly alluded to.

O D E VI.

An invocation to Apollo and Diana, with directions to the youths and virgins appointed to sing at the secular games.

GREAT godhead ! whose vindictive dart
 Could humble (a) Niobe's proud heart,
 Could lawless Tytios quell ;
 By whom alone o'ermatch'd in might,
 When Illion scarce maintain'd the fight,
 The (b) great Achilles fell !

Though the dread chief, of heavenly race,
 Shook Troy's proud turrets to their base,
 And strew'd her plain with dead,
 He fell, as when the axe assails
 The pine, or, levell'd by the gales,
 The cypress bows its head.

He ne'er, in fam'd Minerva's steed
 Inclos'd, had wrought the doom decreed
 To unsuspecting Troy,

Nor

Nor with religion's treacherous shew
Invaded a defenceless foe
Dissolv'd in festal joy :

No ; fiercely brave, his rage had torn
(Oh impious deed !) their babes unborn
To fate the Grecian fire ;
But, mov'd by Venus' prayers and thine,
Jove bade Æneas' favour'd line
To happier seats aspire.

Thou, who canst teach the Muse's theme,
Whose locks are bath'd in Xanthus' stream,
The (c) Appulian song be thine !
Lo, Phœbus breathes his sacred flame !
Adorns me with a poet's name,
And gives me to the Nine !

Ye noble youths ! ye high-born maids !
Whom the bright Delian goddess shades
With kind protecting wing ;
To her whose dart arrests the flight
Of nimble stags, in dance unite,
True to my Lesbian string.

Sing bright Latona's eldest born !
 Sing her whose still increasing horn
 Shines the glad torch of night !
 Propitious to the fruits of earth
 From her the months derive their birth,
 With her direct their flight.

The tender virgin, now a bride,
 (d) Shall oft recal, with grateful pride,
 The honours of this day.
 " 'Twas mine on that glad morn," (she cries)
 " In accents grateful to the skies,
 " To chaunt the Horatian lay."

N O T E S.

THIS ode is considered by some of the critics as consisting of the fragments of two different odes, tacked together by the editors of Horace. But as these different parts are combined in almost every edition, the translator has endeavoured to give them rather a closer connection than they have in the original. They appear to him, however, quite as closely connected, even in the original, as is necessary in lyric poetry. In the first part the poet requests to be inspired by Apollo, and then, feeling he has obtained what he wished, addresses the youths and virgins appointed as the chorus, directing them how to accompany the song by dancing. It is clear that the chorus danced at solemn festivals whilst the hymns or odes were sung,

as is of late sometimes practised in our theatrical representations.

For the rest, the present translator entirely agrees with Mr. Duncombe, who, in a postscript to his notes on the *Carmen Seculare*, has shewn that this ode cannot be deemed a part of that poem; though the latter stanzas, no doubt, relate to it. See the notes on the *Carmen Seculare*.

(a) The story of Niobe is too well known to be here repeated. It may be seen at large in the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Tityos is mentioned in Ode xiv. lib. ii. and iv. and xi. lib. iii. See the notes on those passages.

(b) The fall of Achilles by Paris's dart (directed by Apollo) is described or alluded to in many of the ancient poets. Virgil makes Æneas invoke Phœbus as the destroyer of Achilles, the most formidable enemy of Troy. *Æn.* lib. vi.

(c) Horace seems here to allude to Appulia as the country of his birth.

(d) Nothing could be more encouraging to the virgins appointed to sing than the prophecy that they should at a future period of their lives reflect with pleasures on the honour they had participated.

It may be remarked, that this is the only place, except a passage in one of the epodes, where Horace mentions himself by name; and here it is one of the virgins who is represented as speaking. It is surely, therefore, improper, as well as disgusting, to read in almost all translations such frequent repetitions of his name; which they seem to use whenever they want a word to fill up their metre.

O D E VII.

He describes the approach of spring, and moralises on the shortness of human life.

LO! from the hills recede the wintry snows;
 Soft herbage springs, the grove resumes its pride:
 Earth feels the change; the lessening river flows
 Within its banks, an unambitious tide.

The graceful nymphs, unaw'd by conscious fear,
 In native beauty lead the festal choir.
 But thou, frail man, observe the changeful year,
 Nor dare to immortality aspire!

To genial gales the icy chilness yields:
 Now spring retires; now summer quits the plain;
 Now fruitful autumn cloaths the plenteous fields;
 And now stern winter re-asserts her reign.

Each fading wane th' increasing moons supply,
 But (a) man, unhappy man, when once convey'd
 Where even (b) our great, our pious fathers lie,
 Returns to dust, and flits an empty shade.

Who

Who knows to-day if yet indulgent heaven
 To-morrow shall his wretched being spare!
 Cheer then thy genial soul; thy wealth, thus given,
 Shall scape the impious ravage of thine heir.

When once, (c) Torquatus, life's short scene is o'er,
 When Minos has pronounc'd thy awful doom,
 Nor birth, nor eloquence, can then restore,
 Nor piety re-call thee from the tomb.

For vain was mighty (d) Dian's power to free
 Her chaste Hippolytus from Pluto's reign:
 Great Theseus mourns, for ever doom'd to see
 His lov'd Pirithous bound in Lethe's chain.

N O T E S.

THE subject of this ode is the same as that of Ode iv. lib. i. yet Horace, as it has been justly remarked, has contrived to treat it fancifully and elegantly, without repetition. The difference in the conduct of the two odes is, that here the application is more direct, and the poet refers to history to prove, that neither birth, nor eloquence, nor piety, can save us from death.

There is a translation of this ode by Dr. Johnson; but, as it seems to have been written merely to contribute to a volume of miscellanies published by Mrs. Williams, and, perhaps, was not intended to be owned, the performance (though superior to most translations of Horace) is not equal to what might have been expected from him.

(a) This passage, fine as it is in Horace, seems inferior to that of Moschus on the death of Bion, from which it is imitated, and which runs thus :

Ἄι, Ἄι, ται μαλακαὶ μιν ἐπ' αὖ κατὰ καπνὸν ὀλῶνται,
 Ἥ τα χλωρὰ σέλινα, τὸ τ' εὐθαλὲς ἔλκον ἀνθηθόν,
 Ὑστερον αὖ ζῶντι, καὶ εἰς ἕλος ἄλλο φρονί.
 Ἀμμές δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροί, ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
 Ὅπποτε πρῶτα θανώμεν, ἀνακοοὶ ἐν χθονὶ κοίλα
 Εὐδομέε, αὖ μάλα μακρὸν αἰετμονα νηγρεῖον ὑπνον.

(The following translation of the above is in Francis, and seems, in general, far superior to his translations of Horace :)

“ Our plants and trees revive : the breathing rose,
 “ With annual youth, in pride of beauty glows :
 “ But when the master-piece of nature dies,
 “ Man, who alone is great, and brave, and wise,
 “ No more he rises to the realms of light,
 “ But sleeps unwaking in eternal night.”

It has been observed, that this comparison of vegetable to human life, so frequent in the ancient poets, is not a just one ; for the trees and flowers, though stript of their ornaments, cannot be said to *die* in the winter ; they rather are in a state of sleep, or stupefaction.

(b) Æneas, the supposed ancestor of the Romans, and Tullus and Ancus, two of their kings, are named in the original ; but it seemed best to the translator to supply these names by a general term.

(c) This Torquatus is supposed to have been the son of Manlius Torquatus, in whose consulship our poet was born. *Dac.*

(d) The

(d) The common fable is, that Diana *did* procure the return of Hippolytus from the shades below; perhaps it was sometimes related the contrary way; or possibly (according to Sanadon's observation) as Horace speaks in this ode as an Epicurean, he meant to intimate that he disbelieved all stories of that kind.

O D E

O D E VIII.

He offers verses to a friend as the best and only gift in his power.

RICH goblets would I oft impart
 To the lov'd friends who share my heart ;
 Bright tripods too, the meed divine
 Of Græcian valour, should be thine,
 (a) Oh Censorinus, could I give
 The works by which (b) fam'd artists live,
 In stone or colours skill'd to trace
 Some man's, some godhead's, heavenly face.
 But gifts like these, to wealth confin'd,
 Suit not my fortune, or thy mind.
 'Tis verse thou lov'st ; 'tis verse I pay ;
 Hear then the value of my lay :
 Not the bright marbles that proclaim
 Our grateful sense of virtuous fame,
 Whose scroll by after-ages read
 Restores to life th' illustrious dead,
 Not Hannibal's retorted boast,
 His baffled arms, his flying host,

Bright

Bright deeds that made the world admire,
 And impious Carthage wrapt in fire,
 More honour'd either chief who bore
 His name from vanquish'd Africk's shore,
 Than did the fam'd (*d*) Calabrian muse:
 For should her faithful verse refuse
 To mark each brave accomplish'd deed,
 Where is thy honour? where thy meed?
 Vain were those high exploits that grace
 The youth of Mars and Illia's race,
 If envious silence should entomb
 The founder of imperial Rome!
 Just (*e*) Æacus, to glory's height
 Rais'd from the Stygian realms of night,
 Propitious bards consign to rest
 In the rich islands of the blest.
 Rais'd by the Muse the brave despise
 Death's power, and mount their kindred skies.
 Hence, to his active valour given,
 Alcides shares the feasts of heaven:
 Hence Leda's radiant offspring save
 Frail vessels shatter'd by the wave:
 Hence, vine-crown'd Bacchus hears our pray'r,
 Speeds every wish, heals every care.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THE occasion of this ode seems to have been, either that Horace had received some valuable present from Censorinus, which he could not return in kind, or that it was the feast of the Saturnalia, when the Romans used to send presents to their friends.

This ode has been very well imitated by Soame Jenyns.

(a) There were in the time of Horace two noble Romans of the name of Censorinus, father and son: it is uncertain to which this ode is addressed, but probably to the younger. *Dac.*

(b) In the original Parrhasius and Scopas are named; the former was a celebrated painter at Ephesus, contemporary of Zeuxis, who lived about 400 years before Christ; Scopas was a famous statuary, who lived at the same place about thirty years earlier. *Dac. San.*

(c) The mention of Hannibal seems to point this compliment to the first Scipio Africanus; and he is also the person celebrated by Ennius: yet it was the younger Scipio who burnt Carthage. This difficulty seems not to have occurred to the early commentators. *Dacier* gives it up as an oversight of Horace; but one can scarcely think it possible Horace can have mistaken, or even forgot, a circumstance, in which the youngest school-boy at Rome could have set him right. *Dr. Bentley* (applying neatly enough the celebrated opinion of *Cato*) says, "*Ego cum Catone Carthaginem delendam esse censeo,*" and accordingly strikes the line out. *Cunningham* and *Sandon* substitute a very weak profaick word *impendia*. This seems to destroy the whole spirit of the passage, and indeed renders
it

it an anticlimax. Gefner's construction, which the present translator has endeavoured to express, is, that neither the acts of the elder, nor those of the younger Scipio, more clearly speak the praises of either of them, than the poetry of Ennius does the praise of the elder. If this construction be allowable, it saves the memory of Horace, which would suffer by the imputation of his having made so gross a mistake, or of having admitted so cold an expression as some would substitute.

(*d*) Ennius, the father of Roman poetry, was born in Calabria.

(*e*) Æacus is placed by Virgil in Elysium, as judge of the blessed spirits. See Æneid, lib. vi.

O D E IX.

He describes the power of poetry in conferring fame, and celebrates the virtue of Lollius, to whom the ode is addressed.

THINK not the tuneful theme shall die,
Which, (a) born near Aufidus, I sing
In verse that, to the vulgar eye
Unknown, accords but to the lyrick string.

Unrivall'd though great Homer reign,
(b) Yet dear to fame are (c) Pindar's lays;
(d) Stefichorus, the (e) Cean strain,
And bold (f) Alcæus, claim immortal praise:

Nor yet by time decays the wreath
(g) Anacreon's playful fingers wove:
The (h) Æolian maid's soft numbers breathe
The sighs of tenderness, the soul of love.

Was

Was Sparta's queen the only fair

Lur'd by a soft adulterous youth?

(i) By golden vesture, graceful hair,

Rich robes and gay attendants, won from truth?

(k) Did first young Teucer bend the bow?

(l) Troy feel but once th' avenger's ire?

Idomeneus first dare the foe

To battles worthy of the Muse's lyre?

Did none but Hector, firmly brave,

Or stern Deiphobus, sustain

Their wives, their infant race to save,

The shocks of war, the perils of the plain?

Yes, heroes liv'd in ancient days,

Ere Agamemnon saw the light;

But, honour'd by no Muse's praise,

Unknown, unwept, they sunk in endless night:

Slight are the limits that divide

Base sloth, and merit veil'd from fame.

But thou shalt shine in glory's pride,

Nor envious silence wrap thy honour'd name,

Great

Great Lollius! thy heroick soul
By calm, by steady wisdom sway'd,
In fortune's smile obeys controul,
Rises when strong calamities invade.

(*m*) Thy virtue, still to fraud severe,
Abstains from wealth that lures mankind,
And, far beyond the consul's year,
Maintains its awful empire o'er the *mind*:

Still the firm judge, thou dar'st disdain
With lofty scorn gold's treacherous charms,
Burst thro' vile crowds, oppos'd in vain,
And wield integrity's victorious arms.

'Tis not in wealth to give true joys:
Him purest happiness attends,
Who heaven's distinguish'd gifts employs
With steadfast wisdom to the noblest ends,

Who taught severest want to bear,
Dreads infamy far worse than death,
With friends can every danger share,
Or, when his country calls, triumphant yield his breath.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THIS lofty and spirited ode, in which one of the stoick paradoxes is enforced with great dignity, was peculiarly unfortunate as to the subject of its praise. Lollius is said to have shewn himself, some years afterwards, to be a very different character from that which is here represented. It appears, however, that, for a considerable time, even the penetration of Augustus was deceived; for Lollius, as a learned writer has observed, "concealed the greatest vices under the most specious mask of virtue." A few years after the death of Horace the true character of this man appeared; for Augustus having sent him into Asia with the care of his grandson and intended heir, Caius Cæsar, and the direction of an expedition against the Parthians, we are told, that "the disinterested consul, the severe and just judge at Rome, proved the most sordid and rapacious governor that ever fleeced the kings of the east." Black. Mem. of Aug. vol. iii. p. 423. 492.

He was at length exposed in his true colours, and dismissed the court of the young prince, which, it is said, occasioned his death soon afterwards by poison. Horace, however, cannot be accused of flattery, since, when this ode was written, Lollius bore the very character here ascribed to him.

A few of the stanzas in the first part of this ode have been imitated by Pope; the second stanza, Dr. Warton justly remarks, is well expressed:

" Though daring Milton sit sublime,
 " In Spenser native muses play:
 " Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 " Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

D d

" Out

" Out of the fourth and following stanzas, mislaid by his
" love of antithesis, he has formed a trifling epigram :

" Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride ;
" They had no poet, and they died.
" In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled ;
" They had no poet, and are dead.

Warton's Essay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 388.

(a) The meaning of this seems to be, " born in a region
" that never yet produced a poet." See notes on Ode xxx.
lib. iii.

(b) This (Dr. Foster observed) is not inconsistent with the
passage in Horace's Art of Poetry, in which he lays it down,
that mediocrity in a poet is not to be endured ; for, though
all the poets here mentioned were inferior to Homer, they
were the best of their several kinds.

(c) The writings of Pindar have already been mentioned
in the notes to Ode ii. of this book.

(d) This poet was born at Himera, a city of Sicily, in the
37th Olympiad. His name at first was Tisias, but was
changed to Stesichorus, in memory of his being the first who
taught the chorus to dance to the lyre. We have, (says Dr.
Kennet) no catalogue of his works on record. Suidas only
tells us generally, that he composed twenty-six books of
lyricks in the Dorian dialect ; of which a few scraps, not
amounting to threescore lines, are set together in the collection
of Fulvius Urfinus. Kenn. Greek Poets, Part ii. p. 18. 28.

(e) Simonides, who is here meant, was born at Ceos, an
island in the Ægean sea, about the 56th Olympiad. He com-
posed

posed poems in all kinds of strains, but especially the elegiack, and got as much honour as he gave by his labours on the four celebrated fights at Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Plataea. He is recorded by Cicero and Quinctilian as the inventor of artificial memory. Kenn. Gr. Poets. p. 43 to 47.

(f) Alcæus has been already spoken of. See Ode xxxii. lib. i. Ode xiii. lib. ii. and the notes on those passages.

(g) Anacreon was born at Teos in Ionia, about the 62d Olympiad, as is generally supposed. His character, and that of his poetry, are too well known to need any comment here. The festive gaiety of his odes has, perhaps, never been equalled.

(b) For an account of Sappho see notes on Ode xiii. lib. ii.

(i) This description of the dress and retinue of Paris, on his visit to Sparta, is conformable to the accounts in Homer, of the superiority of the Trojans over the Greeks in wealth and luxuries. Ovid speaks of Paris in the same manner in his Epistle from Laodamia to Protefilaus. Dacier remarks, that the epithet of *Spartan*, applied to Helen, (in the original) is meant to account for her being so easily captivated; as the simple dress and manners of the Spartans formed a contrast to Asiatick splendor.

(k) The Greek and Trojan heroes mentioned here are all described in the Iliad.

(l) Troy was besieged thrice, first by Hercules, then by the Amazons, and lastly by the Greeks. Dac.

Perhaps there could not be a better example than this of the power of poetry; as the two first sieges, not having been

celebrated by any eminent poet, are scarcely known or mentioned; the last, having been the theme of Homer's muse, will probably be popular as long as the world shall last.

(*m*) In this stanza and the next, the sentiment of the stoicks, that "the wise man is never a private person, but always a magistrate," is enforced with great dignity. See also Ode ii. lib. iii. stanza 5.

ODE

in
after
turn

O D E X.

To a proud and disdainful beauty.

AH, cruel still ! whom beauty's gifts adorn ;
 Lo, (a) winter waits thee to chastise thy scorn !
 When, thinn'd by time, thy whit'ning locks shall fail,
 Whose floating ringlets wanton in the gale :
 When fading tints thy wrinkled cheek disclose,
 Tints that once sham'd the brightness of the rose ;
 Then shalt thou cry, (whilst by thy faithful glass
 In sad review thy alter'd features pass)
 “ (b) Oh, had capricious fate revers'd it's doom !
 “ Giv'n youth the mind of age, or age the youthful
 “ bloom,”

N O T E S.

THIS little ode, from a circumstance that does not appear in the translation, seems to have been written a short time after the first of this book, and consequently when Horace was turned of fifty.

(a) The translator could not satisfy himself with either explanation given to the word *pluma*, which stands in most editions of the original; he has, therefore, rendered the passage according to Dr. Bentley's conjectural reading, *bruma*; as being nearest to the usual reading in sound, and affording a much better sense. The learned Mr. Markland proposed the alternative of *ruga*, a wrinkle, or *pæna*, punishment.

(b) This passage, Dacier observes, is an imitation from one in the Hecyra of Terence, where an old woman says to a young one, "Wretch that I am! why have I not your youth and form, or you my disposition?"

ODE

O D E XI.

*He invites one of his mistresses to celebrate the birth-day of
Mæcenæ.*

PHYLLIS, the cask of Alban wine
That owns nine mellowing years, is mine.
Rear'd by my anxious care
(a) The herbage springs, the foliage grows,
To yield a chaplet for thy brows,
Or deck thy graceful hair.

My rooms, as (b) bright as silver, shine,
Whilst, crown'd with sacred herbs, the shrine
Its tender victim claims:
The busy slaves their labours ply,
Whilst dusky smoke ascend the sky,
Roll'd from the trembling flames.

That thou may'st know why, thus elate,
I paint the blessings that await
Thy gentle heart to cheer:

D d 4

Here

Here shalt thou greet the (c) festal Ides,
The sacred period that divides
The month to Venus dear.

Oh, fairest morn that gilds the earth !
Scarce on the day that owns my birth
Such offerings would I pay.
For he whose friendship life endears,
Mæcenæ, dates his happy years
From this auspicious day.

No more with vain, ill-match'd desire
To radiant (d) Telephus aspire :
His youthful beauty warms
A nymph, whose wealth, whose wanton art
In filken fetters binds his heart,
With all-prevailing charms.

Let (e) Phaeton, consum'd by flames,
Warn thee from rash presumptuous aims ;
(f) Let his unhappy fate
Who strove great Pegasus to guide :
The winged steed's indignant pride
Disdain'd a mortal weight.

Come

Come then! to fitter objects bend
 Thy hopes; with thee my loves shall end:
 For, know, from this blest day
 No other flame my heart shall move:
 Wake then the song! each care remove
 That flies thy tuneful lay.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is supposed by Dacier and Sanadon to have been written when Horace was about the age of forty. Possibly it is still a later composition, as the poet calls Phillis "his last love:" though his resolutions of this kind seem not to have been very serious or permanent. The language of this ode is certainly not that of youthful ardour or gallantry. It interests the reader, however, by exhibiting a pleasing view of a domestic festival, and affording an additional proof of the poet's never-ceasing gratitude to his great patron and friend.

(a) In the original it is, "*parsley for weaving chaplets, and ivy with which you adorn your hair.*" These, it seems, were ornaments used by the Romans at banquets.

(b) Dacier thinks, that by the passage in the original (*ridet argento domus*) Horace means only to compare the furniture of his house and table to silver in point of neatness and brightness, not to say it *is* all silver. This opinion seems probable, as otherwise there would be something of ostentation in the passage unsuitable to the poet's fortune, and still more so to his temper.

(c) The

(c) The Ides were always the fifteenth day in the months of March, May, July, and October; in other months they fell on the thirteenth. The term *Ides* is said to have been derived from an old Tuscan word signifying to divide, as it divided the month into two parts nearly equal. San,

(d) Telephus is probably the same youth mentioned in Ode xiii. of lib. i. and Ode xix. of lib. iii.

(e) The story of Phaeton is well known, and may be seen at large in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. ii. translated by Addison.

(f) Bellerophon, after having performed many exploits on the winged horse, Pegasus, was thrown by him on attempting to reach heaven.

O D E XII.

An invitation to Virgil.

SOFT spring's associates, (*a*) Thracian gales,
Now smooth the waves, and swell the sails ;
The mead returning verdure shews :
Nor roars the flood impell'd by snows.

The (*b*) hapless bird now builds her nest,
Whom Itys' fate deprives of rest,
Stain of her race, whose rage, though just,
So ill reveng'd a tyrant's lust.

At ease the shepherd stretch'd along
Tunes the shrill pipe, or wakes the song,
To please the god who oft retreats
To blest (*a*) Arcadia's shadowy seats.

This thirsty time to mirth inclines ;
But, would'st thou quaff my choicest wines,
Virgil, of noble youths the friend,
Thy gift, (*d*) the fragrant perfume send.

One

One little box with essence stor'd
 Shall tempt, from (e) the Sulpitian hoard,
 The cask's bright juices, that impart
 New hopes, and cheer the drooping heart,

If joys like these be worth thy care,
 Haste, and thy friendly tribute bear :
 For mine is not the rich man's hoard ;
 Who shares my feast must deck the board.

Haste then ! forego vain wealth's desire,
 And, warn'd by the funereal pyre,
 Give serious cares a short-liv'd ease ;
 Let folly reign, whilst follies please.

N O T E S.

SOME of the commentators have raised a doubt as to the person to whom this ode is addressed: they will not allow the Virgil mentioned here to be the great Mantuan poet, notwithstanding the intimacy between Horace and him, but suppose some merchant is meant; or, as a box of essence is demanded, that the Virgil invited by this ode was a *perfumer*. The classical reader will find these different opinions stated at large in the splendid and learned edition of Horace by Dr. Coombe.

The better, as well as more general, opinion seems, however, to be, that the great poet Virgil is the person addressed by Horace in this ode. It would, indeed, inspire no interest, and have little or no merit upon any other supposition; for there seems

to be no serious *bargain* intended here, but merely a lively and pleasant banter. Virgil is generally supposed to have been much richer than Horace, and, though by no means covetous, to have received considerable presents in return for the pleasure afforded by his works. Horace, therefore, with the good-humoured raillery that might be allowed between friends, considers him as a wealthy man, who is to be entertained at the house of a poor one, and consequently requires (according to a custom of the Romans) that he should contribute to the feast; especially as he is "*juvenum nobilium cliens*," the friend and favourite of youths of the highest rank. These youths are supposed to mean Marcellus, the nephew, and Tiberius and Drusus, the sons-in-law, of Augustus. The admonition at the close, "to quit the pursuit of gain," seems, in like manner, to be merely a banter on Virgil's superiority in point of fortune; nor could that great writer and amiable man, who is said to have been remarkably disinterested, have seen it in any other light.

(a) The "Thracian gales" are supposed to mean the zephyrs; but Sanadon applies the expression to the north winds, which blow from Thrace to Italy in the spring, and are called *ornithiæ*, or *bird winds*, from the swallows coming to Italy as soon as they blow.

(b) The swallow is the bird meant here, as Procne was said to be changed into one when flying from the revenge of Tereus, her brutal husband, on whose lust and cruelty she had taken an equally cruel revenge. The story is told at large in the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

(c) Arcadia was deemed the favourite residence of Pan.

(d) Per-

(d) Perfumes were deemed by the Romans a necessary part of an entertainment.

(e) These storehouses were built by Sulpitius Galba. "It was usual with Horace, and others, who had not a large store of different wines, to supply themselves on any festal entertainment with an *amphora*, or cask of wine, from the publick warehouses, or *horrei*, which were plentifully furnished with a variety of them." Barry on Wines, p. 104.

O D E XIII.

*He reproaches Lyce, who was grown old, for affecting the
graces of youth.*

LYCE, mark what I foretold !

Lyce, heaven has heard my pray'r :

See, thou grow'ft deform'd and old !

Yet would'ft still be young and fair.

Vainly, impudently gay,

Still thou ply'ft thy glafs, thy jokes ;

Still thy voice, with fault'ring lay,

Love, reluctant love, provokes.

Lightly borne on active wing,

Cupid blooming (a) Chia seeks,

Tunes her soft melodious string,

(b) Nestles in her dimpl'd cheeks.

(c) O'er the sapless oak dismay'd

Far he flies, and views with dread

Thee deform'd, thy teeth decay'd,

Wrinkled cheeks, and snowy head.

Vain

Vain the diamond's radiant blaze,
 Vain the (*d*) purple, to restore
 Youth's bright scenes ; those happier days,
 (*e*) Borne by fleeting time, are o'er.

Where, ah where, that beauty's fire ?
 Where that grace, those tints, which stole,
 Breathing amorous soft desire,
 All my fond enraptur'd soul ?

Next to (*f*) Cynara fam'd, thy bloom
 Could each youthful heart engage.
 Her fate snatch'd with early doom ;
 Thou hast reach'd the raven's age,

Whilst gay youths, with mirth inspired,
 Still in quest of new delight,
 Mock with scorn thy blaze expired,
 Sunk in ashes, lost in night.

N O T E S.

THE vivacity and elegance of this ode, in the original, must strike every reader of taste ; but our author has been severely censured for the bitterness and spirit of revenge by which it seems to have been dictated. This, it must be owned, and two or three other instances, (where the subject was similar) form exceptions to the general character of his good-

good-natured muse. But let it be remembered, that, on these occasions, it is not *old women*, but *indecent* and *abandoned* "old women, that he attacks: he ridicules them, not merely "for their age, but for affecting the gay follies and agreeable "levities of youth." Nor is the tenth ode of the third book a positive proof that our poet had been rejected by Lyce; it is merely a song addressed to her on finding himself excluded from her house at night. This might often happen to lovers on their first addresses, merely from coquetry in the Roman courtizans, and the scheme of inflaming desire by difficulties. Nor can we be certain that the ode referred to, if it be really a serenade, means to speak of Horace himself—it might be written for a friend.

(a) Chia should, perhaps, be "the Chian." Who this Chian damsel was, does not appear.

(b) The original, *pulchris excubat in genis*, seems to have been imitated by Milton, in his Allegro, where he says:

"Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
"And love to live in dimple sleek.

(c) The poet considers love as a bird, and says, that "this bird never perches on decayed oaks," but flies over them, and dwells on young and blooming trees. Old women are compared to old oaks, as he had already compared them to dry leaves in Ode xxv. lib. i. Dac.

(d) Cos, which is named in the original, was an island in the Ægean sea, opposite to Halicarnassus; a species of shell-fish was caught near it, from which a very fine purple was extracted. Dac. The same commentator supposes Horace might mean gauze manufactured in the isle of Cos; for that

E e

the

the Roman courtezans wore a transparent kind of gauze in that island.

(e) There is in this part of the original an allusion to the Roman fasti, that would have been harsh and obscure in a translation.

(f) Cynara is mentioned in a former ode (the first of this book) with kindness and regret.

ODE

O D E XIV.

*On a victory gained by Tiberius, the elder of the adopted
sons of Augustus.*

WITH what new honours, what distinguish'd meed,
The people's voice, the senate's care,
Shall crown each brave, each glorious deed?
What bright records to distant ages bear

Thy virtues, great Augustus? first in fame
Where'er th' enlightening solar ray
Extends! the bands Rome ne'er could tame,
The (a) stern Vindelici, now own thy sway.

Late, by young Drusus led, thy martial powers
Twice the Geraunians crush'd in fight,
(b) Raz'd the swift Brennian's hostile towers
That frown'd tremendous on the Alpine height.

The elder Nero, taught by thee to wield
Those arms that quell'd the Rhætian pride,
Repuls'd, victorious, from the field,
Heroes that death in freedom's cause defy'd.

High o'er the ranks, distinguish'd from afar,
He speeds where'er the battle glows,
Spurs his proud courser through the war,
And darts impetuous on the astonish'd foes.

(c) As the swift south, when wat'ry pleiads reign,
Impels the wild, unruly wave,
His furious onset strews the plain
With fierce barbarians obstinately brave.

Thus o'er Appulia's fertile region roars
Fierce Aufidus with raging force,
Wide o'er the fields a deluge pours,
And threats impending ruin in its course.

As on the iron ranks great Claudius flew,
And, mow'd by his resistless sword,
(d) Their first, their hindmost warriors flew,
Thrice happy victor, who no loss deplored !

(c) His

(e) His arms, his counsels, his protecting powers,
Were thine.—The blest auspicious day
When Alexandria's vanquish'd towers,
Spread wide their gates, and suppliant own'd thy sway,

(f) That day, in three revolving lustres' space
Return'd, thy glories to proclaim,
Return'd thy bright career to grace,
Crown'd with the full maturity of fame,

From thee (g) Cantabrians, yet untaught to fear,
(b) Indians and (i) Medes await their doom:
Wild (k) Scythian tribes thy laws revere,
Oh mighty guardian of imperial Rome!

Thee, nations dread, where (l) Nile that hides it's source,
Where (m) Danube, where the (n) Tygris roar,
Where the fierce waves direct their course
That foam around (n) Britannia's distant shore;

Thee Gallia fears, whom death could ne'er alarm;
Spain's hardy sons from contest cease:
No more the fell (o) Sicambri arm,
But dread thy mighty name, and sue for peace.

N O T E S.

THIS ode may be considered as a second part to the celebrated fourth ode of this book, and, like most second parts, is, perhaps inferior to the first. It is, however, a fine poem in the original. The subject of it, Tiberius, (though he had hitherto concealed most of his vices) was a far less popular character than his brother Drusus. The poet seems to have been aware of this; for he begins and closes with the praise of Augustus; and that of Tiberius occupies only five stanzas in the middle of the ode, and is confined to his military exploits.

(a) For an account of the *Rheti* and *Vindicii* see the notes on Ode iv. of this book. The Gerauni, or (as some call them) Genauni, and the Brenni, or Breuni, were also warlike nations inhabiting the country now called Switzerland.

(b) This accords with what Velleius Paterculus says, viz. that these people had fortified themselves in almost inaccessible situations on the Alps, and that Drusus and Tiberius took many of their towns and forts. *Dac.*

(c) It is justly remarked by Dacier, that Horace here reverses the comparison; for, instead of comparing Tiberius to the river, he compares the river to Tiberius; by which means he gives a greater idea of his hero, and renders the passage more sublime. We have only to bring the passage to its natural order, by making *thus* and *as* change places:

“ *As* o’er Appulia’s fertile region, &c.

“ *Thus* on the iron ranks, &c.”

and we shall soon see the different effect of each method.

(d) This seems generally to be understood to mean, that the whole of the enemy was cut to pieces. This would be an extraordinary victory indeed, as Horace immediately subjoins, that there was *no loss* on the side of Tiberius. It appears also inconsistent with a preceding passage, which only expresses that Tiberius *repulit* (repulsed, or beat off,) the Rhætians. One should rather imagine, that a sudden and well-timed attack of the Romans obliged the barbarians to make a precipitate retreat, and that in that retreat a part of their rear was cut off.

(e) When any of the lieutenants of a Roman general gained a victory, the chief honour of it was ascribed to the principal, under the notion that his previous orders, his good fortune, or the influence of his virtues with the gods, had obtained it.

(f) The learned Gesner thinks the original only means to say, "this is the third lustre from the day on which Alexandria submitted," and not that "the victory was obtained on the same day fifteen years after that event." But surely the solemn and emphatic manner in which Horace marks it as a singular circumstance, requires us to understand it in the manner most interpreters have done, as applying to the very day.

(g) See notes on Ode vi. lib. ii. and Ode viii. lib. iii.

(h) Horace alludes here to an embassy sent by Porus, a king of India, to Augustus, requesting his friendship. Augustus, it is said, received it at Samos in the year of Rome 734.

(i) This must allude to the treaty with Phraates. See notes on Ode v. lib. iii.

(k) The northern nations, in general, were included by the Romans under the name of Scythians.

(l) This unknown source of the Nile, we are told by the commentators, was at length discovered by some Portuguese Jesuits in the year 1624. It is by them said to arise from two small springs in Sacala, a province of the kingdom of Goiana, the most fertile part of the Abyssinian dominions. The account given by one of these Jesuits, Father Lobo, may be seen in page 19 of Mr. Murphy's Life of Dr. Johnson, who translated his work. There is also a very full account of *this* source of the Nile in Mr. Bruce's Travels. But it is now the opinion of our best geographers, that notwithstanding the inquiries and researches of modern travellers, no progress has been made by Europeans towards a discovery of the most remote, and, therefore, what should be termed the real source of the Nile, since the days of Ptolemy at least, if not of Horace himself. For the eastern source of the Nile, near the lake Tzana, was equally known to the ancients as to the moderns, although its geography may not have been detailed with equal precision, or may not have reached the present times. As a proof of what has been alledged, the tabular delineations of Ptolemy describe *generally* what those of the Jesuits, and of the latest traveller, (Mr. Bruce) have only *amplified*. By this, however, we do not mean to detract from the merit of that truly adventurous and persevering traveller, but to state a curious fact, which, we flatter ourselves, will sooner or later be confirmed by the researches of those employed under the auspices of the African Association. This point is very well discussed in the Monthly Review for August 1790, under the head of Bruce's Travels.

(m) The Danube was the northern boundary of the Roman empire.

(n) The

(n) The Tigris, in the reign of Augustus, was beyond the Roman frontier; but the Parthians, in whose dominions it was, having been obliged to quit Armenia, and restore the Roman standards taken from the army of Crassus, Horace in this, as in the fifth ode of lib. iii. considers them as subjugated. Dac.

(o) Though Augustus had not absolutely conquered Britain, he had, a few years before, received a submissive embassy from thence with a promise of tribute.

(p) The Sicambri, a German people beyond the Rhine, had worsted Lollius when he commanded on that frontier; but, on the appearance of Augustus in Gaul, they repassed the Rhine, having given hostages for the preservation of peace. This must be the submission meant by Horace, for they were not finally subdued till two or three years after this ode was written.

O D E XV.

On the civil government of Augustus.

OF glorious wars I strove to sing,
 Of mighty nations tam'd in fight,
 (a) When Phœbus stopp'd the daring string,
 And check'd my bold, impetuous flight,
 Left I should tempt with slender sails
 The foaming sea, the boisterous gales.

Great Cæsar!—o'er our cultur'd fields
 Returning plenty marks thy reign :
 Our standards haughty Parthia yields,
 Restor'd to Jove's resplendent fane.
 'Tis thine to bid fell discord cease,
 And close (b) great Janus' gates, the pledge of peace.

Just order, by thy laws maintain'd,
 Has blest mankind ; contagious crimes
 Thy power has chas'd, (c) wild licence rein'd,
 And wak'd the arts of ancient times

That

That spread our fame, our empire's sway,
Wide as the sun's all-cheering ray.

(d) Whilst mighty Cæsar guards the state,
No civil rage, dire foe to rest,
Shall whet the sword of deadly hate,
Plung'd in our hapless country's breast :
His laws each vanquish'd nation knows
That quaffs the Danube's stream, or where the Tanais
flows.

Let us, in strains of grateful praise,
Our matrons and our sons, rejoice ;
On sacred and profaner days,
Mirth rule the heart, inspire the voice !
Let Bacchus too his gifts combine,
And add th' enrapturing power of wine.

First to the gods let prayer ascend :
Next godlike chiefs due homage claim.
With sacred verse soft musick blend,
And consecrate each patriot name :
Troy's and Anchises' fame prolong ;
And let fair Venus' son immortalize the song.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is supposed, with some probability, to have been the last of Horace's lyric works. It professes, according to his artful custom, a want of genius for the higher species of lyric poetry, and therefore dwells chiefly on the internal government of Augustus, in which, no doubt, there was great room for praise.

(a) This passage seems to have been suggested by the beginning of Virgil's sixth Eclogue :

" Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthus aurem
" Vellit, &c."

" When chiefs and fields of fight to sing I tried,
" Apollo, whispering, check'd my youthful pride."

WARTON.

(b) The god Janus was one of the few that the Romans did not borrow from the mythology of the Greeks. He is said to have been an ancient king of Italy, and to have received Saturn when driven from heaven by his son Jupiter. The head of his statue was represented with two faces, one to look back on time past, the other to look forward on the future. The circumstance of his temple at Rome being open in time of war, and shut when the state was at peace, is well known to every reader. It had been shut but twice before the reign of Augustus, who is said to have closed it three times. This ode seems to have been written during the last of the three periods, viz. about the year of Rome 741.

(c) The

(c) The Julian laws (as Augustus called them) against extravagance in living and adultery, seem to be alluded to in this passage.

(d) This is consonant to a passage in Ode xiv. lib. iii.

“ For say, henceforth can foreign strife,

“ Can civil broils invade my life

“ Whilst Cæsar rules the earth ?

END OF LIB. IV.

ODES

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the United States from the discovery of the continent to the present time. The second part is devoted to a detailed account of the political and social conditions of the country at the present time.

The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed account of the political and social conditions of the country at the present time.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a detailed account of the political and social conditions of the country at the present time.

ODES OF HORACE.

LIB. V.

CALLED THE

E P O D E S.

ODES OF HORACE

L. B. V.

PRINTED BY

J. P. O. B. S.

O D E S, &c.

L I B. V.

O D E I.

Horace requests leave of Mæcenas (who was about to accompany Cæsar to the expected battle with Anthony's fleet) to attend him to the war.

WITH (*a*) light Liburnian ships thou dar'st to meet

The mighty tow'ring hostile fleet,

In Cæsar's cause (*b*) the deadly combat join,

And guard his life, exposing thine.

What then? (*c*) ordain'd as thou shalt fare, to know

A life of bliss, or deepest woe,

Must I, (*d*) at thy command, recline in ease,

That shar'd with thee alone can please?

Or, with a heart no dangers can controul,

Bear ills that shock the tim'd soul?

F f

Ye,

Yes, let me bear them !—where the Alps arise,
Or frown the drear inclement skies
Of (e) Caucasus, or western seas extend,
Thy steps undaunted I'll attend.
Ask'st thou what aid my presence can afford,
Unfit to wield the martial sword ?
With thee my terrors would prove less severe ;
For absence doubles every fear :
As the fond parent bird with anxious breast
Sits brooding o'er her callow nest,
Yet more when absent dreads lest snakes invade,
Though weak, though impotent to aid.
These, and worse dangers let me share, to prove
My grateful heart, and win thy love :
Not that increas'd possessions may allow
More steers to drag my shining plough ;
Nor that my herds may change, e'er heat invades,
(f) Calabria for Lucanian shades ;
Nor that my wide-extended villa join
The heights where Circe's turrets shine.
Thy liberal kindness has increas'd my store
Beyond my wants :—I ask no more ;
Nor, like old Chremes, hoard with trembling care,
Nor squander like the spendthrift heir.

NOTES.

NOTES ON THE EPODES.

THE title of Epodes, usually given to these poems of Horace, has furnished a copious subject of critical discussion. Some suppose it to have been given, because the ten first are in the Parian iambick metre, as it is called, of twelve and eight syllables alternately; for, they observe, the word epode in the Greek odes signifies the close of the song; as the ode was usually divided into strophe, antistrophe, and epode. Hence, they tell us, it became a custom in iambick poetry to call the short line which succeeds a longer, and usually closes the period, an epode; and that this name was adopted from the iambick poems of Archilochus, whose metre Horace imitated. The second opinion is, that the term epodes means only (according to its literal sense) "*Poems subjoined to, or after, the odes.*" The third opinion, that it means the book of enchantments or forceries, as it applies to one poem alone out of so many, has been justly condemned. The first, though approved by Dacier, is surely a far-fetched hypothesis, and seems to require the support of more ancient authorities than are produced. There seems little or no analogy between that stanza in the Greek odes that is called the *epode*, and the short iambick verse that alternately succeeds the long one: and it often happens that this short verse does not close the sentence or period. Neither can we perfectly comprehend why the first ten poems, constituting little more than half of the book, should have denominated the whole. The second opinion is, perhaps, after all, the most probable, as being the most obvious and plain. Dacier objects to it, as founded on a false supposition, viz. that the epodes were written after the four books of odes, whereas it is obvious that many of the former were among the earliest compositions of our poet. But the material point seems to be, not when these poems were written, but when they were published.

There seems not to be any reason why Horace, like several other writers, might not have kept by him many years a number of his early and less accurate compositions, till the persuasion of friends, or, perhaps, the avidity of the publick for every production of his pen, induced him to publish them. But, perhaps, the greatest probability is, that these are posthumous works: for it is observable, that the old life of Horace, ascribed to Suetonius, mentions the fourth book of odes as *added to the three first*, by command of Augustus, at a late period of our poet's life, but makes no mention of the publication of the epodes, though some of them may be deemed lyrick compositions. After all, if, as is most probable, the term *epodes* was not given to this book till long after the age of Horace, it is of little consequence to us from what conceit of the grammarians or editors it arose.

This book consists either of poems *wholly* in iambick measure, or (excepting only the xiith ode) of such as contain lines of that metre intermixt with others of a different kind. But as these last are mostly upon lyrick subjects, the whole may be deemed a miscellaneous collection of lyrick and iambick poems. The inferiority (generally speaking) of this part of Horace's works to the rest, is universally acknowledged. But we are not from thence to conclude, as Dr. Francis seems to have done, that a part, at least, of them were not written by him. On the contrary, it would perhaps be difficult to point out one which has not in some passages, or, at least, some expressions, the marks of his hand.

NOTES ON ODE I.

THIS ode, from the tenor of it, appears to have been written a short time before the battle of Actium, which happened (according to the chronology adopted by Dacier) in the year of Rome 722, when Horace was 35 years old.

Some

Some commentators have asserted, that Mæcenas was not at the battle of Actium, because he was at that time governor of Rome : but this circumstance (even if accurately stated) does not prove he might not be absent from Rome for a short time at so interesting a crisis of the campaign. If, indeed, he had only *intended* to accompany Octavius to the expected fight, it would be sufficient for the explanation of this ode. But the better opinion seems to be, that he was present on that memorable day ; which is, in a great degree, confirmed by the ninth ode of this book, written as a congratulation upon Cæsar's victory, and implying that Mæcenas was still absent from Rome.

(a) The Liburnians were a people occupying that part of the Illyrian coast now called Croatia. Being a piratical people, their ships were remarkably light and active ; from whence all light vessels were called Liburnian. Cæsar's fleet was chiefly composed of vessels of this kind : Anthony's consisted of ships more formidable in appearance, but too unwieldy for action. Delph. ed.

(b) This is no exaggeration of flattery. The battle of Actium was the sixth engagement at which Mæcenas had been present with Octavius Cæsar in the course of twelve years. The panegyrick of Mæcenas includes indirectly that of Cæsar, as it implies that he did not consider his personal safety in battle, but freely exposed himself to the greatest dangers. San.

(c) See Ode xvii. lib. ii. in which Horace declares his attachment to Mæcenas in similar terms.

(d) It seems most probable that the *command* mentioned in the original (which some apply to Augustus) was the command of Mæcenas, as this affectionate expostulation is addressed to him.

(e) See a note on Ode xxii. lib. i.

(f) Calabria being a warmer country than Lucania, persons who had estates in both these districts kept their herds in the latter during the summer, and sent them to the former to winter.

(g) *The Circæan walls* (as the original expression is) means Tusculum, which was said to have been built by Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe. If, as is generally supposed, Horace's country house was twenty or twenty-five miles from that town, the meaning must be, that his farm (not his house) should extend to the walls of Tusculum. Sanadon's interpretation seems therefore to be the right one.

(h) Chremes is an old miser in one of the comedies.

O D E II.

He represents a usurer praising a country life.

“ **H**OW blest the man, who, far from busy toil,

“ Lives our forefathers’ rustick life !

“ Ploughs with his steers his lov’d paternal soil,

“ Exempt from (a) usury, or strife !

“ No thrilling trumpet wakes his soul to war,

“ Nor ocean threats with sudden fate :

“ He flies the tumults of the clamorous bar,

“ And the (b) proud mansions of the great.

“ To the (c) tall poplar he delights to wed

“ The full-grown offspring of the vine,

“ Crop uselefs branches that luxuriant spread,

“ And fresher, happier shoots entwine ;

“ Or in some lonely vale delighted sees

“ His herds, whose lowings fill the air,

“ Or stows in jars the produce of the bees,

“ Or sheers his tender fleecy care.

F f 4

“ What

“ What joy, displaying every genial fruit

“ When autumn’s graceful honours rise,

“ To cull the pear, his own transplanted shoot !

“ Or grape, that with the purple vies.

“ These grateful gifts, (*d*) Priapus, shall be thine,

“ Whose power has fertiliz’d his grounds,

“ Or deck the rural god (*e*) Sylvanus’ shrine,

“ Bleft guardian of his sacred bounds!

“ Oft near some ancient oak he seeks repose,

“ Reclin’d the tufted grass among,

“ Where in its lofty banks the river flows,

“ Where trill the birds their plaintive song,

“ Or near the fount, whose never-ceasing rills

“ Bound lightly from the rocky steep,

“ Whilst his charm’d ear the gentle musick fills,

“ And soothes to light refreshing sleep.

“ Or when great Jove’s tempestuous torrents pour,

“ And wint’ry clouds in snow descend,

“ With his fleet pack he drives the furious boar

“ To where th’ opposing toils extend,

“ Or

- “ Or spreads his nets on slender poles, to seize
“ The rav’ning thrush, the timid hare,
“ Or foreign crane ; such rural trophies please.
“ Who then forgets not love, or care ?
- “ What, if her share a faithful partner claim
“ To rear the fruit of mutual vows,
“ Direct his household, like the (*f*) Sabine dame,
“ Or swift Appulian’s sun-burnt spouse ?
- “ With season’d wood, to greet her wearied lord,
“ She heaps the bright domestick fire,
“ And drains the dugs with ample treasures stor’d,
“ Soon as her joyous herds retire ;
- “ Then from sweet casks she pours the sparkling juice,
“ (*g*) Light, generous, to relieve his care,
“ Studious to please, and eager to produce
“ Her rural dainties, unbought fare.
- “ Me not the (*b*) oysters from the Lucrine bay,
“ The high-priz’d (*i*) scars, or turbot, please,
“ Whene’er tempestuous wint’ry winds convey
“ Such dainty fare from eastern seas,

Not

" Not the choice bird that Africk's coasts produce,

" Nor partridge from Ionian shores,

" Like herbs, rich olives, or the mallow's juice,

" Whose virtue languid health restores,

" Or lambkin slain to grace the (*k*) rural feast,

" Or kid (*l*) just snatch'd from savage foes.

" 'Midst these repasts, what joy, when homeward haste

" His flocks from pasture to repose !

" When the faint oxen bear, from labour eas'd,

" Th' inverted plough, as day declines !

" When the brisk slaves, with neat abundance pleas'd,

" Range round (*m*) the bright domestick shrines !"

Thus spoke the usurer, and, fondly bent

To seek the calm, the rustick shade,

Call'd in his loans ;—but, ere the month was spent,

Replac'd them, and resum'd his trade.

N O T E S.

THE peculiarity of this ode consists in its abrupt and unexpected conclusion. The delights of a country life are descanted upon, through more than sixty lines, in apparently serious, though rather common-place, language ; but the conclusion shews the whole to be a jest. What we have been reading, we

find at length was not the language of the poet, but of an usurer, who, determined to retire from the noise and bustle of business, launches into a verbose and puerile enumeration of the pleasures he expects to derive from rural amusements and occupations, and actually takes measures for changing his way of life, but in a fortnight (as the original tells us in three words) he resumes his old trade. The brevity of this conclusion forms a humorous contrast to the flowery style of the description, and marks this piece to be of the lighter and more playful satirick kind.

(a) "This signifies," says Dacier, "not only that he owes no money, but that he lends none, that he is free from usury of every kind. This expression is ludicrous in the mouth of an usurer disgusted for the moment with a species of traffick, which the old Romans punished more severely even than theft: for the thief was only to return twofold, the usurer fourfold."

(b) The misery of those who are obliged to attendance on great men has been strongly and feelingly painted by many writers. The institution of clientship, which seems to have been in some respects highly beneficial, had brought this attendance more into a system at Rome than, perhaps, in any other commonwealth.

(c) It was the custom in Italy to fasten their vines to trees, particularly to elms and poplars. San. See Ode xv. lib. ii. when the plane is called a barren or (in the original) *bachelor* tree; as here the poplar is said to be wedded to the vine.

(d) Fruits were offered to the god Priapus, as a return for having preserved them from thieves or wild beasts. Dac.

(e) It

(e) It is said that the ancients had three gods called Sylvanus; one was a domestick or household god, another was the same as Pan, and the third (we are told) was the same as Mars. One should suppose the second is meant here. Dacier says it was the last, and cites a long invocation to him. But why Sylvanus has been confounded with Mars, or what qualities they have in common, he has not told us.

(f) In the time of Horace luxury had so corrupted the Roman matrons, that few instances could be found of their living in retirement with their husbands, and taking charge of the household. Horace therefore takes his example from the country of the Sabines and Appulians, where some remains of ancient frugality were still preserved, and where the people were still industrious. Dac.

(g) This species of wine, which was fit to drink when only a year old (*hornum vinum*) is described by Sir E. Barry as of a light, fragrant, and generous species. "It was made," he says, "from the pressure of the grapes on each other by their own, or a very light additional weight. These rich juices were only suffered to pass through a light fermentation, and the wine, when defecated and transparent, soon acquired a very fine flavour, strength, and fragraney. The Greeks and Romans distinguished this wine by peculiar names expressive of its native origin. It was always preserved in new hogheads, which were never pitched externally, or lined with wax internally, and was on that account called *vinum sincerum*; and probably, from the purity and simple preparation of this wine, *sine cera*, the epithet was originally derived. Horace seems strongly to point out the peculiar nature of this wine; and some of the finest Champagne wines are now made in this manner, which will not bear exportation, or continue durable." Barry on Wines, p. 40, 41.

(b) The

(b) The word in the original, which is here translated *offers*, may perhaps mean any kind of shell-fish. Those that were taken in the Lucrine lake (of which see a description in the notes on Ode xv. lib. ii.) were deemed in Horace's time a high delicacy.

(i) It seems by no means certain what the fishes and birds here enumerated are. The translator has followed the common interpretation of *Rhombus* and *Scari*. The *African bird* (for its name is not in the original) is supposed to be a Guinea fowl. *Attagen*, which is here translated a partridge, is by some considered as a woodcock or snipe.

(k) In the original it is, "slain at the feasts of Terminus." Such was the regard of the Romans for property, that their landmarks were considered as sacred, being under the peculiar protection of the god Terminus, who was worshipped by them with great solemnity, though his representative was usually a stake or a stone.

(l) This, we are told by Dacier, implies that such is the frugality of farmers, that they never eat lamb but when it is slain at the annual feast of Terminus; or kid, except when it has been damaged by the wolf. Perhaps it alludes to a custom of the Roman farmers to kill for their families such animals as had received any injury. Our farmers, it is said, do the same at this day.

(m) The fire-place of a Roman was in the middle of the room. Horace, therefore, describes the domestick slaves as surrounding the hearth and images of the household gods whilst their master and his family are at supper. It is said that the slaves of a country family made their meals also near the hearth. Dac.

O D E III.

*The poet complains to Mæcenas of the effects of garlic, which
he had eaten.*

W H O E' E R the wretch, whose impious deed
Has robb'd his aged fire of breath,
May garlick (curst destructive weed!)
More fell than hemlock, be his death!

Ah, whence these tortures that arise?
Has, then, some viper's pois'nous blood,
Mixt with these herbs, deceiv'd mine eyes?
Or fell (a) Canidia touch'd my food?

(b) Soon as, by Jason's beauty charm'd,
Medea felt love's gentle flame,
With this obnoxious drug she arm'd
Her chief, the fiery bulls to tame:

(c) By presents stain'd with this she pour'd
Swift vengeance on the rival fair,
Then, borne by winged dragons, soar'd
Triumphant through the realms of air.

No

No vapour e'er so deadly dwelt
 On parch'd (*d*) Appulia's sandy plains:
 Not even (*e*) the gift Alcides felt
 Rag'd o'er his limbs with fiercer pains.

Should'st thou such nauseous food desire,
 My pleasant friend!--I ask but this:
 May thy lov'd girl afar retire,
 Shun thy embrace, and loath thy kifs!

N O T E S.

THE subject of this ode sufficiently appears from the ode itself. The garlick so much complained of had probably been eaten at Mæcenas's table, and the latter part of the ode seems to imply that some trick had been played our poet to make him eat it. This ode seems to be, in the conclusion at least, a retort of Horace on his patron. It is a proof how much may be made of the most trifling subject by a man of genius; but ought not surely to be considered, as it seems to be by the commentators, in the light of a serious complaint, but rather as a *jeu d'esprit*, the force of which seems to lie in the contrast between the serious and solemn beginning of the poem and its ludicrous termination.

(*a*) Respecting Canidia, see the next ode.

(*b*) The story of Medæa and Jason is too well known to be detailed here. Horace supposes the power of garlick to be such that even the bulls who vomited fire were tamed by it. Some animals, it is said, cannot endure the effluvia of garlick.

(*c*) This

(c) This opposite effect of garlick in *consuming* a person anointed with it, instead of *preserving* her, as it had preserved Jason, has been objected to by Scaliger, as inconsistent. But Dacier's ground of defence seems just; for as Medæa was as well skilled in antidotes as in poisons, she would, of course, take care to secure her lover against any mischievous effect of the charm, and turn it against the bulls whom he was to subdue.

(d) Appulia is mentioned in Ode xxx. of lib. iii. as a part of Italy remarkably deficient in water; consequently it would feel peculiarly the heat of that season he alludes to.

(e) The story of Hercules being consumed by the shirt dipt in the blood of Nessus the Centaur, and sent him by Deianira, is told at large in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

O D E IV.

He inveighs against Menas, who had formerly been a slave, but (chiefly for treachery in the civil wars) had lately been raised to considerable wealth and eminence.

AS wolf and lamb are foes by fate,
 Thus springs to thee my deadly hate,
 Thou, on whose body yet remains
 The brand of ignominious chains!
 Though wealth, though proud distinctions grace,
 Can fortune e'er exalt the base?
 See, as in rich apparel gay
 Thou stalk'st along the sacred way,
 How every eye reproachful turns!
 How honest indignation burns!
 "This wretch," (they cry) "by stripes unaw'd,
 "(a) Who wearied the triumvir's rod,
 "Now (b) draws from fam'd Falernum's field
 "The wealth a thousand acres yield,
 "O'er the wide way delights to bound
 "With nimble steeds that spurn the ground,

G g

" And

- " And dares, (*c*) though Otho's laws oppose,
 " To sit in knighthood's foremost rows!
 " What boots it that the state prepare
 " The beaked vessels arm'd for war
 " 'Gainst robbers and the servile bands,
 " Whilst such the (*d*) tribune who commands?"

N O T E S.

THIS ode is intitled according to the received opinion, supported by the authority of the scholiasts and almost all the principal commentators. Yet, as the name of the person to whom it is addressed is not mentioned in the body of it, one cannot be quite certain but that there may be a mistake in the title. Menas had been a freed-man of Pompey the Great, and attached himself to the fortunes of his son, Sextus Pompey, who gave him a high command in his fleet. Yet in the war between Sextus Pompey and Augustus, in the year of Rome 715, he quitted his benefactor, and delivered up Sardinia, together with the army he commanded, to Cæsar, who rewarded him with a large estate, and raised him to the right of knight. He, however, upon some disgust, quitted Augustus the year following, and again obtained employment and trust from Pompey; which, it is said, was one of the chief causes of Pompey's ruin; for the traitor again deserted him, brought over a considerable fleet, and betrayed all his secrets to his enemy. San.

Sanadon, however, insists that Menas could not have been the person meant; for that the only two years whilst he belonged to the party of Augustus (then Octavius) Cæsar were passed chiefly in military preparations and expeditions; so that he had no time "to be fixed at Rome, to appear continually at the palace of Octavius, to assist at the publick shews, and

“to make frequent journeys to his country house.” Such a description would indeed be hardly consistent with the employment of Menas at that period. But *the poet* only says, that “he ploughs (that is, possesses) a thousand acres of the Falerian fields, that he beats the Appian way with his horses, and that he sits in the first seats of the knights, in contempt of Otho’s laws.” Nothing here is inconsistent with an occasional residence at Rome: and as it is evident that great part of the two years alluded to (715 and 717 of Rome) was spent in preparations for war, there was probably time for Menas to have shewn himself in such situations at Rome often enough to excite the scandal Horace describes. Sanadon also objects, that *Tribune of the soldiers* was too trifling an employment for Menas, who had commanded large fleets. But the Romans seem not to have had any uniform or appropriate name for their admirals; and, as in one period of the republic, the *tribuni militum* were occasionally invested with the command of the army, instead of the consuls, we cannot be certain that Augustus, though he gave Menas only the title of *tribunus militum*, might not in effect have entrusted him with a considerable division of the fleet. It is also objected, that Horace would not have dared attack so virulently a man so highly favoured by Augustus. But Augustus, it is acknowledged, though he loved the treason, hated and despised the traitor; and though, for his own interest, he rewarded, and in some sort honoured him himself, he might not be displeased that some one should take down the pride of an upstart, and express that contempt which he himself felt. Horace was probably at this period only connected with Cæsar through Mæcenas, and not (as afterwards) one of his intimate friends. Another objection which has occurred to Gesner as well as to Sanadon, is, that although Horace’s attack on Menas is so violent and bitter, the treachery which formed a principal feature in Menas’s character is not alluded to. But we should remem-

ber this treachery had been lately committed in behalf, and probably at the solicitation of Augustus. Horace, therefore, though he might venture to reprehend the *pride* of the slave, might deem his political conduct a subject of too much delicacy to touch upon; and, perhaps, was inclined himself to palliate it, as it was so beneficial to his own patron and party.

Upon the whole, there does not appear sufficient ground for rejecting a title that, it is believed, is found in all the MSS. and editions of Horace.

(a) The original is, "*beaten (or cut) by the rods of the triumvirs till the cryer was wearied.*" The Romans had three judges called *triumvirs*, who passed judgement on thieves and slaves, and executed their judgements, or caused them to be executed in their presence. Whilst this was doing, a public cryer proclaimed their offences. The meaning therefore is, that Menas had been so often scourged by these inferior officers of justice, that the cryer was wearied with proclaiming his offences. Dac.

(b) There are, says Dacier, in this verse (a couplet in the translation) two subjects for indignation: the first is, that Menas possessed a thousand acres of land contrary to the laws of the ancient legislators, who did not suffer even the principal citizens to have more than *seven*, and the other, that he had these thousand acres in the Falernian territory, one of the richest in Italy.

(c) All the places in the amphitheatre were appropriated. The *orchestra*, or place next the *arena* (or place of exhibiting) was allotted to the senators; the fourteen rows next to the *orchestra* were for the knights. The law by which the knights were separated from the people at the theatres had been proposed

posed by Lucius Roscius Otho, a tribune of the people. This law was divided into several branches ; for, when it gave these fifteen benches for the knights, it excluded all who had wasted their fortunes, and who had been performers on the stage ; and it forbid that any freedman, or son of a freedman, or any man from amongst the dregs of the people, should be made a knight ; and it was not doubted but that a man who had been scourged by a decree of the triumvirs was also excluded. Menas therefore had violated this law ; since having been a slave and scourged, he yet placed himself in the knight's bench. Dac.

(d) Though *tribunus militum* (tribune of the soldiers) usually meant a land officer, who was chief, or one of the chiefs of a legion, yet, perhaps, officers were sometimes under that title vested with naval commands. In the days of the republick, the consuls, *as such*, commanded Roman fleets. There seems therefore no reason why a tribune of soldiers, the next military officer to the consuls, might not command a division of the fleet. If this conjecture, however, be unwarranted, we must suppose that Menas, in order to be gratified with some employment, was made tribune of the soldiers, Augustus not deeming it prudent to entrust him with a naval command.

O D E V.

He represents a child, who had been stolen by the witch Canidia from its parents, as imploring her mercy ineffectually, and describes her incantations.

“(a) **WHENCE**, I conjure you by the powers that
sway

“The subject earth, the realms of day!

“Whence this tumultuous concourse? why are thrown

“Those furious looks on me alone?

“By your dear offspring, (b) if Lucina's care

“Has truly blest you with an heir!

“By (c) this bright purple's ineffectual charm!

“By awful Jove's avenging arm!

“Why do'st thou view me like a step-dame dire,

“Or beaft by hunters rous'd to ire?”—

Whilst thus the trembling child his fears express'd,

(d) Behold, the lacerated vest

Expos'd his tender form! whose gentle grace

Might soften ev'n the sons of Thrace.

But fell Canidia bids, whilst serpents glare,

Twine'd in her loose disorder'd hair,

(e) The

(c) The (f) fig-tree, rent from tombs where late it spread,
 The (g) cypress that attends the dead,
 And eggs and plumes (h) night's baleful bird bestow'd,
 Smear'd with the blood of filthy toad,
 Herbs which in (i) Colchos and (k) Iberia grow,
 The land whence deadly poisons flow,
 With bones from hungry dogs just snatch'd, inspire
 With magick charms the Colchian fire.
 Swift (l) Sagana the dome besprinkles wide
 With black (m) Avernus' mystick tide ;
 Like the sea porcupine's, her bristles rise,
 Or boar's, that from the hunter flies :
 Whilst Veia, by no sense of guilt dismay'd,
 Still plies the persevering spade,
 Prepares the earth, and, groaning with the toil,
 Deepens the hollow yielding soil,
 Where the poor child, (n) o'ercome by long desire
 Of varied dainties, might expire,
 With head just rais'd o'er earth, as swimmers brave,
 With chin upborne, the ambient wave ;
 And when at length, to fruitless longing doom'd,
 His tortur'd eye-balls had consum'd,
 His marrow and dried liver might produce
 The draught of love's inflaming juice.
 Nor wast thou, Folia, absent from these spells,
 As (o) soft luxurious Naples tells,

Thou, masculine in lust ! to whom 'twas given

To call th' enchanted stars from heaven,

And, skill'd in each (*p*) Thessalian magick rite,

Pluck from her throne the Queen of Night.

'Twas fell Canidia first the silence broke ;

How awful were the words she spoke !

(*q*) (Gnawing with livid tooth her fingers' ends)

“ Oh ye, on whom my fate depends,

“ (*r*) Infernal Dian ! and thou, silent Night,

“ Who rul'st the sacred mystick rite,

“ Now, now, my pray'rs attend ! my pangs assuage !

“ Bend on my foes your deadly rage !

“ And, whilst in sleep the savage beasts are laid

“ Deep in the forest's awful shade,

“ As through (*s*) Saburra's street he softly steals,

“ May howling dogs assault his heels,

“ Scorn'd as (*t*) an old adulterer ! though he shine

“ In (*u*) essence rich and bright as mine.

“ But ah ! (*x*) what dire mischances yet prevail ?

“ And can these potions less avail

“ Than foreign spells ? than (*y*) her's whose wrath laid dead

“ Proud Creon's daughter ere she fled ;

“ That poison which the splendid present dy'd,

“ And wrapp'd in flames th' ill-fated bride.

“ What though no herb the rugged mountains bear,

“ No root, deceiv'd my searching care,

On

- " On every harlot's couch he joys to rest,
 " And flights the pangs that rend my breast.
 " Alas, some forc'refs with superior art
 " Has freed his once-devoted heart!
 " Yet, Varus, shall new spells thy heart assail,
 " Oh, doom'd in bitterest grief to wail!
 " Returning love shall waft thee to my arms,
 " No more recall'd by (z) Marsick charms:
 " More copious draughts, enchantments yet untried,
 " Shall chase thy scorn, o'ercome thy pride.
 " Sooner shall skies beneath the ocean move,
 " And earth's dull region soar above,
 " Than thou shalt 'scape the love I strive to raise,
 " Consum'd (aa) like sulphur in this blaze."
 This said, the youthful victim strives no more
 With tears her mercy to implore,
 But, doubtful long, at length, in dire despair,
 Pours forth his last avenging prayer:
 " (bb) Fell forc'ry's arts can wild disorder cause,
 " But shake not heav'n's eternal laws.
 " Take then my curse!--the curse that waits this deed,
 " Ne'er shall ye 'scape, though victims bleed.
 " Soon as my life has fled, with vengeful pow'r
 " I'll wait you at the midnight hour,
 " Each face with crooked talons I'll assail,
 " (For thus th' infernal gods prevail)

" And,

- " And, sternly sitting on each tortur'd breast,
 " With dreadful fears alarm your rest.
 " You, dire associates! you the rabble's rage
 " Shall pelt indignant, loath'd in age:
 " Then shall fierce wolves and hateful birds of prey
 " Bear your unburied limbs away.
 " Such scenes my parents' sorrows may abate
 " Doom'd to survive my hapless fate."

N O T E S.

THIS is said to be a satirical poem against a Neapolitan woman, called Canidia, who practised the arts of magick or sorcery for the purpose of reclaiming her lover Varus, who had deserted her. If it be true, as this ode represents, that she destroyed a child of rank and condition, stolen from its parents, in the performance of her horrid rites, one is surprised that it was left for a poet to stigmatize her crime. Vindictive justice, one should suppose, under a government so just and firm as that of Augustus, would soon overtake the deed. Yet the poem apparently bears a strong character of seriousness, solemnity, and even pathos, in almost every part. We say *almost*, because in one place there seems to be an allusion to the supposititious child-births, of which, in a subsequent epode, Canidia is accused, and, in another passage, the representation of Canidia biting her nails before she begins her speech can scarcely be other than ludicrous.

By some *Canidia* is supposed to be a fictitious name, and that the person really satirized was called *Gratidia*. This, however, is a mere conjecture, and seems to be a very improbable one; as Horace, when he satirized any person, appears in general

neral to have used the real name; and, in one of the satires, Canidia is mentioned as the daughter of Albutius; which surely implies that Canidia was her real name.

It may be remarked, that this is the only poem of Horace (unless we except the ode on the death of Quinctilius) that has any pathetick passages. His lively genius seems to have been unsuited to that stile of writing.

This piece is partly descriptive, but in some parts highly dramatick. The unfortunate child, terrified by the appearance and actions of Canidia and her associate witches, implores their mercy by every motive that can suggest itself to his untutored mind.—Yet they proceed unmoved.—The ingredients of the magick cauldron are next enumerated, and the respective employments of the several witches described. Canidia then utters her solemn invocation to the infernal powers, and her denunciation against the lover who had deserted her. Lastly, the child, convinced at last that he is the devoted victim, threatens them with vengeance from his spirit, with the hatred and execrations of the world, and signal punishment from heaven.

(a) This abrupt opening is highly interesting. Had Horace begun with describing the child, and then told us that he spoke thus, &c. all the pathos and effect would have been lost.

(b) This passage has, as we before observed, much the appearance of alluding to Canidia's fictitious lyings-in. Yet it cannot be supposed that a boy of ten, or perhaps twelve years old, could either know the circumstance, or dare at such a time to allude to it. Some say the expression (*veris partibus*) means "*children that are really your own, and not by adoption.*" But surely the sentence, taken together, will hardly bear that construction. One is rather inclined to think Horace for once forgot

got himself, and could not help throwing in a fly sarcasm, though put into the mouth of an improper person,

(c) The Roman children of condition wore till the age of fifteen a robe bordered with purple. This, therefore, marked the child to be of a respectable family, and should have protected him against the insults and cruelty of these sorceresses. San,

(d) They are supposed to have stript the child whilst he was speaking, in order to prepare him for being buried up to the chin in earth, as stated afterwards.

(e) These ingredients of Canidia's cauldron are well imagined by the poet, and forcibly described. But the description is, upon the whole, greatly excelled by Shakespeare in the well-known incantations of his witches in *Macbeth*. The following lines, in particular, have much resemblance to this passage of Horace, but shew far greater powers of imagination in our English poet:

“ Toad, that, under the cold stone,
 “ Days and nights hast forty-one
 “ Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
 “ Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot:
 “ Fillet of a fenny snake,
 “ In the cauldron boil and bake:
 “ Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 “ Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 “ Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
 “ Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
 “ Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 “ Witches mummy, maw and gulf

“ Of

" Of the raven'd salt-sea shark,
 " Root of hemlock digg'd i'the dark,
 " Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 " Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 " Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 " Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
 " Finger of birth-strangled babe
 " Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 " Make the gruel thick and flab.
 " Add thereto a tyger's chauldron
 " For th' ingredients of our cauldron:
 " Cool it with a baboon's blood:
 " Then the charm is firm and good."

(f) The wild fig-tree is inserted, because it bears neither flower nor fruit, and was amongst the trees that are deemed ill-omened and unfortunate. It was necessary to take it from a church-yard, and not to cut, but to pluck it up. Dac.

(g) The cypress was deemed ill-omened, as being used at funerals. See Ode xiv. lib. ii.

(h) The commentators do not seem clear what bird is meant. One should guess it to be a screech-owl.

(i) Iolchos (which was a city of Thessaly) is the more common reading. Colchos is, however, at least equally proper, as being the native country of Medea.

(k) By Iberia is meant in this place Iberia in Asia, answering to what is now the eastern Georgia, of which Teflis is the capital. San.

(l) Sagana

(l) Saganā is also mentioned in Sat. viii. lib. i. as an associate of Canidia.

(m) The ancients supposed the descent to hell to be by the lake Avernus in Campania; wherefore the water of that lake was used to propitiate the infernal gods; and such was it's supposed efficacy, that when the real water was not to be had, they sprinkled other water, which they called by the same name, as Dido does in the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

“ Sparferat et latices simulatos fontis Avernī.”

(n) One cannot suppose that this horrid deed was actually committed, and that the forcereffes were suffered to live long enough to be satirized by Horace. Perhaps they were detected in the several situations and employments here described.

(o) Naples was considered as the most delightful retreat for indolence and luxury. The scene of these enchantments is supposed to have been in that neighbourhood.

(p) The Thessalians were deemed the most skilful of witches: on which account the forcerers of other nations made use of their magical terms. Dac.

(q) Biting the nails, it seems, was deemed a symptom of rage, as well as a sign of deep meditation. San.

(r) Diana is addressed as the moon, or Goddess of the Night. She was also, under the name of Hecate, an infernal goddess. Dido, in the fourth *Æneid*, invokes her, with the Furies, to avenge her on the perfidy of *Æneas*.

(s) Sa-

(s) Saburra was a street of Rome notorious for being the residence of courtezans, and the scene of debaucheries.

(t) The prayer of Canidia seems to be, that Varus may grow old in vice, and be despised by mankind; for one can hardly suppose he was old when Canidia loved him. The passage, however, appears to the translator somewhat obscure.

(u) Dacier supposes Canidia had made a figure of wax to represent Varus, and anointed it with poisonous drugs, which she calls *nardus* (or perfume) contemptuously alluding to the essences with which Varus perfumed himself when he went to his mistresses. This seems a very far-fetched interpretation, and not countenanced by the words of the original. Sannadon explains her to mean that her faithless lover was anointed with perfumes composed by herself, and to express her regret that her gift should be so perverted. This construction seemed better warranted than Dacier's; but has not been exactly followed by the translator; as it did not agree with the general notion he had formed of this passage.

(x) Here Canidia seems to discover, by the force of her art, that her enchantments have as yet no effect on Varus, and that he is secured from them by some powerful antidote, which she prepares to overcome.

(y) See Ode iii. of this book.

(z) The Marfi were deemed the most skilful in forceries of any people in Italy.

(aa) Whilst she says this, she is supposed to throw brimstone into the flame. Dac.

(bb) The

(bb) The rest of the ode consists of this last speech of the child who was destined to perish; upon which one cannot help remarking, that some of the ideas seem to be far above the age usually assigned to this child, viz. ten or twelve years old.

O D E

O D E VI.

Against Cassius Severus, a notorious libeller.

WHY harmless strangers do'st thou tease?
 Thou cur, who dread'st the wolf to seize!
 Here, here direct thy fruitless spite
 On me, who will return thy bite!
 For, like the hound from Spartan plains,
 Or (a) mastiff, friend to shepherd swains,
 With ears erected, through the snow
 Fearless I'll drive each savage foe.
 Thou, though thy howlings rend the wood,
 Can'st stop, and (b) scent the alluring food.
 Beware, beware!---indignant scorn
 'Gainst rogues shall raise my threatening horn,
 Fierce as (c) the son Lycambes spurn'd,
 Who wrongs aveng'd, and hate return'd,
 As he (d) whose rage brought fatal woe
 On Bupalus, his hated foe.
 Shall I, when malice dares assail,
 Boldly revenge, or childishly bewail?

H h

NOTES.

N O T E S.

HORACE is supposed to have written this ode against the celebrated orator Cassius Severus, who made a practice of accusing persons in the senate. It is said he accused a near relation of Augustus of having poisoned thirty persons at once at a supper. He was not only a publick accuser, but an author of libels, in which he attacked almost every one indiscriminately, sparing neither rank nor sex, which drew upon him the publick hatred, and occasioned an order from Augustus for informations to be made against the authors of such writings. Some time afterwards he was exiled to Candia. This punishment did not render him wiser: he continued writing; and, ten years after the death of Augustus, Tiberius, his successor, sent him to the Isle of Seriphus, where he died. His writings are mentioned by Quintilian, as eminent for spirit and strength, but deficient in judgement. Dac.

(a) Though this is translated *mastiff*, it must have been some kind of hunting or coursing dog. The breed appears (by the name) to have come from Molossus in Epirus. The Spartan hounds were highly celebrated.

(b) By this description, Cassius seems to have been a true libeller by *profession*, who may always be bought off.

(c) Archilochus, the celebrated Greek iambick poet, is here alluded to. Lycambes, who had promised him his daughter Neobule, having disappointed him, the bard attacked both father and daughter, in such severe iambick verses, as drove them to hang themselves. For a full account of Archilochus, see Dr. Gillies's History of Greece, vol. i. p.

(d) Hip-

(d) Hipponax is the Greek poet here alluded to. He was also an iambick writer, and flourished about the fixtieth Olympiad. Bupalus was a painter, (or, as some say, a statuary) who had made a caricature representation of Hipponax, whose severe satire in return is said to have driven Bupalus to despair, so that he quitted Ephesus, his native city, or, as some say, hanged himself.

O D E VII.

The poet exhorts the Roman people not to renew the civil wars.

AH, whence this impious rage!---why, once restor'd
 To the safe scabbard, gleams the sword?
 Say, has not Latian blood already dy'd
 Enough the plain and azure tide?
 Not that the Roman powers (*a*) should wrap in flame
 Proud Carthage, envious of our fame,
 Or (*b*) Britain's sons, yet unsubdu'd by war,
 Attend in chains the victor's car;
 But that, to fill the Parthian's breast with joy,
 The sons of Rome may Rome destroy.
 Such deeds the wolf or lion would disgrace,
 Whose fury spares their kindred race.
 Say, is this madness? or imperious fate?
 Or our own crime's oppressive weight?
 Ye answer not:---but deadly paleness speaks!
 Your minds are pictur'd in your cheeks.

Thu

Thus, then :—'tis fate pursues the Roman guilt,

Since first fraternal blood was spilt.

That blood which flow'd from guiltless Remus' life,

(c) Entail'd the curse of deadly strife.

N O T E S.

THIS ode is manifestly a remonstrance of the poet with his countrymen against their renewing the civil wars ; but it does not appear clearly which of those wars gave rise to it. Dacier supposes it to have been written in the year of Rome 716, when the treaty between Sextus Pompey and Octavius Cæsar was broken, and the war between them renewed. Sanadon, with more probability, places it in the year 720, when (according to his chronology) the last of the civil wars between Octavius and Anthony broke out. He justly observes, that the mention of blood having been spilt at sea can scarcely allude to any thing but the sea fights between Octavius and the young Pompey, as there had been no naval battle of any consequence before them.

(a) The long and bloody wars that subsisted between Rome and Carthage are alluded to. Horace does not mean that the Romans ought *then* to turn their arms against Carthage, for Carthage no longer existed, but merely that foreign enemies, not fellow citizens, were the proper object of their arms. Dacier says, the poet's intention is to contrast their present conduct with that of their ancestors, who had often fought for the dominion of Africa, and who at length, under the command of Scipio, destroyed Carthage.

H h 3

(b) When

(b) When this ode was written, the Britons had not submitted to Rome.

(c) This is, according to the notion, prevalent even amongst the heathens, of "the sins of the fathers being visited on the children." The death of Remus is, (as has been observed by some of the commentators) going a great way back in history to account for the civil wars of Horace's time. But Virgil goes a great way farther (viz. to the days of Laomedon) and gives a far less apposite origin of the Roman dissensions.

(Ode VIII. is omitted.)

ODE

O D E IX.

He congratulates Mæcenas on the victory of Cæsar at Actium.

AH! when with thee, Mæcenas, shall I join,
Like thee at Cæsar's conquest gay,
In thy proud dome to quaff (*a*) the generous wine,
Reserv'd to greet the festal day?

Jove shall approve our mirth, when breathes the flute,
Responsive to the silver lyre;
That the majestick (*b*) Phrygian numbers suit,
This gentle Dorick strains inspire;

As when (*c*) the naval chief, who menac'd Rome
With chains he drew from treach'rous slaves,
Saw the fierce flames his boasted fleet consume,
And fled affrighted o'er the waves,

Will after-times believe? (*d*) a queen enslav'd
Rome's bands, and wrinkled eunuchs led;
The blushing sun where martial ensigns wav'd
Beheld the soft pavillion spread.

The (*e*) Gallick horse, indignant at the fight,
With shouts to Cæsar's army wheel'd;
Whilst hostile ships, retreating from the fight,
Row'd back, and lay in ports conceal'd.

Hail, (*f*) sacred triumph! haste, the gilded car
Produce! the unyok'd heifers slay!
Hail, sacred triumph! did Jugurtha's war
Yield (*g*) such a chief, so bright a day?

Did e'en the conqueror of Africk's powers
From Rome an equal honour claim?
Who rear'd by valour o'er (*h*) the Punick towers
A monument of deathless fame.

O'ercome by sea, by land, the haughty foe
A sad reverse of fate confess'd,
Chang'd the bright people's animating glow,
And wears the dark funereal vest:

To

To (i) Crete, whose hundred towns distinguish'd rise,
 Borne by no kind propitious breeze
 He steers, or to the stormy Syrtes flies,
 Or drives at random o'er the seas.

Haste, bring, my boy, the widest, fullest bowls!
 (k) The Chian or the Lesbian pour,
 Or Cæcuban, that sickly bile controuls!
 Our fears for Cæsar's cause are o'er.

N O T E S.

THIS ode seems to have been written in the first transports of joy on receiving the news of the victory at Actium; consequently it may be dated in the year of Rome 722, if we adopt the same chronology as Dacier, or, if we prefer the chronology of Varro, (which Sanadon and others have followed) in the year 723.

(a) The Cæcubian, or rather the Cæcuban, (which is named in the original) was a species of the Campanian wine in high estimation. See notes on Ode xxviii. lib. iii.

(b) The Phrygian appears to have been a more solemn air, and was played on flutes; the Dorian musick was of a lighter kind, and more suited to the lyre. Sanadon seems right in supposing that the flutes and lyre played alternately, as the two different sorts of musick they played could not have been made to accord if played together. There is a long dissertation on this passage in Sanadon; to which the reader, who is

curious in musical learning, may turn, as the translator feared he might, by attempting to abridge, confuse it.

(c) *The naval chief* means Sextus Pompey; who, proud of his strength and successes at sea, assumed the title of Son of Neptune. His fleet and army were filled with runaway slaves, whom he had emancipated; a circumstance Cæsar's friends would naturally make use of to render the cause of his enemy unpopular at Rome. He was at length defeated by Augustus's fleet (commanded by Agrippa) in 42 B.C., and obliged to fly into Asia, where he was seized and put to death.

(d) As Sextus Pompey had become unpopular with the Romans by the employment of slaves in his fleet, so Anthony had rendered himself still more so by being the slave of Cleopatra, and putting his legions under the orders of her and her eunuchs. This disgraceful situation for Roman troops, and the happy consequences it produced to Augustus, are strikingly displayed in the passage before us.

(e) This body of cavalry, which at a critical season quitted Anthony for Octavius, are said to have been furnished by a colony of Gauls settled in Asia Minor, who were called Gallogræci or Galatæ. They were under the immediate command of Amintas, their king.

Scaliger makes a most superficial objection to the passage before us, that these movements of cavalry have nothing to do with a naval action. Dacier answers, that both armies were drawn up near their fleets; to which we may add, that this ode is not meant as a regular description of the battle of Actium, but as a commemoration of the poet's joy at the favourable turn affairs took for the cause of Cæsar. Many manœuvres took place between the armies on shore, though they did

did not terminate in a decisive land engagement; and few circumstances could have been a greater encouragement to Cæsar's party, than the defection of so considerable a body of troops from his rival.

(*f*) This passage has different senses given it by different commentators. Dacier says it means, that Cleopatra's ships lay in the harbour with their sterns turned to the left, as being prepared to fly to Ægypt. Dr. Bentley supposes the sense to be, that a part of Anthony's fleet, being ill-affected to him, retired rowing backwards, with their sterns foremost, and got into some harbour on the left near Actium. This explication, though not wholly free from objection, appeared most probable to the translator.

(*g*) See Ode ii. lib. iv. where likewise the triumph is personified.

(*b*) Marius was the chief who finished the war of the Romans against Jugurtha, and therefore must be the person here alluded to.

(*i*) Carthage was reduced to submission by the elder of the two Scipios; but, as it was wholly destroyed by the younger, Horace probably alludes to him.

(*k*) The news received when this ode was written, probably went no farther than to say, Anthony had fled from the battle. It was yet unknown whither he had directed his course.

(*l*) Horace, indulging his transports, calls to his slaves for a larger share of wine than ordinary, and of the finest sort;
for

for Lesbian, Chian, and other Greek wines, were so highly esteemed at Rome, that only a single glass of each was given to guests at the greatest entertainments, like Burgundy and Champaign with us. The Cæcuban was a species of Campanian wine, and has been already mentioned in this ode.

O D E

O D E X.

He inveighs against Mævius, a bad poet, who was about to sail on a voyage, and wishes he may be shipwrecked.

ILL-OMEN'D may that vessel tempt the gales,

That with the (a) offensive Mævius fails!

Be sure, (b) thou stormy south, impel the tide

Of angry waves to lash her side!

Dark east, at whose command fierce ocean roars,

Rend her tall mast, disperse her oars!

Rise, northern gales! as, on the mountain height,

When trembling oaks confess your might.

Nor let one star with friendly influence shine,

When (c) sad Orion's lights decline:

Nor let her a more quiet sea enjoy,

Than Greece borne back from ruin'd Troy,

When Pallas, from the city wrapt in fire,

On impious (d) Ajax turn'd her ire.

Oh, mark what toils await thy wretched crew!

Mark on thy cheeks the pallid hue!

How thy vain prayers, thy weak, unmanly cries,

To Jove, who scorns thee, pierce the skies!

When

When showery tempests break the keel in twain,
 Rgbellowing o'er the Ionian main ;
 Then, should thy carcase yield a luscious fare,
 Stretch'd on the shore, to fowls of air,
 A kid or lamb I'll flay, with grateful mind,
 Due to the storms that blest'd mankind.

N O T E S.

THIS ode may be deemed a counterpart, or rather a contrast to the third ode of the first book. As Horace, in that poem, offers his prayers for the safety of his illustrious and amiable friend Virgil, so here he prays for tempests to affright, or perhaps destroy, a scribbler and an enemy. Mævius is stigmatised as a bad poet by Virgil, in that well-known line, in which he wishes, that such as can endure Bavius, (another dull and malignant writer) may be punished by liking the verses of Mævius. There were, it is said, a tribe of poetasters even in the Augustan age, who endeavoured to vitiate the taste of the publick, and persuade them to prefer ribaldry and nonsense to pure and elegant composition. These were the sworn enemies of Horace and Virgil, and left no art untried to depreciate their talents and their characters. In return, these great poets have, by a very few strokes of the pen, given a picture of their odious and contemptible adversaries that will never decay. Their dulness has become proverbial, and their infamy immortal.

The time when this ode was written is unknown.

(a) The translator has purposely rendered the epithet here by a word that may be taken either literally or figuratively, being much inclined to think the offensiveness of Mævius's character

character and manners, not that of his person, is meant to be expressed.

(*b*) The address to the winds that follows is truly spirited and poetical, as the vow, with which the ode concludes, is humorous and comick.

(*c*) The setting of Orion was usually accompanied with storms. See Ode xxvii. lib. iii.

(*d*) At the sacking of Troy, Ajax, the son of Oileus, is said to have dragged Cassandra by force out of the temple of Minerva, where she had taken sanctuary. In revenge for this impiety, the goddess, as soon as the Greeks had set sail on their return, excited a violent tempest, which destroyed the fleet of Ajax. He himself was at first saved on a rock, but, defying the gods, was soon afterwards transfixed by lightning.

O D E XI.

He excuses himself from writing verses, his attention being engaged with love affairs.

No more, my Pettius, I indite
 Gay airy verse, my late delight ;
 For love, almighty love's controul,
 O'erpowers my mind and fills my soul.
 Me every hour the godhead warms
 With soft damsel's blooming charms.
 Thrice has December stripp'd the grove
 Since ceas'd my fierce Inachian love.
 Then, through the town (I own the shame)
 What tales, what jests, disgrac'd my fame ?
 Silent and sad, the lover's fashion,
 At banquets I betray'd my passion.
 What sighs my mournful lot confess'd,
 Heav'd deeply from my lab'ring breast !
 " How vain are talents ! wit how vain,
 " 'Gainst mighty wealth, resistless gain ! "

'Twas

'Twas thus my feelings I expos'd,
To thee my secret grief disclos'd,
Whene'er th' unblushing god inspired
My heart, by brisker goblets fired.
But should resentment, long oppress'd,
Boil freely in my raging breast,
(a) To the wild winds with scorn I'd throw
This passion, source of every woe ;
Cast off this shame, nor blush to yield
The palm in love's unequal field.
These stern resolves once form'd by pride,
To my safe home thy counsels guide :
When, ah! my treacherous footsteps stray
To (b) cruel doors where late I lay,
Where late, the victim of disdain,
My suff'ring limbs were stretch'd in vain.
An object now my breast invades,
The tend'rest of all tender maids ;
Whence no advice, severely kind,
No keen reproach can free my mind ;
But some fresh nymph may change its care
With slender waist and braided hair.

N O T E S.

THIS is one of Horace's confessions to a friend, who (as it seems) had warned him against the indulgence of amorous and tender desires. Some part of it, in the original, does no great credit to the poet's morality. But this was less the vice of the *man* than of the *times*. Of course, a different turn is given, both here and elsewhere, to expressions of that kind.

On this, as well as most of the other epodes, it may be observed, that one reason why they are rated even below their merits, is the metre, which to ears accustomed to the flow of Sapphicks, Alcaicks, and Asclepiads, (the prevailing metres in the odes) must seem halting and disagreeable. Iambicks may be proper for lampoons, which a part of these odes certainly are, but they appear to us little suited to the description of a rural retirement, the celebration of a glorious victory, or the complaints of a hopeless passion.

This ode has been treated with great contempt by Scaliger; but surely, amongst the epodes, it is far from deserving the lowest place. The description of the behaviour of a lover in mixed companies seems equally well imagined and expressed.

(a) The sense of this passage is so variously explained, that the translator has purposely expressed it in rather loose terms. Perhaps none of the senses given by the commentators is quite free from objection.

(b) Here he alludes to the custom mentioned in the odes, of lovers passing whole nights before the doors of their mistresses. See Ode xxv. lib. i. and Ode x. lib. iii.

(Ode xii. is omitted.)

O D E

O D E XIII.

*He persuades his friends to seek refuge from stormy weather
and melancholy in wine and festivity.*

(Translated by a lady.)

SEE, low'ring clouds deform the skies !
With dreadful storms the surges rise :
The wintry snows and rains descend ;
The woods the (a) Thracian north winds rend.
Let us, my friends, the occasion seize,
Mark'd by the hour for social ease ;
And now, whilst active youth allows,
Drive sorrow from the clouded brows.
Here ! bring the choicest wine that bears
(b) The Manlian date !—leave other cares !
On gloomy horrors think no more :
Heaven may our former blifs restore.
Then let the gay Mercurial lyre
With careless mirth our hearts inspire ;
And, whilst we tune the trembling string,
Rich (c) Persia's sweetest odours bring.
As, when of old the Centaur sung
To his brave pupil ;—" Hero, sprung

- " From beauteous Thetis ! Youth divine !
 " To conquer that fam'd land is thine,
 " Which cold Scamander's stream divides,
 " Where softly-flowing Simois glides.
 " But there relentless death awaits ;
 " For thus, alas ! have spun the fates :
 " Nor shall thy azure mother's care
 " To his lov'd home her offspring bear.
 " Then, with rich wine's enlivening power,
 " That crowns with joy the festive hour,
 " With musick, every pang allay,
 " And chase the ills of life away !"

N O T E S.

THIS is, perhaps, the most pleasing of the epodes. It probably was written on the occasion of some ill news, publick or private, being received by some of Horace's friends. To this the poet applies his usual remedy, an invitation to mirth. It seems likewise to have been a stormy season, which supplies another argument for social festivity. The putting Epicurean maxims into the mouth of Chiron, the sage preceptor of a young hero, together with the solemnity with which those maxims are introduced, appears highly ingenious, and has a singularly ludicrous effect. That part of the ode has furnished materials for a well-known English song, beginning with

" Old Chiron thus spoke to his pupil Achilles."

(a) The

(a) The expression in the original is properly the north-east wind. The ancients sometimes confounded it with the north. The poets call this wind Thracian, because Thrace was considered as the abode of the winds, and this particular wind really blew from Thrace, as applied to the situation of Rome. San.

(b) In the original it is, "*wine pressed in the year of Torquatus, my consul.*" Horace was born in the consulship of Lucius Manlius Torquatus, viz. in the year of Rome 688, or according to Varro's chronology, 689. This makes it probable, that this ode was an early composition, as few, if any, of the wines of the ancients would keep above twenty, or from twenty to thirty years.

(c) The Romans seem to have considered perfumes as a necessary appendage to an entertainment. See Odes vii. and xi. of lib. ii. and Ode i. of lib. iii. In the original it is *Achæmenian Nardus*, a perfume highly prized, brought from Persia where Achæmenes had reigned.

O D E XIV.

*He excuses himself to Mæcenas for having delayed to finish
some iambick verses he had promised.*

“ **W**HY should soft indolence dispense
 “ Oblivion’s charm o’er every sense ?
 “ As if dull (*a*) Lethe’s draughts assuaged
 “ Some thirst that late had fiercely raged.”
 These thy repeated questions tease :
 Alas, Mæcenas, ’tis not ease !
 Know ’tis a mightier power withstands :
 A god, a god, restrains my hands,
 When, true to promise, I essay
 To polish the iambick lay.
 Such, if we trust the voice of fame,
 Such was (*b*) Anacreon’s tender flame,
 Who oft, in sweetly careless strains,
 Tun’d his soft shell to amorous pains.
 Thee too, (*c*) thee nobler charms inspire,
 Than her’s who set all Troy on fire.

Rejoice

Rejoice then in thy happy state,
 And ah, behold my wretched fate !
 For Phryne wastes my anxious mind,
 Of servile race, with passions unconfin'd.

N O T E S.

THIS ode may have been written, but one can scarcely think it was published, by Horace ; as it seems to have less of his stile and manner, and perhaps less of real merit, than any thing that bears his name. It is a kind of letter in verse (though not classed amongst the Epistles) to Mæcenas, in which the poet excuses himself for not having finished some iambick verses promised long ago to his patron. He answers the accusation of idleness by alledging that it is love, the most powerful of gods, that impedes him, by preventing his thinking of any other subject ; for which effect of this passion he appeals to the experience of Mæcenas himself ; and to obviate (as Dacier well observes) the distinction that Mæcenas might make, he closes with intimating, that the degree of love is not according to the rank of the mistress ; for that the freed woman may be loved as the princess. The ode seems to have been written before the marriage of Mæcenas with Licinia.

(a) The stream of Lethe must be familiar to all readers of poetry ; for a farther account of it, and the notion the ancients had of its effects, see the sixth Æneid.

(b) The particular object of Anacreon's love (mentioned in the original) is to be found in only two of that poet's odes. It is therefore supposed, from the expression "*often*," that other odes on the same subject are lost.

(c) In the original it is, *You yourself are enflamed. And if no brighter fire consumed Troy, &c.* This appears to be a false comparison; for in the first instance the flame is *metaphorical*, in the last it is *real*. The excellent Dr. Barnard, of Eton, (whose facetious turn was his least accomplishment) used sometimes to entrap his scholars by quoting the well-known lines of Waller:

“ Such Helen was; and who can blame the boy
“ That in so bright a flame consum’d his Troy ?

and then asking them, if there was any where so false a thought in the works of the *ancients* ? on their immediately answering in the negative, he cited these lines of Horace, from which Waller’s are evidently copied.

O D E XV.

He complains of his mistress Neæra's perfidy.

'T WAS (a) night : serenely on her azure throne
 'Midst lesser stars bright Luna shone,
 When thou, regardless of the powers above,
 Didst (b) swear the oath prescrib'd by love,
 And, closely twin'd, as ivy clasps the oak,
 In fond embrace, the gods invoke,
 (c) That, " long as wolves infest the herds, or rise
 " Orion's storms in wintry skies,
 " Or wave Apollo's ringlets in the gale,
 " Ne'er should our mutual passion fail."
 But soon, Neæra, grief shall rend thy heart,
 If once I act the manly part,
 Nor bear that rivals should enjoy thy charms,
 But seek some kinder damsel's arms.
 And know, should once a fixt resentment seize,
 No more thy hated form shall please.
 But thou, whoe'er with vain triumphant boast
 Enjoy'st the fickle maid I lost,

Thou

Thou ample herds, rich harvests, swell thy pride,
 (d) Pactolus pour his golden tide,
 The secrets of (e) the twice-born sage be thine,
 Thy form more bright than (f) Nireus shine,
 Soon shall her alter'd love call forth thy tear :
 'Twill then be mine to scoff and jeer.

N O T E S.

THIS ode, Dacier justly observes, is full of passion, and, from the simplicity of its expressions, appears to come from the heart.

(a) The time and circumstances when an oath was taken, add (at least in the imagination of a lover) to its solemnity and weight. Besides, as has been observed, Horace means to remind Næara that night and the moon had been called upon to witness her oath.

(b) *Jurare in verba*, the words in the original, means to swear according to the dictates of, or as dictated by, any one. Horace uses it in the same sense in the first epistle of the first book.

(c) These three oaths, it is observed, comprehend images taken from the earth, the air, and the heavens.

(d) Pactolus is a river in Lydia. In the time of Cræsus it rolled down a kind of gold sand, (or dust) which in part made up the immense wealth of that monarch. Though this had ceased to be the case before the reign of Augustus, yet still the term of "Pactolus flowing to any one" was used proverbially to express great riches.

(e) "The twice-born sage" (who is named in the original) was Pythagoras, who pretended to have been Euphorbus in the time of the Trojan war. See Ode xxviii. lib. i.

(f) Nireus is celebrated by Homer as the handsomest of the Greeks after Achilles.

O D E XVI.

*He laments the renewal of the civil wars, and proposes,
that the better part of his countrymen should leave their
devoted country.*

ANOTHER (a) age domestick war alarms ;
 Rome falls o'erthrown by Roman arms :
 Which nor the neighbouring (b) Marſi could withſtand,
 Nor fierce (c) Porſenna's threatening band,
 Nor (d) Capua's rival valour, could enthral,
 Fierce (e) Spartacus, the (f) faithleſs Gaul,
 Or all (g) the warlike youth Germania bred,
 Or Hannibal, our parents' dread ;
 By us (curſt race!) our country is deſtroy'd :
 Wild beaſts ſhall range the dreary void,
 And o'er our aſhes with triumphant pride
 Some proud (h) barbarian victor ride,
 Inſult the ſacred domes, the hallow'd ground,
 That to his trampling hoofs reſound,
 Seize (i) Rome's great founder's corſe that ſhelter'd lies,
 And hurl it to the winds and ſkies.

Should

Should then our country seek some fit relief
 To chafe its troubles, end its grief,
 Let this best counsel rule : of hope bereft,
 As when the wrong'd (*k*) Phocæans left,
 Bound by dire oaths, their home, their native fields,
 To every beast the forest yields,
 Thus let us stray where'er our footsteps guide,
 Or winds shall waft us o'er the tide.
 What else, alas ! remains ? then spread the sails,
 Whilst kind the omens, soft the gales.
 But swear we first, (*l*) " till from the vast profound
 " Loose rocks above the billows bound,
 " Ne'er to reverse our course, nor till the Po
 " High o'er (*m*) Matinus' summit flow,
 " Till lofty (*n*) Appenine's projecting head
 " Plunge deep into the ocean's bed,
 " (*o*) Till new unheard-of passion has combin'd
 " The beasts that nature's laws disjoin'd,
 " Tygers with hinds unite in monstrous love,
 " The falcon with the gentle dove,
 " Till harmless herds the tawney lion brave,
 " Goats wanton in the briny wave."
 Thus bar the ling'ring fond desire of home :
 Thus let the state determin'd roam ;
 At least the nobler part : the baser train
 In these devoted walls remain.

Ye

Ye virtuous few, indulge your grief no more !

But fly beyond th' Etrurian shore.

O'er ocean's ambient tide our course remains

To those (*p*) rich islands, happy plains,

Which vines unprun'd with ripest fruits adorn,

Where earth, unplough'd, yet smiles with corn,

True to our hopes where plenteous olives shoot,

And fig-trees yield their genuine fruit,

From oaks pure honey flows, from lofty hills

Bound in light dance the murm'ring rills.

There goats present the teat uncall'd, nor fail

To store, well-pleas'd, the milkman's pail :

Nor growls the bear at eve the folds around ;

Nor swells with vipers' dens the ground.

More blessings wait us : (*q*) with unbounded rains

No stormy east wind sweeps the plains ;

No seed, depriv'd of genial moisture, dies :

For Jove still guards these temp'rate skies.

Ne'er did fam'd (*r*) Argo's crew these shores invade,

Nor here the Colchian princess stray'd,

Nor (*s*) Tyrian sailors turn'd their prows to land,

Nor (*t*) wife Ulysses' wand'ring band.

Contagion flies the herds ; no sultry air

Consumes the flocks that claim our care.

Jove for a pious race this clime retain'd,

Since first (*u*) the golden age was stain'd

With

With brass, with iron next, it harder grew.

Then fly with me, ye virtuous few !

N O T E S.

THIS ode was written during the civil wars, and consequently is one of the earliest works of Horace. M. Le Fevre says, it is the work of a young man, but that, nevertheless, it has much merit. Scaliger has judged it less favourably ; for he says, that, " excepting the verses, which are highly laboured, and of which every second line is a pure iambick, " (a very difficult metre) the ode is ridiculous and absurd ; " and that it is singularly impudent to attempt to persuade " three hundred thousand Roman citizens to quit their country." We always judge ill when we judge with prejudice, and do not trouble ourselves to examine the subject to the bottom. When the civil war between Anthony and Augustus was re-kindled, in the year of Rome 721, Rome was filled with disorders and dissensions ; some of the citizens were preparing to follow the party of Anthony, others to embrace the cause of Augustus. Horace, who was witness to this division of sentiment, and knew by experience the mischief it might produce, shews his concern in this ode, and tries to persuade the Romans, that this rage they entertain against each other, proceeds neither from the avarice or ambition of their chiefs, but from the wrath of the gods, who are determined to avenge the murder of Remus, and that they cannot hope to see an end of their miseries so long as they shall inhabit a city, the walls of which were cemented with blood ; that, therefore, they have no resource but to seek a happier spot, like the Phocæans, who, to avoid the scourge of war, quitted their country. It is properly the story of the Phocæans that suggested to Horace the idea of this ode, in which he gives an admirable description

description of the Fortunate Islands, in order to mark, by a striking contrast, the desolation of Rome and Italy. Dac.

Sanadon gives a similar explanation of this poem, and still higher praises to it, citing (as Dacier does) the opinion of Heinſius, that "it exceeds every thing of the kind that the ancients have attempted."

An unprejudiced reader will, perhaps, prefer the moderate opinion of Le Fevre (above ſtated) to extravagant praise, or indifcriminate cenſure; he will think the ſtile bears ſome marks of a juvenile performance, and the ſcheme propoſed, if ſerious, ſufficiently romantick and abſurd: but he will ſurely admire the force of imagination, elegance of expreſſion, and harmony of numbers, that characteriſe this ode, and, above all, the ſpirit of benevolence and philanthropy that breathes in every part of it.

(a) Horace divides the civil wars into two ages. The firſt compriſes all the civil war that affected Italy from the time of Marius and Scylla to the death of Cæſar, and the ſecond includes the civil wars from the death of Cæſar to the defeat of Anthony. Dac.

(b) The Marſi were one of the moſt warlike nations in Italy. Horace alludes to the *ſocial*, or, as it was ſometimes termed, the *Italick* war, in which the Marſi bore a conſiderable part. It was ſet on foot by ſome of the Italian ſtates, allies of the Romans, to enforce the claim they ſet up to the rights of Roman citizens. See Ode xiv. lib. iii. and note there.

(c) The war carried on againſt Rome, ſoon after the expulſion of the Tarquins, by Porſenna, king of Etruria, who endeavoured to reſtore the exiled family, is too well known to be here enlarged upon.

(d) Capua,

(d) Capua, the chief city of Campania, was a long time the rival of Rome during the early days of the republick.

(e) Spartacus has been mentioned in the notes to Ode xiv. lib. iii. He was a native of Thrace, and a gladiator, who, in the year of Rome 681, having escaped from Rome to Capua, with about seventy of his fellows, contrived to assemble a large army, defeated the Romans in several encounters, and carried his ravages to the very gates of Rome. At length he was defeated and slain by Marcus Crassus in the year of Rome 683. San.

(f) The term in the original is *Allobrox*, a name properly belonging, says Dacier, to the people of Savoy and Dauphiné. The explanation (he adds) given by most of the interpreters to this passage is, that Horace calls them " perfidious and fond of change," because they had entered into the conspiracy of Catiline, and Lentulus had gained over their ambassadors. But since this conspiracy of the Allobroges was discovered as soon as formed, and the danger was not so considerable as to be classed with the other dangers mentioned here, he supposes that Horace calls the people of Gaul in general Allobroges, and that he alludes to all the bloody wars which that people had waged against the Romans. The epithet *faible*, he admits, is perfectly suitable to the whole Gallick nation, which has always been deemed inconstant, always fond of change.

(g) Horace is supposed to allude particularly to the Cimbri and Teutones, who invaded Italy with an immense host, and spread great terror, till they were defeated by Marius.

(h) The expression of " a barbarian victor," is applied by Sanadon to the Egyptians, Dacians, and other foreign nations,

K k

who

who were in the army of Anthony. Perhaps, however, it is only meant as a general prophecy of what might happen after Rome should be destroyed by her own intestine divisions.

(i) With both the Greeks and Latins it was a sacrilege to rifle the tombs, and bring to light the bones of such as had been buried: but, above all, they respected the tombs of generals of armies and founders of states. *Dac.*

(k) The Phocæans, a people of Ionia, being closely pressed by Harpagus, (a Persian general) requested of him a truce for one day, in order to deliberate on the proposals he had made to them, and prayed him to draw his army off to a small distance from their walls. As soon as Harpagus had granted this demand, they loaded their ships with every thing they could carry off from their city, together with their wives, their children, and the statues of their gods, and sailed to the island of Chios. From thence they returned to Phocæa, where, having slain the garrison that Harpagus had left, they re-embarked, and throwing a bar of iron into the sea, they swore never to return to their country till that bar of iron should swim upon the water. It was a general custom to ratify oaths by some lively and sensible image. *Dac.*

(l) Here he proposes the form of the oath, which is taken from that adopted by the Phocæans. Had Scaliger remembered this circumstance, he would have given us a better judgement of the passage. *Dac.*

(m) The *Matinus* is a mountain on the coast of Appulia; the river *Po* divides what the Romans called *Cisalpine Gaul* into two almost equal parts, and falls into the *Adriatick* sea below Venice. Nothing, therefore, could be more impossible than that this river should bathe the mountain

tain Matinus. Horace has put the top of the mountain to mark a still greater impossibility. Dac.

(n) The Appennine is a great chain of mountains which issues from the Alps, and divides Italy through its whole length. Horace does not mean to say, "when the summits of the Appennine shall advance into the sea," for the summits of the Appennine (at each end of Italy) do advance into the sea; but he means to say, "when the highest parts of the Appennine shall plunge themselves into the sea." San.

(o) Dacier has justly remarked, that the collecting of such a number of impossibilities as are assembled in this passage, affords a strong mark of youthful fancy; for, on treating so melancholy a subject, and proposing a scheme so difficult to put in practice, it is not likely that any man's imagination should wander through nature to seek for subjects that might furnish him with images. Real grief expresses itself in a different manner.

(p) These fabled islands of the ancients, whose inhabitants were supposed to have retained all the happiness of the golden age, are said by Dacier to have been two islands opposite Andalusia in Spain. But the better opinion seems to be, that they were the *Canaries* of the moderns.

(q) This part of the description of the Fortunate Islands seems intended as a contrast to Italy, the soil of which, being in general a light sand, is soon parched by the sun, or washed away by violent rain.

(r) The first navigators seem to have been little better than pirates; nor, if we consider either the object of their expedition, or the means by which it was accomplished, can

we give the argonautick heroes a more respectable name. The meaning here, and in the passages immediately following, seems to be, that these islands were so retired, that none of the most adventurous voyagers had discovered or invaded them.

(s) The Phœnicians were the most skilful and enterprizing sailors of antiquity; they were also notorious for their cunning and want of good faith. Dac.

(t) Dacier says, the companions of Ulysses are excluded, as having given themselves up to their passions.

(u) The four fabulous ages of *gold, silver, brass, and iron*, must be familiar to every reader of poetry. Horace, it has been observed, omits the second, because it was little inferior to that of *gold*, and his object is to exhibit a strong contrast between the virtue and happiness of the Fortunate Islands, and the vices and miseries of the rest of the world.

O D E XVII.

An address to the witch, Canidia, in which the poet, ironically asking her pardon, attacks her with the greater severity.

VANQUISH'D at length I yield my arms ;
 I own thy magick potent charms.
 Hear then, oh hear my suppliant strain !
 By Proserpine's infernal reign,
 By (a) ruthless Dian, I implore !
 By fell enchantments mystick lore,
 Those books to whose dread pow'r 'tis given
 To pluck the loosen'd stars from heaven,
 Thy awful spells, Canidia, cease !
 Trace back thy (b) thy circle ! grant me peace !
 Thus (c) Telephus obtained relief
 E'en from the fierce obdurate chief,
 'Gainst whom he led the Mysian force,
 And aim'd the spear's destructive course :
 (d) Thus with rich oils the female train
 Bathed the loved corse of Hector slain,

Restored to Troy from that sad hour,
 When, far from her protecting power,
 Her aged Monarch, sunk in woe,
 Fell prostrate to his furious foe :
 Thus, (*e*) at fair Circe's kind command,
 The patient chief's associate band
 Shook from their limbs the shaggy hide,
 No more to savage beasts allied,
 Resum'd the voice, the well-known face,
 Restor'd to man's majestick grace.
 Let then my painful suff'rings move,
 Oh thou whom (*f*) seamen, factors love!
 See, youth's soft bloom has passed away!
 My limbs, my withering skin decay :
 By thee (*g*) my hairs are spread with snows,
 Nor yield my toils to soft repose :
 Throughout the day, thro' night, oppress'd,
 For ever heaves my panting breast.
 Thus wretchedness o'ercomes my pride :
 I own the truth so late denied,
 Own that the (*h*) Samnite's magic art
 Can torture the devoted heart,
 That oft, by incantations bred,
 Alarming pains distract the head.
 What else thy vengeance can assuage ?
 Oh heaven and earth ! I burn, I rage

With

With fiercer pangs than (*i*) e'er oppress'd
 Alcides from the blood-stain'd vest,
 With hotter flames than *Ætna* pours
 Wide o'er *Sicilia's* blasted shores.
 Alas! till my parch'd body fail,
 Dispersed in ashes by the gale,
 Each (*k*) Colchian drug thy cauldron fills,
 Thou (*l*) storehouse of the deadliest ills!
 Where then shall cease my dreadful pains?
 What expiation yet remains?
 Speak what may best thy wrath appease!
 Prepar'd I wait; (*m*) should victims please,
 Whole hecatombs shall stain the ground;
 Or shall my flattering lyre rebound
 With specious praise? o'er all the earth
 I'll spread thy fame, display thy worth;
 Thy truth, thy innocence, shall rise
 Exalted to the starry skies.
 Fair *Leda's* twins, a mighty name,
 Incens'd at *Helen's* injur'd fame,
 Yet, won by pray'r, restor'd to light
 (*n*) Th' afflicted bard, depriv'd of sight:
 Then free me from these maddening pains,
 Thou, whom no (*o*) parent's baseness stains!
 Thou, who from tombs hast never spread
 The (*p*) recent ashes of the dead!

Thce spotless deeds, kind feelings, grace ;
From thy blest womb a numerous race
With kindred virtues fill the earth :
The (q) midwife proves each happy birth,
Though (strange to tell) thy strength remains,
Nay flourishes, increas'd by pains.

ODE

O D E XVIII.

Canidia's Answer.

WOULD'ST thou with prayers my heart assuage
 By wrongs obdurate, steel'd by rage?
 Not deafer to the sailor's cries,
 When naked on the beach he lies,
 The rock that wint'ry ocean braves,
 Lash'd by hoarse Neptune's furious waves.
 Shalt thou with vain unpunish'd pride
 (a) Cotytto's mystick rites deride?
 Expose to every vulgar sight
 The sacred haunts of loose delight,
 And, (b) priest of forceries, proclaim
 O'er the wide town my injur'd name?
 Then, (c) what availed it to enrich
 With presents each (d) Pelignian witch?
 On death's swift potions to prepare,
 If still thou breath'st the vital air?
 Yet shalt thou drag life's ling'ring chain,
 Doom'd to new sorrows, endless pain.

Thus

Thus prays for ease (e) the faithless fire
 Of Pelops, tortur'd by desire ;
 Thus groans Prometheus, robbed of rest,
 Chain'd to the bird that gnaws his breast ;
 Thus Sisyphus would fix on high
 The hateful stone ;—heaven's laws deny.
 Soon shalt thou wish some pitying power
 Would hurl thee from the topmost tower,
 Or, by thy wretchedness implor'd,
 Sharpen the unavailing sword,
 Or fix the noose thy grief prepares,
 Sad refuge from life's loathsome cares.
 Then on thy prostrate neck I'll ride :
 All earth shall bow before my pride.
 Think'st thou that I, dread magick's queen,
 Who, as thy prying eyes have seen,
 To (f) waxen images can give
 Heaven's active spark, and bid them live,
 Who, when my potent spells I try,
 Can rend bright Luna from the sky,
 Call bodies from the funeral pyre,
 Mix the hot draught of love's desire,
 Shall I lament my useless arms,
 'Gainst thee, the scoffer of my charms ?

NOTES.

NOTES ON ODE XVII.

THIS is a mock recantation, it is said, of every thing the poet had written against the forcerers, Canidia; but it seems more particularly to apply to some poem that expressly *denied* the power of her enchantments; which is not the case of the fifth ode of this book, nor perhaps even of the satire, in which Horace has more ludicrously described her. It seems, therefore, to refer to some poem that is lost. From the poet's mentioning his grey hairs, Sanadon concludes this ode to have been written after the year of Rome 730, when it appears (by Ode xiv. lib. iii.) that his hair was become grey.

(a) Diana is invoked by Canidia in Ode v. of this book. See the note there.

(b) The word in the original is supposed to mean a sort of magic top made use of by forceresses, the whirling of which they thought would communicate to mankind the passions they wished to excite. If they wanted to counteract the effect they had produced, they spun it again, and made it describe a circle in a contrary direction to the former. Dac.

(c) Telephus was king of the Myfians. When the Greeks landed in his country, on their expedition against Troy, he attacked them, and slew numbers, but was wounded by Achilles. Being unable to find a remedy for his wound, he consulted the oracle, which informed him that he must seek his cure from the same weapon that had wounded him. He therefore applied to Achilles, who scraped his lance with a knife, and dropt the filings on his wound, which by that means was healed. Dac.

(d) Horace

(d) Horace refers here to the pathetick scene in the last book of the Iliad, when Priam, by his intreaties, prevails on Achilles to restore the body of Hector.

(e) For this fable see the tenth book of the Odyssey, where the companions of Ulysses, who had been transformed into beasts by Circe, are described as restored to their proper shape.

(f) Sanadon remarks, there is a designed ambiguity in the original words which cannot be attained in a translation. The people leaves it doubtful whether he means by *nautæ*, foreign merchants, or only common sailors, and whether *insitares* are rich factors, or low pedlars.

(g) The hair of Horace changed to grey before the usual time, as he tells us himself in the last epistle of the first book. The ridicule consists (as the commentators have observed) in his imputing this to the drugs and enchantments of Canidia.

(h) Enchantments were, it seems, much practised amongst the Samnites.

(i) See Ode iii. of this book.

(k) Colchis, the native country of Medea, seems to have been considered by the ancients as the great source of poisonous dregs.

(l) This expression is satirical. Horace calls Canidia "a storehouse of poisons," as you say of a man of deep knowledge and retentive memory, that he is "a living library." San.

(m) This

(m) This passage, where he offers to sacrifice to Canidia as a goddess, and to celebrate all her virtues, is highly-wrought irony in the original, but not easy to translate with any effect.

(n) The poet Stesichorus (of whom some account is given in a note on Ode ix. lib. iv.) having written some verses against Helen, and afterwards lost his sight, he imagined that Castor and Pollux had punished him thus to avenge the cause of their sister. He therefore sung the *Palinodia*, (as it was called) or recantation, and immediately recovered his sight. Plato has preserved this story in his *Phædrus*. Dac.

(o) This either means that she was born from some criminal commerce, or that she was of the lowest and vilest race. The latter construction is adopted by the translator.

(p) The Romans, say most of the commentators, when they had burned the bodies of their dead, buried their ashes on the ninth day after the death of the party. Horace, therefore, reproaches Canidia with the indecent practice of digging up these ashes on the very day when they were buried, in order to make use of them in her forceries. This is the usual interpretation. But Sanadon thinks so much ceremony was not used in burying the poor, (whose ashes Canidia is described as scattering in their sepulchres) and that the expression in the original means that she scattered the ashes *nine days after they had been buried*, as that number might probably be deemed lucky in enchantments.

(q) This strange passage (which the learned reader will observe is flurred in the translation) must, one should suppose, mean that Canidia had mock lyings-in, for what purpose it is not easy to say, unless it was to pass off the children she had stolen as her own, and breed them up for the purposes of her enchantments.

NOTES

NOTES ON ODE XVIII.

THE ridicule of this answer consists in Canidia's taking literally every thing that Horace has said, and owning that her resentment towards him arises only from his having divulged the secrets of magick, and all the ceremonies which forcerers practised in their nightly assemblies. Dac.

(a) Cotytto was the goddess of impurity and debauchery. Her worship is said to have begun in Thrace. The Athenians celebrated feasts in her honour, at which the most dreadful abominations were committed, which drew upon them many strokes of satire in the pieces of their comick poets. The expression of "*Cotyttian rites*" is, therefore, the most satirical that Horace could have chosen.

(b) Canidia means to say to the poet, "*What then! have you, as if you were a high priest of our rites and ceremonies practised on the Esquiline hill, have you taken the liberty of making my name a tale over the whole city?*" Dac.

(c) Different interpretations are given to this passage. Some think Canidia charges Horace with having attempted to procure antidotes to her poisons. This does not seem a very probable sense. That which the translator has adopted appeared to him more natural. Canidia, in the first emotions of rage, wishes to put a speedy end to her enemy, but immediately corrects herself, and says, "*Your life shall be prolonged, but it shall only be to prolong your misery.*"

(d) The Peligni were a neighbouring people to the Mariti. All that country was full of forcerers and witches. Dac.

(e) The

(e) The punishment of Tantalus (who is named in the original) is well known, as is also the story of Sisyphus.

(f) Waxed images were used in the enchantments, by which women endeavoured to gain the affections of their lovers. They supposed what they practised on the image would have a correspondent effect on the lover.

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquefit
Uno eodemque igni,—sic nostro Daphnis amore.

VIRGIL.

CAR-

THE HISTORY OF THE

(1) The foundation of the city of London is a subject of great interest to the people of this country.

It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many writers, and has been the subject of many books.

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CARMEN SECULARE;

OR THE

SECULAR ODE.

L 1

CAKMKY TEKCTAP

TEKCTAP ODE

CARMEN SECULARE;

OR THE

SECULAR ODE.

Sung at the secular games by a chorus of youths and virgins.

CHORUS.

(a) PHOEBUS, immortal source of light,
And thou, chaste Goddess of the Night,
Who rul'st the sylvan bowers,
Hear, honoured pair, who gild the skies!
Oh grant the solemn prayers that rise
At (b) these appointed hours,
When, warn'd by the fam'd (c) Sybil's verse,
(d) Chaste youths and chosen maids rehearse
The consecrated strain

L 1 2

Due

Due to the gods, whose presence fills
 Rome's hallowed fanes, (e) majestick hills,
 And guards her awful reign !

SEMI-CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Thou, whose bright car leads on the day
 That closes with thy setting ray,
 (f) Still changing, still the same!
 May'st thou, beneath the azure skies,
 Behold no future empire rise
 Above the Roman name !

SEMI-CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

(g) Lucina, or whate'er thy name
 More lov'd, protect the wedded dame,
 Be every birth mature :
 May (h) laws that guard the nuptial tie
 A blooming, generous race supply,
 And wedded bliss secure !

FULL CHORUS.

When (i) next the auspicious season claims,
 In time's sure orb, these sacred games,
 Oh may they shine as bright !

(k) Thrice

(*k*) Thrice the glad dance, the festive lay,
 In triumph usher in the day,
 In mirth prolong the night!
 Ye (*l*) sacred Fates! whose awful strain
 Truth guides, and heaven's decrees maintain, |
 Ne'er may our blessings fail:
 All-fruitful may the earth adorn
 Bright (*m*) Ceres' brows with genial corn,
 Rear'd by the fostering gale.

SEMI-CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Great Phœbus! with benignant heart
 (*n*) Forego a while thy fatal dart:
 Oh, grant the youths' desire!

SEMI-CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

(*o*) Great Queen of the resplendent skies,
 Whose horns with graceful radiance rise,
 Oh hear the virgin choir!

FULL CHORUS.

If (*p*) your benign decrees gave birth
 To Rome, fam'd mistress of the earth,
 If Illion's favour'd host,

At your high call, exchange'd their gods,
Their prostrate dames, for new abodes,
And fought (*q*) th' Etrurian coast,
When, (*r*) sav'd from fierce vindictive ire,
Through Troy, though wrapt in hostile fire,
Divine Æneas past,
Survivor of his country's fate,
Ordain'd to found a future state
More glorious than the last,
Grant, oh ye powers, our rising youth
Unfulfilled (*s*) morals, spotless truth!
Grant peace to life's decline!
Grant to the state immortal health!
In fame, in virtue, and in wealth,
May latest ages shine!
Behold the milk-white heifer bleed!
Whilst (*t*) Venus and Anchises' feed
With pious fervour glows:
Long may he rule, serenely bright!
(*u*) Alike invincible in fight,
And mild to prostrate foes.
And lo, supreme by sea and land,
The (*x*) Mede now dreads Rome's conqu'ring band,
With his high fame impress!

His

His just decrees ev'n (*y*) Scythians wait!
 From him all India seeks her fate,
 And bows her haughty crest.
 At length (*z*) firm faith, bright love of fame,
 Mild peaceful worth, ingenuous shame,
 Again our age adorn;
 Virtue resumes her conscious pride,
 And smiling plenty by her side
 Pours her abundant horn.

SEMI-CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

(*aa*) Great Seer! adorn'd with radiant bow,
 Lov'd by the Nine, who heal't our woe
 When dire diseases rage!
 If justly-kind thou view'st (*bb*) these towers,
 Prolong great Rome's imperial powers
 Still gathering strength from age!

SEMI-CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Chaste Dian too, who lov'st the seats
 Of (*cc*) Aventine, the cool retreats
 Of Algidus, attend!
 Whilst with the (*dd*) priests who guard thy rites
 The youthful band in prayer unites,
 Their pious vows befriend!

FULL CHORUS.

(*cc*) Let then glad hope our hearts inspire !
We, Phœbus and Diana's choir,
Nor close the song of praise ;
Secure that high immortal Jove,
That heaven's blest powers, these rites approve,
And consecrate our lays.

NOTES ON THE CARMEN SECULARE.

THE best antiquarians and critics seem now agreed in referring the origin of the secular games (the most celebrated of all the Roman festivals) *generally* to the Sybilline books, without attending to the tedious and trifling fable reported by Valerius Maximus, and adopted from him by Sanadon and Francis. The fullest and clearest accounts of the festival are in Dacier's notes to this poem, and Dr. Kennet's Roman Antiquities. From them we may collect the following particulars :

The Romans had the highest respect and veneration for the books of their ancient prophetesses, the Sibylls, which had been purchased during the reign of the second (some say the elder) Tarquin, and seem to have contained directions for most of their religious rites and ceremonies. These books were committed to the care of priests, called *decemvirs*, who were afterwards called *quindecimvirs*, their number having been increased to fifteen. When any great misfortune happened to the republic, or any new prodigy occurred which they were desirous to expiate, the senate ordered the decemvirs to consult these oracles. The decemvirs, when they had executed these orders, made their report to the senate, who, in conformity thereto, directed

directed certain sacrifices and ceremonies. In these books there was an ancient oracle, which declared to the Romans, that so long as, at the beginning of every age, they should perform games in the Campus Martius, in honour of Pluto, Proserpine, Juno, Apollo, Diana, Ceres, and the Destinies, Rome should always flourish, and all the nations be subject to her. They celebrated these games according to this order, and with all the ceremonies which the oracle had prescribed; and the following were the customs on this occasion: publick criers were sent about to invite every one to see a festival, such as he had never seen, and would never see again. A few days before the games began, the quindecimviri, or fifteen priests, being seated before the temples of Apollo Palatinus and Jupiter Capitolinus, distributed to the people certain articles used in lustrations, such as torches, sulphur, and brimstone; which is expressed on ancient medals by the initial letters on them. The people, when they went to that temple, brought with them *wheat, barley, and beans*, which had been given to them in the temple of Diana on Mount Aventine, which is also marked on the medals; and they passed whole nights there and in the temple of Diana on Mount Aventine in a very devout manner, in honour of the Destinies. At length, when the time of these games, which lasted three days and three nights, was arrived, the people assembled in the Campus Martius, and victims were slain to Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Latona, Diana, the Destinies, Ceres, Pluto, and Proserpine. The first night of the festival, the emperor himself, followed by the fifteen priests, caused to be prepared on the banks of the Tibur three altars, which he sprinkled with the blood of three lambs, and on which he caused the offerings and the victims to be burnt. After this a certain space was marked out, on which a kind of stage was raised, which was lighted by an infinite number of torches and fires. There they sung hymns written for the occasion, and celebrated all kinds

kinds of games. The morrow, which was the first day, after they had gone up to the capitol to offer the victims, they returned to the Campus Martius, and games were performed in honour of Apollo and Diana. This lasted till the next day, when all the matrons went to the capitol, at an hour marked by the oracle, to sing hymns to Jupiter; and the third day, which closed the festival, twenty-seven youths, and as many virgins, sung in the temple of Apollo Palatine hymns and verses in Greek and Latin, in order to procure to Rome the protection of all the gods who had been honoured by the sacrifices. This poem was therefore written for the last day. *Dac.*

There has been much controversy whether these games were celebrated every hundred, or every hundred and ten years. For the former opinion, Censorinus alledges the testimony of Valerius Antias, Varro, and Livy; and this was certainly the space of time which the Romans called *seculum*, or an age. For the latter, he produces the authority of the registers or commentaries of the quindecemviri, and the edict of Augustus, besides the plain evidence of Horace in his secular poem:

Certes undenos decies per annos, &c.

This last space is expressly enjoined by the Sybilline oracle itself; the verses of which, relating to this purpose, are transcribed by Zosimus in the second book of his history.

Yet, according to the ancient accounts we have of their celebration in the several ages, neither of these periods are much regarded.

The first were held in the year of Rome 245 or 298.

The second in the year 330 or 408.

The third in the year 518.

The fourth in 605 or 608 or 628.

The fifth by Augustus in 736.

The

- The sixth by Claudius in 800.
 The seventh by Domitian in 841.
 The eighth by Severus in 957.
 The ninth by Philip in 1000.
 The tenth by Honorius in 1157.

This disorder, without question, was owing to the ambition of the emperors, who were extremely desirous to have the honour of celebrating these games in their reign, and therefore, upon the slightest pretence, many times made them return before their ordinary course. Thus Claudius pretended that Augustus had held the games before their due time, that he might have an excuse to keep them within sixty-four years afterwards. On which account, Suetonius tells us, that the people scoffed his cryers, when they went about proclaiming games "*that no one had ever seen, or would see again*;" whereas there were not only many persons alive who remembered the games of Augustus, but several players who had acted in those games were again brought on the stage by Claudius. Sueton. in vit. Claud. Kennet's Rom. Ant. 301-2.

What part of the year the secular games were celebrated in is uncertain; probably in the times of the commonwealth, on the days of the nativity of the city, viz. the 9th, 10th, and 11th of the kalends of May, but under the emperors, on the day when they came to their power. Ken. Rom. Ant. ib.

It may, perhaps, be deemed necessary to say something of Father Sanadon's conjecture respecting this ode, viz. that it is only a part of the Carmen Seculare; which, according to him, is composed not only of this (which he considers as the third ode performed) but of the first stanza in the third book, (which is the *prologue*) the first part of the sixth ode of lib. iv. (which he places next to the prologue) the xxist ode of lib. i. (which he considers as the second ode in this poem) and the latter part of

Ode

Ode vi. lib. iv, which he considers as the epilogue. This conjecture he has adopted into his text. No subsequent editor, however, seems to have followed him, excepting Francis; and even he has found it necessary to make some alteration, perceiving the absurdity of making the poet give directions to the chorus after the singing was over.

The present translator had determined not to alter the usual arrangement long before he saw Mr. Duncombe's sensible note on the subject, upon this principle, that most of those who might so far honour his attempt as to read it with the original, would probably prefer seeing it arranged in the form to which they were accustomed, to the trouble of turning to different places in the original in order to accompany the translation. But some of Mr. Duncombe's arguments appear conclusive against Sanadon's arrangement. "It is not" (he justly observes) "supported by any authority of MSS. or old copies of Horace, but, on the contrary, we are informed by Suetonius, that Horace first published his three (first) books of odes, each separately, and, *longo intervallo*, a long time after, the fourth book, at the command of Augustus.

"That those three books were at first thus published, is also evident from the first ode of the first book, and the concluding odes of the second and third. Consequently the prologue in question, and the twenty-first ode of the first book can have nothing to do here. It is a known rule, that, in works of this kind, the poet is never to appear himself. This is allowed by Sanadon; but he says, it may be dispensed with as to the prologue and epilogue; but does not attempt to prove it by any instance, except the present; which is begging the question. As this ode was designed for the pulace, as well as for the senate and knights, it would have been contrary to the rules of decency and prudence to dis-

" gust

“ gust them at the very beginning of it by such contemptuous
“ words as

“ *Odi profanum vulgus, et arico.*

“ *I hate the vulgar crew profane :*

“ *Awaunt !*”

DUNCOMBE.

“ I take this and the three following lines,” (adds Mr. D.)
“ to be designed as a prologue, not to the first ode only, but to
“ the whole third book, in which there are scarcely any but
“ moral odes ; and the first part of the second ode relates to
“ the education of youth. He seems to give up the old, as
“ hardened and incorrigible, but seems to think his precepts
“ will have a better effect on young persons, whose minds are
“ as yet untainted, and open to instruction. The *carmina non*
“ *prius audita*,” (strains unheard before) “ may be referred to
“ the species of poetry in which he excelled, viz. the *lyrick*. Of
“ this, in other places also, he boasts himself the first writer
“ amongst the Romans.” See Ode xxx. lib. iii. and Ode iii.
lib. iv.

Mr. D. also endeavours to shew that Ode xxi. of lib. i. and
this secular poem cannot be parts of the same whole, because
there would, in that case, be a disagreeable tautology of ex-
pression ; and also that the ode to Apollo (first seven stanzas of
Ode vi. lib. iv.) has not merit enough to induce a belief that
Horace composed it for the secular games. But here his argu-
ments seem to be less conclusive.

On the four last stanzas of Ode vi. lib. iv. he says, “ These
“ lines have undoubtedly a relation to the secular ode. The
“ question is, what relation ? Sanadon says, they are the epi-
“ logue to it. But the epilogue is plainly contained in the four
“ last verses of the ode itself, where the choirs exult in the pro-
“ spect that their vows are granted by the gods ; and declare
“ they

" they are joyfully returning home : " *spem bonam certamque domum reporto* : " so that, according to Sanadon, there would be a double epilogue, which would be absurd.

" The truth of the case is, that these stanzas (which seem to be only the fragment of an ode) were addressed to the children of the choir, in the interval between the delivering out of the parts and the performance, exhorting them to diligence and application, and, in particular, promising the maidens, as a reward, that they should be speedily married."

Postscript to Carmen Seculare in Duncombe's Horace, oct. ed.

Dr. Foster also objected to the xxist ode of lib. i. being considered as part of the Carmen Seculare, on the authority of Suetonius's Life of Horace ; and he thought Ode vi. lib. iv. was more probably a kind of preface, calling on the god to assist him. MS.

This conceit of Sanadon did not, perhaps, deserve so much notice ; but that it has been followed (though with some variation) by Francis, whose book is in the hands of many persons. Dr. Francis alledges, that it is plain the works of Horace are not placed, in the common editions, in the order in which they were *written*. But this is not the material question. Nothing is more frequent than for a writer to publish a later composition before an earlier. The sole question is, whether it is not probable that we have the works of Horace in the order in which they were *published* ?

(a) These hymns, which were sung the third day of the festival, began always with an invocation to Apollo and Diana, because they were sung in their temple. Apollo and Diana were gods who averted calamities from mankind, wherefore these hymns were peculiarly addressed to them. Dac.

(b) The Romans had a particular veneration for the beginning of an age, which fell always at the beginning of the
twenty-

twenty-third lustre, and of the sixth Roman period, which was of twenty-two years, at which time the year began with the sun; and the first day of the lustre tallied exactly with that on which the lustres had been instituted. On this account that time was considered as sacred by them. Ib.

(c) The ancient books of the Sibylls, bought either by Tarquinius Superbus or Tarquinius Priscus, were burned in the time of Sylla; but many more were soon collected from all quarters. They were so numerous and so full of superstitions and falsehoods, that Augustus, in order to check the folly and superstition of the people, caused above two thousand volumes to be burnt, and kept only those that bore the true character of Sibylline books. These he inclosed in two coffers of gold, and placed them under the pedestal of the statue of Apollo Palatine. These are the books of which Horace speaks. Dac.

(d) These were children of the highest rank, and whose fathers and mothers were living. This arose from the aversion the Romans had for every thing that was ill-omened; and, besides, as they were persuaded that Apollo and Diana were the causes of all deaths that happened, they thought it would be a crime to present to them a child whose father and mother they had slain. Dac.

(e) The seven hills of Rome were, the *Aventine*, the *Palatine*, the *Capitoline*, the *Viminal*, the *Esquiline*, the *Quirinal*, and the *Celian* hills. Three, or, as some say, five, were afterwards added; of which the most celebrated were the *Vatican* and the *Janiculum*, which were both on the other side of the Tiber. Dac. San.

(f) The

(f) The expression (in the original) is peculiarly fine, and cannot be adequately expressed in a translation. "*Another and the same,*" (the literal translation) seems very flat.

Some of the interpreters, says Dacier, think Horace says of the sun, that "*he rises always different, yet always the same,*" because he changes place every day, or because he has not always the same aspect, or, lastly, because he changes his name every evening and morning. But all this is unworthy of Horace, who by this expression, "that he always rises another and the same," marks admirably the property of the day, which, though always the same, forms nevertheless different days in number, as to-day and to-morrow are different days, and thus constitute the months and years.

(g) See Ode xxii. lib. iii. in which Diana is also addressed as the Goddess of Childbirth.

(h) This is supposed to allude to a law of Augustus, called *Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus*. This law proposed rewards to all who married, and imposed penalties or fines on bachelors.

(i) See the preliminary note from Kennet's Roman Antiquities. Dacier follows the opinion of those who think the secular games were performed every hundred and ten years (the notion adopted by Augustus, and followed in this poem) and he says, the first were performed in the year Rome of 297, answering to Dr. K.'s 298.

The second in 407, answering to Dr. K.'s 408.

The third in 517, answering to Dr. K.'s 518.

The fourth in 627, answering to Dr. K.'s 628.

And these fifth in 736.

Sanadon

Sanadon adopts the opinion with those who think a hundred years only the regular and ancient period of the secular games, and that Augustus, by his influence with the priests, procured them to falsify the Sibylline oracles.

(k) It has been already mentioned that the secular games lasted three days and three nights.

(l) Dacier thinks the Fates are addressed as assisting Diana at labours, and that it was on this account that victims were slain to them on the first night of the festival. But it seems more probable these goddesses, who were held in high veneration by the heathens, are addressed as presiding over the destiny of the Roman empire.

(m) The image of Ceres, the Goddess of Harvests, was presented by the ancients with a crown made of the ears of corn first reaped.

(n) The poets supposed that Apollo, by bending his bow, brought diseases on mankind. See Ode x. lib. ii.

(o) The moon is called the *Queen of the Stars*. Eastern nations called her the *Queen of Heaven*. Dac.

(p) This passage seems to allude particularly to the circumstance of Æneas having been directed to Italy by the oracle of Apollo. See Æneid, lib. iii.

(q) The *Tuscan shore* may be taken for all the coast of Italy, from Tuscany to Sicily; for all that sea was called the Etrurian sea: but here it means the Latin shore near the mouth of the Tiber. Dac.

M m

(r) The

(r) The explication given to *sine fraude*, that it is the same as *sine damno*, seems to be the right one. It occurs in that sense in Ode xix. lib. ii. Nothing could have been more *mal à propos* than any allusion to the story that Æneas had gained his own safety by betraying his country.

(s) Augustus had enacted many laws for the amendment of morals, and seems to have effected a temporary reformation. See Ode v. lib. iv.

(t) Augustus (we are told) was present during this performance, and offered a sacrifice to Jupiter, Apollo, and Diana. It is well known how much he prided himself on being descended from Æneas, the son of Anchises and Venus.

(u) This passage seems to have been suggested by the celebrated line in Virgil, which Horace must have known before the Carmen Seculare was written.

Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.

To spare the vanquish'd, and to tame the proud.

(x) This alludes to the submission of Phraates, King of Parthia, and his having restored the Roman ensigns taken at the defeat of Crassus. See Ode v. lib. iii.

y) The Scythian and Indian nations had sent ambassadors to request the friendship and alliance of Augustus. See Ode xiv. lib. iv. and the notes thereon.

(z) See Ode v. lib. iv. and the notes thereon.

(aa) It

(aa) It has been remarked, that Horace has combined in these four verses (three in the translation) the four principal attributes of Apollo, *Divination*, *Archery*, *Musick*, and *Medicine*.
San.

(bb) The original says, "*the Palatine towers*," it being in the temple of Apollo on Mount Palatine that this hymn was performed.

(cc) Diana had a temple on Mount Aventine, and also one on Algidus. See Ode xxii. lib. i.

(dd) The *quindecimviri*, or fifteen priests, who had the care of the Sibylline books, have been spoken of in the preliminary note.

(ee) This concluding stanza is considered by most of the commentators as a kind of epilogue, not only to this poem, but to the whole of the secular games. Jupiter, and most of the other Roman deities, had been addressed during the course of them; and the chorus now sums up the whole of those prayers and ceremonies, declaring it's persuasion that the gods are propitious to them. This persuasion is founded, as Dacier observes, on the consciousness that every part of the festival had been performed with due pomp and devotion: for it was on this condition that the Sibyllian oracle had promised the Romans that their empire should flourish and endure.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

- Page 32. line 1. for *objections* read *objection*.
 — 8. for *Severone* read *Teverone*.
 46. — 1. for *extend* read *extends*.
 52. — 12. for *rude* kisses read *rough* kisses.
 63. — 4. of the note, for *translation* read *translations*.
 64. — 2. of quotation, for *mansire* read *mansère*.
 96. — 13. for *shall* read *shalt*.
 — 14. for *teach* read *touch*.
 104. — 6. for *gain* read *grain*.
 167. — 7. for *Nipbatis* read *Nipbatrs*.
 178. — 10. for *Persenna* read *Porfenna*.
 182. — 12. for *master's* guiltless read *guiltless master's*.
 183. — 3. for *fright* read *fight*.
 186. — 7. from the bottom, for *Ab see!* read *And see!*
 197. — 20. for *he died* read *Horace died*.
 — 30. for *in the same collection* read *in the British Poets*.
 198. — 5. for *Canadia* read *Candia*.
 231. — 3. from the bottom, for *depts* read *depths*.
 239. — 12. for *fierce* read *fiere*.
 240. — 14. for *his* read *its*.
 245. note (q) for *Sanais* read *Tanais*.
 248. last line, for *guards* read *guard*.
 260. line 7. for *do doubt* read *no doubt*.
 274. — 2. after *this* insert *ode from Atterbury*.
 275. — 10. for *their* read *its*.
 276. — 1. for *épargeur* read *épargner*.
 328. — 2. of the quotation, for *positus* read *positas*.
 329. in the title to Ode xxv. for *invitation* read *invocation*.
 335. line 3. for *Tb' impious* read *The impious*.
 382. title of Ode v. for *adareffes* read *addresses*.
 407. line 11. for *ascend* read *ascends*.
 418. — 1, 2, for *gauze in that island* read *gauze made in that island*.
 422. — 10. for *Vinditii* read *Vindelici*.
 443. — 4. from the bottom, for *wben* read *where*.
 450. — 12. of the notes, for *right* read *rank*.
 453. — 3. for *fifteen* read *fourteen*.
 472-3. — 3. place the mark of reference (f) at line 7. and all the others one letter forwarder.
 478. — 2. for *Rgbellowing* read *Rebellowing*.
 490. — 1. for *thou* read *thongb*.
 496. — 17. for *war* read *wars*.
 501. — 2. for *magick* read *magick's*.
 508. note (k) for *dreg's* read *drugs*.
 516. line 9. for *name* read *fame*.
 520. — 3. for *nor* read *now*.
 525. — 1. of the quotation, for *arico* read *arceo*.
 N. B. There are a few lesser errors, and likewise some in punctuation, which are not noticed.



